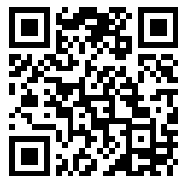

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THE
DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XIX.

FROM JANUARY TO JULY, 1864.



BOSTON:
OFFICE AMERICAN UNION, FLAG OF OUR UNION, AND NOVELETTE.
No. 118 WASHINGTON STREET.

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THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX.—No. 1.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1864.

WHOLE No. 109.

[ORIGINAL.]

TWENTY AND THIRTY.

BY EDMUND YATES.

My heart beat high, for I had heard
That Ellen Vere had come to town:
My heart beat high, yet how absurd!
For nearly twice five years had flown
Since she and I, as maid and youth,
Exchanged eternal vows of truth
Beneath the hawthorn's shade;
Our witnesses two sleepy cows,
Two rooks, down-looking from the boughs,
And Ellen's lady's-maid.

We loved, or thought we did—and love,
To us a passion new and strange,

Seemed like a star in heaven above,
Bright, calm, incapable of change!
Our life was one great round of joy,
A golden age without alloy,
Of jealousy or doubt;
Youth we possessed, and strength and health,
We'd gain, if Fate so willed it, wealth,
And if not—do without.

Ah, we poor fools! A twelvemonth more
Was whelmed in Time's increasing tide,
And Ellen left her native shore
An Indian merchant's blooming bride.
A man he was in council great,
With aspect grave and air sedate,
Brown face, and little mind.
Parting with her few tears I shed;
I drank his health—and wished him dead—
And hated all mankind.



AT TWENTY.



AT THIRTY.

A "lapse of years" then intervenes.
 And then I see the stage once more;
 The characters, the very scenes,
 Are grander than they were of yore.
 The rooms are filled with knickknacks rare,
 Rich Eastern perfumes load the air,
 Huge servants bow around.
 So oriental is the show,
 It needs the cab I have below,
 To prove it Yankee ground.

For Ellen has returned; she greets
 Me with a stiff and formal bend,
 And once or twice I think repeats
 Her joy to see "her father's friend."
 She looks at me with languid stare,
 She orders "tiffin," asks for air,
 And grieves o'er "punkahs" missed.
 Can this be that same laughing girl,
 With blushing cheek and tangled curl,
 I 'neath the hawthorn kissed?

The same indeed! And why should I
 O'er vanished passion vainly grieve?
 Bemoan her greeting chill, or try
 Myself unaltered to believe?
 Though Ellen's glance be cold and strange,
 All unaffected by the change,
 I chatter, smile and bow;
 For, truth to tell, since Ellen wed,
 My heart so many times has bled,
 As to be callous now.

My purse is full, my wants are few,
 I've gained a certain meed of fame,
 I'm sponsor to a Soyer stew;
 Poole to a coat has given my name.
 Bewitching hours nod and smile
 As I ride down the "Common's Mile,"
 Or hang across the rail.
 I lounge at Young's, am great at Pratt's;
 I'm loved by all the tabby cats,
 Whose daughters are for sale.

Yet sometimes in my opera stall
 A song will ring upon my ear,
 A sudden tremor thrill through all
 My being, and I find a tear
 Dimming my sight—a tribute paid
 To former days, when Nell's head laid
 And nestled on my breast.
 What lays there now? A lump of care,
 The cambric-fronted shirt I wear,
 And black embroidered vest.

But I would give—ay, I would give,
 Were I empowered to bestow,
 Half of the years I've yet to live,
 To feel as I felt long ago!
 To feel as fresh in heart and brain,
 As free from all earth's earthly pain,
 As then beneath the trees
 I bound my arm round that young girl,
 While all her mass of golden curl
 Was tossing in the breeze.



To all our Patrons a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year :

With this number of the **DOLLAR MONTHLY** commences the **NINETEENTH VOLUME** of our cheap and popular Magazine, and when we look back to the time when the first number was issued, when its success was far from cer-

tain, when its circulation was limited, and many friends contended that it could not compete with the high-priced serials which flooded the country, we cannot but feel grateful to our patrons, who are to be found in all

the social ranks of life, and are numbered by thousands; and we hope that, before another year closes, we can command the attention of hundreds of thousands of readers—for only by the printing of a large edition can we realize the costs which we incur in publishing

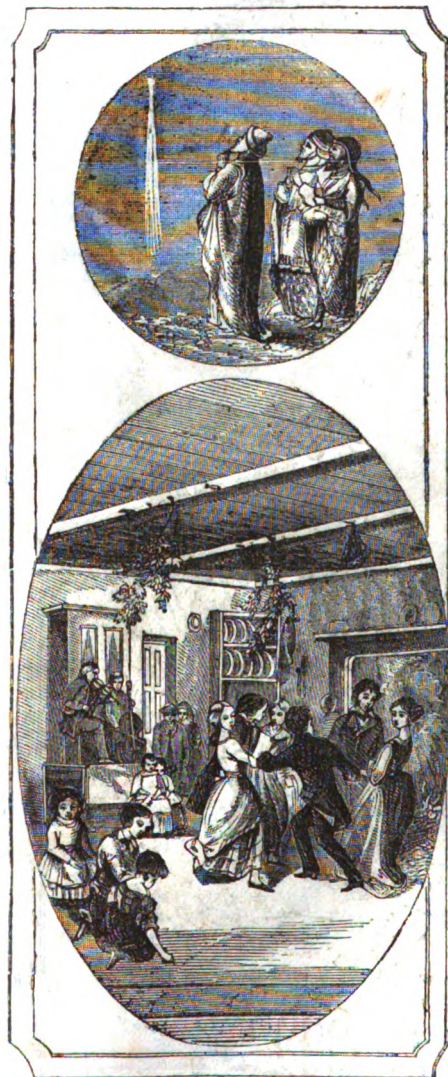
in our land, and men of the same race seek to destroy each other, yet just as many "merry Christmases" will be uttered, and full as many "happy new years" exchanged, as previous to the rebellion. Our people do not brood over their troubles—they are too mercurial for that. They have a firm belief that affairs will be settled at some distant, or early day, and after arriving at such a conclusion, they direct their attention to more inviting subjects, and in the whirl of business attempt to forget that civil war exists. In many a household, however, there will be mourning on Christmas night, and many a bereaved family will forget the usual happy salutations on new year's day, while thinking of those who have died for their country. To all such we pray that the hand of time may heal their wounds and lighten their sorrows, and that ere another Christmas chimes are heard, that peace will exist, and the ravages of war be stayed.

In this connection, we take great pleasure in presenting to the readers of the DOLLAR MONTHLY the beautiful allegorical representations found on pages 7, 8 and 9. The one on page 7 represents the Scriptural text, where the angels appeared to the shepherds, "as they watched their flocks by night," declaring to them the good tidings of a Saviour's birth. It is a subject that will interest all; and as Christmas is now observed with that reverence and respect which it is entitled from its holy association, we have deemed it a most fitting subject to illustrate the pages of our Magazine.

The next engraving represents the wise men watching the star until "it came and stood over where the young child was;" and the picture immediately beneath it tells its own story in an eloquent manner. The large fireplace and blazing fire, the branches of holly attached to the rafters, the musicians on the table, the glee of childhood, and the happiness of those who are participating in the dance, will recall many a home scene, and cause many a pleasant recollection.

The fourth picture represents the "wise men" who have found the Saviour, "born in a manger," and are kneeling before him in that humble abode; and the last one a New England skating scene, by moonlight—a picture suggestive of rare, exhilarating amusement, severe falls, and broken heads for those who have not learned how to maintain their equilibrium on ice and skates.

In concluding this article, we once more



so entertaining a work. The expense of engravings, the high price of paper, and cost of composition and press work, materially interfere with the profits; but still we feel grateful, and jolly enough to wish our patrons a "MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR;" for, although a terrible war is raging

wish our patrons a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," and we hope by improving on our past work, by using entirely original stories and other matter, to merit a continuance of their patronage and kindness; and that the DOLLAR MONTHLY will continue to be welcomed at every fireside, is the earnest wish of the publishers, who will spare no expense to make it worth the consideration which they receive for it.

LUMINOUS METEORS.

The most marvellous meteors are those which precipitate stones upon the earth. A fire-ball always precedes these occurrences; and a report or detonation is heard some minutes before the stones precipitate themselves with rattling and thundering noise upon the earth. Specimens of one hundred and eleven of these "falls" are exhibited at the British Museum, and seventy-nine specimens of iron masses of similar origin. The stones are small, clay-like or tuffaceous blocks, enclosing crystals and grains of volcanic minerals, and scales of metallic and pyritic iron alloyed with nickel, and are glazed completely over with a thin, enamel-like crust of their molten substance, giving evidence of their momentary exposure to flame of very intense heat since the time when they were broken from their native rocks, and before striking the earth. They are picked up too hot to be handled. They have an exceedingly uniform specific gravity, and agree in the presence of phosphorus, iron, and nickel, in their composition. Von Schreibers ascribed to these stones a three-sided or four-sided pyramidal figure; but this has not in general been substantiated by more recent falls. On etching with acids the polished surfaces of iron masses, precipitated under perfectly similar surfaces, Widmanstätten discovered figures of crystalline structure in the masses, known to the present day after his name. In illustration of the history of these stones, Professor Tyndall exhibited on the screen, by means of the electric lamp, numerous thin sections of their substance, prepared by Professor Maskelyne, of the British Museum, for the microscope, when their complicated structure was clearly seen. From their high velocity, a planetary or asteroidal motion round the sun is considered by Mr. Herschel to be the true native path in which they are intercepted by the earth—the lunar-volcanic theory proposed for their origin not accounting for the effects noticed.

A CLEVER STRATAGEM.

A farmer's boy in the neighborhood of Hallsall, England, knew of a heron's nest with only one young one in it. Wishing to procure a fry of fish now and then, he fastened the young heron in its nest, and passed a wire ring round



its beak, so that it could not eat. Its mother brought fish to feed it upon, which the boy secured when she was gone; and when he had enough for a fry, he took the ring from its bill and let it eat sufficient to keep it alive. By this cunning stratagem, he got numbers of fish without the trouble of fishing.



NEGRO PRAYER MEETING IN WASHINGTON.

NEGRO PRAYER-MEETING.

We are indebted to a Washington friend for the picture of a negro prayer-meeting, in that city, represented on this page. He writes as follows respecting the scene which he witnessed one Sunday evening, while attending the meeting:

"We had often heard of the fervency and zeal of a Negro prayer-meeting, and one Sunday evening my wife and I determined to visit

one, and witness some of the manifestations. We were directed to a building on a street which crosses Pennsylvania Avenue, were received with demonstrations of respect, by an old, gray-headed deacon, who stood near the door, and escorted to a hard seat in the rear of the room, where we had a chance to see all that was going on; and while we remained, we made good use of our eyes. About one half of those present were contrabands, es-

escaped slaves from Maryland and Virginia, and they entered into the spirit of religious worship with all the zeal of their excitable natures.

"The exercises commenced with a hymn, which was well sung, the voices of the males and females blending most harmoniously. After the hymn, the minister commenced praying, and as he warmed with his subject, it began to tell upon his audience. When he exhorted them to repent, or dread the vengeance of the Lord, many of them fell upon their knees, and groaned in chorus, while there were others who were stiff-necked, and refused to humble themselves.

"The preacher was nearly an hour wrestling with prayer, and during that time he touched on many points. He prayed that God would help the President, the Government, the slaves, the freemen, the Union armies, and that they would have victories; and he was waxing warmer and warmer with his subject, when some little white vagabonds threw into the entry a handful of torpedoes. They exploded with a sudden crash, that caused the minister to pause for a moment, and then he said:

"Deacon White, will you dribe dem trash away, while de rest of us will continue de prayers?"

"The deacon went out, and the preacher went on, and we left him exhorting. As we passed out of the building, we saw the mild, white-haired deacon, peering into the darkness, watching for 'white trash' and torpedoes."

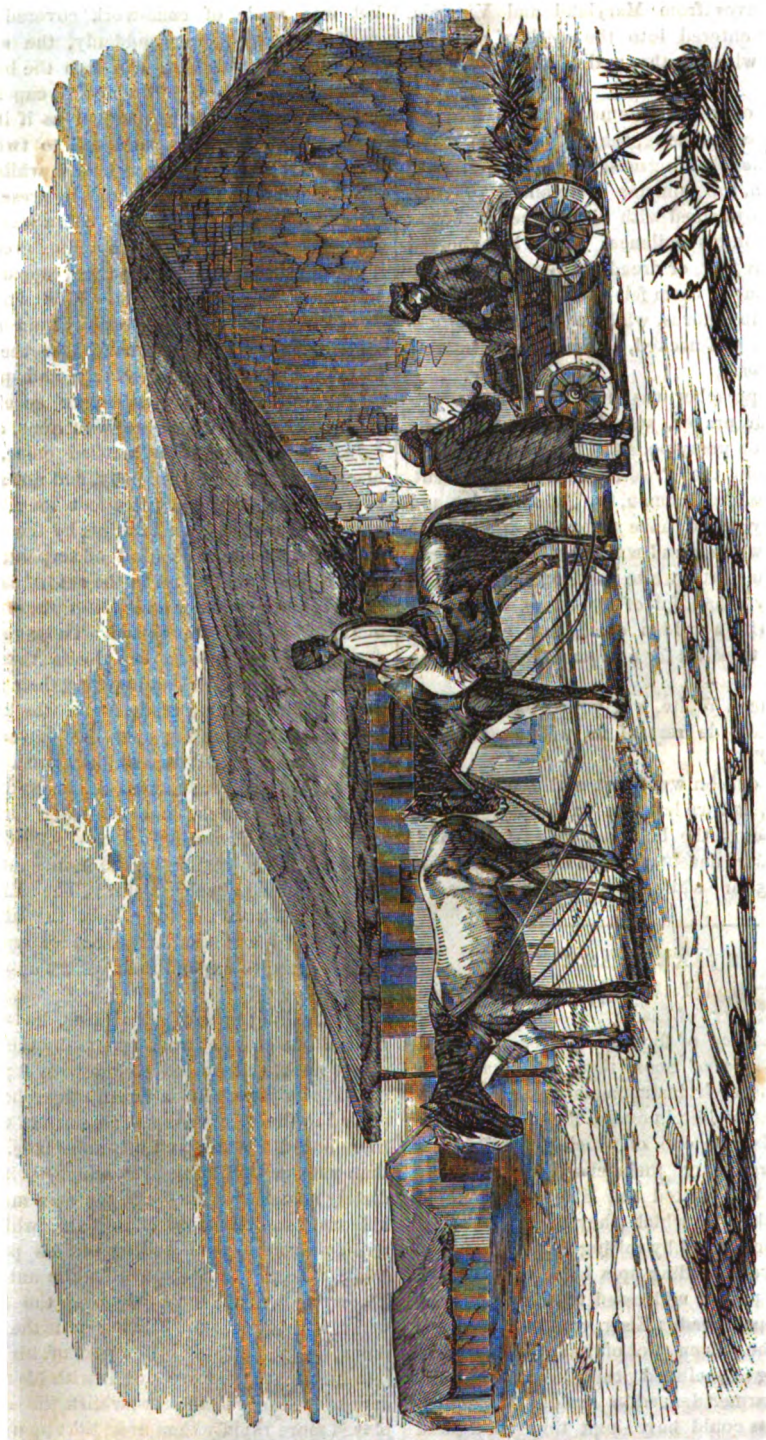
Snake Charming.

As we strolled through the market-place, we met a party of Eisowy, or snake-charmers; they consisted of four Soosys, or natives of the province of Soos, three of whom were musicians, their instruments being long rude canes, resembling in form a flute, but open at both ends, into one of which the performer blew, producing melancholy but pleasing notes. We invited the Eisowy to exhibit their snakes, to which they readily assented. They commenced by raising up their hands as if they were holding up a book, muttering in unison a prayer addressed to the Deity, and calling upon Seedna Eiser, who in Morocco is held as the patron saint of the snake-charmers.

Having concluded this invocation, the snake-charmer danced in rapid whirls, which no Strauss could have kept time to, around the basket containing the reptiles. This bas-

ket was made of cane-work covered with goat's-skin. Stopping suddenly, the snake-charmer thrust his bare arm into the basket, and pulled out a large black cobra capella, or hooded snake. This he handled as if it had been his turban, and proceeded to twine it around his head, dancing as before, whilst the reptile seemed to obey his wishes by preserving its position on his head. The cobra was then placed on the ground, and, standing erect on its tail, moved its head to and fro, apparently keeping time to the music. Now whirling round in circles still more rapidly than before the Eisowy again put his hand into the basket, and pulled out successively and placed on the ground two very poisonous species of serpents, natives of the desert of Soos, called *leffa*. They were of a mottled color, with black spots; thick in the body, and not above two feet and a half or three feet long. The name *leffa* is given, we imagine, by the Mongreblin Arabs to this kind of serpent, from their resemblance, when in the act of darting at their prey, to the Arabic letter *fa*, *le* being merely the article transposed. These reptiles proved more active and less docile than the cobra; for, half coiled and holding their heads in a slanting position ready for an attack, they watched with sparkling eyes the movements of the charmer, darting at him with open jaws every now and then, as he ventured within their reach, and throwing forward their body with amazing velocity, whilst their tail appeared to remain on the same spot, and then recoiling back again. The Eisowy ward off with his long haik the attacks which they made upon his bare legs, and the *leffas* seemed to expend their venom upon the garment.

Now, calling upon Seedna Eiser, he seized hold of one of the two serpents by the nape of the neck, and danced round with it; then opening its jaws with a small stick, he displayed to the spectators the fangs, from which there oozed a white and oily substance. He then put the *leffa* to his arm, which it immediately seized with his teeth, the man making hideous contortions as if in pain, whirling rapidly around, and calling on his patron saint. The reptile continued its bite until the Eisowy took it off, and showed us the blood which it had drawn. Having put the *leffa* down, he then put the bitten part of his arm into his mouth, and pressing it with his teeth, danced for several minutes, whilst the music played more rapidly than ever, till, apparently being quite exhausted, he again halted.



A WALLACHIAN POST STATION.

A WALLACHIAN POST STATION.

The readers of the DOLLAR MONTHLY will notice on the other page, by the aid of the engraving, the state of travelling, and the convenience they are likely to meet with; should they ever be induced to take a trip to Wallachia. Here we have a Wallachian post station. The building, composed generally of mud, with a thatched roof, supported in front by wooden poles, comprises within it the bureau and dwelling. Furniture is very scanty, but here, as in all other houses, is found a large sofa, resembling a bed, which is usually the station of the good wife, who sits cross-legged upon it during the best part of the day smoking a cigar, and looking at the husband taking his siesta, both the pictures of consummate idleness. Her dress is picturesque. Round her neck she wears a necklace of coins, and her hair is plaited and bound up with a blue or green handkerchief twisted together, a profusion of gold thread ornaments her dress, a large ring encompasses her dirty finger. The husband, or captain, who, being a government servant, bears a title, wears on his head, which is covered with hair rarely made acquainted with comb or brush, a Russian cap; a long mantle, of some kind of fur, with loose sleeves, covers a caftan of striped silk, beneath which a pair of well-worn, filthy continuations are seen, finished off by a pair of what—can we call them shoes?—that would be too good a name for them, as they are but a mass of rags, kept together by a leather sandal. The upper part of the man is not always distinguishable, being usually enveloped in a blue cloud of Turkish tobacco smoke, which issues from his inseparable companion, the chibouck. The one expression of countenance is weariness or laziness. In front of the house is a patch of grass land, which is cut up into furrows, or ruts, and which serves as a place of meeting for sheep, pigs, dogs, storks, cranes, ducks, geese, and fowls; under the tent in front of the building, a row of cars is stationed. These are vehicles of the most wretched and original description; springs they have none, and the motion of them over the ruts with which the roads—if the mass of mud and ruts can be dignified by such a name—are ploughed up, is dreadful to contemplate, and the creaking of the wheels, the rattling of the car itself, the cry of the drivers, and the cracking of the whips, must be heard to be appreciated. The dress of the driver is picturesque in its way. A not over-clean smock, with wide sleeves, covers the upper part of the

man, falling over a pair of tight-fitting trousers. Round his waist he wears a girdle, into which is stuck a knife and his whip; his head is ornamented with a reddish-brown cap, from under which his glossy hair escapes, and his feet are shod with raw leather sandals; when living in the house, for he is footman at a pinch, his legs are encased in long leggings. As soon as the approach of a traveller is announced, which is done some time before his actual appearance, by the shouts of the driver, the cracking of the long whip, and the rattle of the crazy conveyance, he starts off into the common, and drives home the necessary number of steeds, which are quickly harnessed, and ready to be attached to the coming vehicle. When the traveller arrives, his first care is to pay the hire of his post-horses for the coming journey. As soon as he is seated on the hay which is strewn on the bottom of the car, the whip cracks, the driver shouts, and off he goes at a gallop, regardless of the pain inflicted on the unfortunate traveller. In addition to all this discomfort, a host of dogs generally accompany him some distance, lending helping voices to the noises before described. As the horses gallop on, clouds of dust arise, which compel the unfortunate traveller to envelop himself in his cloak, if he has one, if not, to shut his eyes to keep himself from being blinded. Sometimes this may be avoided, if the postilion chooses to leave the beaten track, and drive through a corn-field, which he seems at perfect liberty to do—at least he never stands upon any ceremony about it. Arrived at his destination, the traveller may consider himself lucky if he gets any accommodation at the inn; this he may do if the proprietors are in good humor; if not, he is likely to meet with sorry fare. For sleeping in the house, the less said about that the better, the preferable way being to sleep out of doors, upon a truss of hay, to avoid a class of companions whose company would be at all times willingly dispensed with. Such are the pleasures of travelling in Wallachia, and in a good many parts of Hungary.

TO THE POINT.—An officer, who was inspecting his company one morning, spied one private whose shirt was sadly begrimed. "Patrick O'Flynn!" called out the captain. "Here, yer honor!" promptly responded Patrick, with his hand to his cap. "How long do you wear a shirt?" thundered the officer. "Twenty-eight inches," was the rejoinder.

THE POET SCHILLER.

On this page we give our readers a splendid portrait of Schiller, the German poet, and on the next page a beautiful picture of the place where he was born, about a hundred and four years ago. Schiller is called the

may probably be ascribed his premature death. But in vain may we search through his writings for any complaint against the injustice of fate, which he endured with noble and manly dignity. He found exactly what he describes the poet's lot to be in his magnificent poem,



FREDERICK VON SCHILLER.

German Shakspeare, and he deserves the title, for his works are read and admired in all countries. Although while he lived he was a great favorite, notwithstanding his lowly birth, yet Schiller was never the spoiled child of fortune; on the contrary, he had to endure a rough struggle with necessity, and to this

"The Division of the Earth." For what the earth refused him, he sought a compensation in that heaven which poetic art unfolded to him.

In Schiller, origin and education thoroughly thwarted the development of the divine afflatus which inspired him. His father had

served in the Duke of Wurtemberg's army, first as chirurgien, then as officer, and, on his retirement with captain's rank, was placed in charge of the gardens at the ducal palace, the Solitude. Active, straightforward, and animated by sincere piety, the old soldier sought to supply the defects of his early education by careful study, and was, probably, as happy as a man of his character could be when attach-

young Schiller formed a violent fancy for the clerical profession, which an ukase of the grand duke soon nipped in the bud.

In 1768 the family went to reside at Ludwigsburg, where the lad visited a theatre for the first time. He is described to us by contemporaries as a merry, good-hearted boy, fond of youthful tricks, but so distinguished by his progress in his studies that his fame



SCHILLER'S BIRTHPLACE.

ed to a dissolute court. He had married, at Marbach, the daughter of Master-Baker Kodweiss, and found her a virtuous and thoroughly domesticated wife, sincerely attached to her husband and children, but nothing beyond. In 1765 they emigrated to the village of Lorch, where the subject of our memoir enjoyed for three years the instruction of the excellent Pastor Moser, whose more celebrated son was his most intimate friend. The result was that

even reached the ears of the grand duke. The monarch had just founded an educational establishment at Stuttgart, which, under the name of the Carl Schule, has become the nursing mother of many celebrated men. Very sensibly he selected for his first pupils the sons of meritorious officers, and among them was Frederick Schiller. Father and son yielded unwillingly enough to the ducal "sic volo sic jubeo," as the school was not adapted to train

a sucking priest, but, as opposition was futile, the young gentleman selected the law as his profession, and studied it for two years after his admission in 1773, in a state of sullen rebellion. Hence, when the school was enlarged to receive another of the masculine graces, in the shape of Physic, Schiller turned to this, and in 1780 wrote a masterly thesis "On the Connexion between Man's Physical and Mental Nature," which procured him an appointment as assistant army surgeon.

But the school was not suited to the scholar; although the greatest attention was paid to science, and the students turned out in first-rate condition, woe betide the unhappy wight who dared to dally with the Muses. The duke, whenever he heard of such backsliding, usually exhibited a dose of stick with his own royal hands, to knock the nonsense out of the culprit. Another thing that annoyed Schiller was the strict military pedantry maintained in the school, against which his soul revolted. He was a born poet, and everything was done to stifle the impulse. And yet, at this very moment, the regeneration of German poetry was being effected by Goethe and his admirers. With great difficulty Schiller succeeded in procuring a copy of "Gotz Von Berlichingen," and his tutor, Able, afterwards Bishop of Schonthal, lent him a "Shakepere." The spark was applied to the powder mine. Schiller threw all his prospects overboard to follow the true bent of his genius. Schiller died in 1805, on the 9th of May. His last effort was a tragedy entitled "Demetrius," and he had finished but two acts when he died.

SINGULAR FATE OF AUSTRALIA.

For three or four generations the Dutch alone had any precise knowledge of Australia. Their commander, Carstens, sent out to explore the country, described it as consisting of "barren coasts, shallow waters, islands thinly peopled by cruel, poor and brutal natives." The natives had not found the gold that nature had thrown in their river beds and creeks, and the voyagers did not suspect its existence. The people were hostile and ugly. They wore no glittering chains, as the natives of Peru did. No tropical vegetation, no luscious fruits invited the strangers to prolong their stay, or penetrate the thick bush in search of mineral treasure. The Hollanders did not want land; they came in search of trade and gold; and finding neither of these, they threw away a continent as large as Europe, in disgust.

TOO LATE FOR OFFICE.

A place hunter in Prussia having asked Frederick the Great for the grant of some rich Protestant bishopric, the king expressed his regret that it was already given away, but broadly hinted that there was a Catholic abbacy at his disposal. The applicant managed to be converted in a week, and to be received into the bosom of the true church; after which he hastened to his friend the king, and told him how his conscience had been enlightened. "Ah!" exclaimed Frederick, "how terribly unfortunate! I have given away the abbacy. But the chief rabbi is just dead, and the synagogue is at my disposal; suppose you were to turn Jew?"

SHERIDAN'S DODGE.

Sheridan once took a queer way to get a dinner. He went into the house of commons and sat down by Michael Angelo Taylor, saying, "A law question will soon arise, on which you are expected to reply to Pitt, so don't leave." Michael sat down and Sheridan slipped out, walked over to Michael's house, and ordered up dinner, saying to the servants, "Your master is not coming home this evening." Having dined, he returned to the house, and went to release Michael, saying, "I am sorry to have kept you; for after all, I believe this matter will not come off to-night." Michael instantly walked home, rang for dinner, and felt somewhat vexed, when told, "Mr. Sheridan had it, sir, about two hours ago."

INSECTS AS REMEDIES.

Insects once occupied a place as important as herbs in the list of sovereign remedies. To take a wood-louse, perhaps alive, and conveniently self-rolled for the occasion, was as common as to take a vegetable pill. Five gnats were administered with as much confidence as three grains of calomel. In an alarming fit of colic, no visitor with a drachm of peppermint could have been more cordially welcomed or swallowed than a lady-bird. Fly-water was eye-water, and even that water-shunning monster, hydrophobia, was made to lap *agua pura* by the administration of a dry cockchafer. These have all had their day in the world of medicine.

A HINT.—"I expect," said a young physician, on his way to Jamaica, on hearing exaggerated rumors of the cholera, "to witness a great many death-bed scenes this summer." "Doubtless," replied a friend, "if you get much practice."

GERMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The engraving on this page represents the German Catholic Church, in Alleghany City, Pennsylvania. It is on Liberty street. The building is of such an antique pattern that it commands general attention. It will be noticed that the towers, and the domes which surmount them, are peculiar in their construc-

gated the lad, somewhat at a loss to understand.

"Vel, *fast* den; mais, be gar, I no understand dis."

"There goes a fast horse!" exclaimed a bystander, as streaked by a lively trotting nag.

"How is zat?" nervously inquired the astonished Frenchman; "zare is von horse *fast*, and he goes like zunder all de time; zare is

GERMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, ALLEGHANY CITY, PA.



tion, and it is doubtful if another church of the same style of architecture can be found in the United States.

A FRENCHMAN'S FAST.

A Frenchman upon the road on "Fast Day" told a boy to hold his horse *swift*.

"*Fast*, you mean, don't you, sir?" interro-

my horse, he is *fast*, too, and he no move."

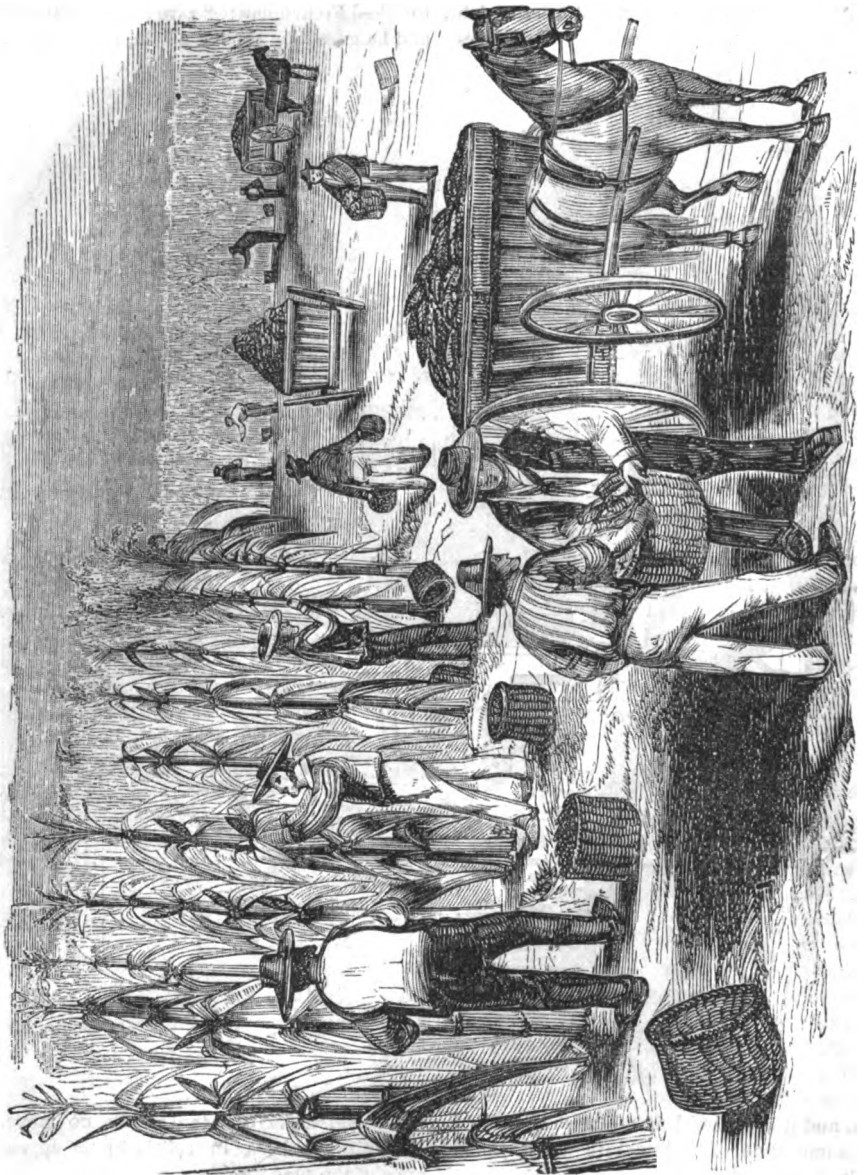
"This is Fast Day in reality, by the appearance of the road," said another.

"O, I see den," said monsieur, "vy dis is *fast* day; everyting is *fast*; de horse zat goes is *fast*, ze horse zat is tied is *fast*, and ze folks zat eat nothing and eat it slow is *fast*. Be gar, vot a countrie!"

AN ILLINOIS CORN FIELD.

"The best answer that I can return to your question," writes a Southern Illinois correspondent, "is to send you a sketch of my corn field, as it appeared this fall when ripe for

yielded large returns, and I had much trouble in gathering it, owing to the scarcity of hands, most of the able-bodied population of our county being with the army. In sending you the drawing, I have not exaggerated in the



AN ILLINOIS CORN-FIELD.

gathering. My farm is five miles from the Illinois Central-Railroad, and embraces one thousand acres, one hundred of which I planted with corn, and although the crop this fall is not what we call a first rate one, yet it

least. My corn was between seven and eight feet high, thick and heavy, and resembled a young forest.

"If your friend wants to settle in Southern Illinois, on rich land, where corn can be raised

in abundance, where you pluck the ears, and leave the stalks, and sometimes have to burn the former for fuel, or else sell at a cheap rate, then send him to me, and I'll show him all the attention and hospitality for which an Illinois farmer is celebrated, and point out some land that can be bought at a reasonable rate. But at any rate come and see me next year, and I'll show you corn fields ten times as large as mine."

Our correspondent will consider the invitation accepted.

NAMES OF STATES.

1. Maine was so called as early as 1638, from Maine in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was at the time proprietor.

2. New Hampshire was the name given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth company to Capt. John Mason, by patent, November 7, 1639, with reference to the patentee, who was governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England.

3. Vermont was so called by the inhabitants in their declaration of independence, January 16, 1777, from the French *verd*, green, and *mont*, mountain.

4. Massachusetts derived its name from a tribe of Indians in the neighborhood of Boston. The tribe is thought to have derived its name from the Blue Hills of Milton. "I have learned," says Roger Williams, "that the Massachusetts was so called from the Blue Hills."

5. Rhode Island was so called in 1644, in reference to the island of Rhodes, in the Mediterranean.

6. Connecticut was so called from the Indian name of its principal river.

7. New York (originally called New Netherlands) was so called in reference to the Duke of York and Albany, to whom this territory was granted.

8. New Jersey (originally called New Sweden) was so named in 1664, in compliment to Sir George Carteret, one of its original proprietors, who had defended the island of Jersey against the Long Parliament, during the civil war of England.

9. Pennsylvania was so called in 1681, after William Penn, the founder of Philadelphia.

10. Delaware was so called in 1703, from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord De La War, who died in this bay.

11. Maryland was so called in honor of

Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30, 1632.

12. Virginia was so called in 1584, after Elizabeth, the virgin Queen of England.

13 and 14. Carolina (North and South) was so called by the French in 1564, in honor of King Charles IX. of France.

15. Georgia was so called in 1772, in honor of King George II.

16. Alabama was so called in 1817, from its principal river.

17. Mississippi was so called in 1800, from its western boundary. Mississippi is said to denote the whole river; that is, the river formed by the union of many.

18. Louisiana was so called in honor of Louis XVI., of France.

19. Tennessee was so called in 1795, from its principal river. The word Tennessee is said to signify a curved spoon.

20. Kentucky was so called in 1782, from its principal river.

21. Illinois was so called in 1809, from its principal river. The word is said to signify the river of men.

22. Indiana was so called in 1802, from the American Indians.

23. Ohio was so called in 1802, from its southern boundary.

24. Missouri was so called in 1821, from its principal river.

25. Michigan was so called in 1805, from the lake on its borders.

26. Arkansas was so called in 1819, from its principal river.

27. Wisconsin was so named in 1836, from the river of the same name, when a territorial government was formed.

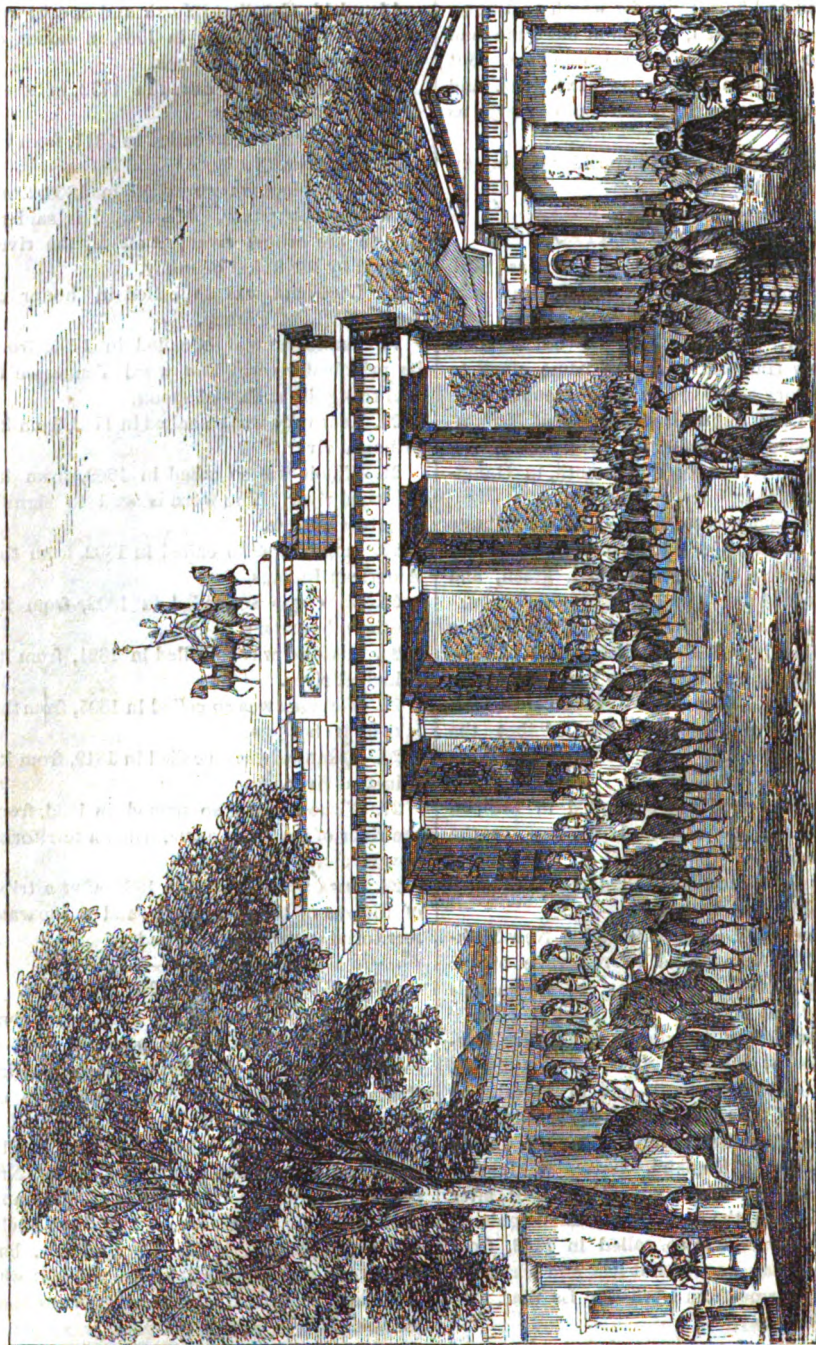
28. Iowa was so called in 1838, after a tribe of Indians of the same name, and a separate territorial government formed.

BRANDENBURG GATE, BERLIN.

A friend who is travelling in Europe, sent us the elegant engraving on page 20. It is a correct view of the Brandenburg Gate, Berlin, Prussia. It is one of the chief ornaments of the city, and was built after the model of a similar structure at Athens. But the Berlin gate is on a much more extended scale. Napoleon once put the city under tribute, and packed the car of victory, which is so finely outlined in the engraving, off to Paris, but after Paris was occupied by the allies it was sent back to Berlin. Our friend writes that the first view he had of the gate, was when a regiment of dragoons was filing through it.

The men were not large, but they looked muscular, while the horses were splendid specimens of blood and good grooming. Their

drill was perfect, and it was worth looking at, but he was more interested in the gate, than its historical associations.



BRANDENBURG GATE, AT BERLIN, PRUSSIA.

[ORIGINAL.]

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

BY MAUDE EDGERTON.

As I sit alone in the twilight,
 In the hush of the sad world-strife,
 Let me turn with the hand of friendship
 The leaves of your book of life.
 I will turn them carefully, tenderly,
 Breathing only kind words for you;
 And I'll leave on each page a prayer
 That your heart can only review.

Now 'tis the leaves of the Past which I'm turning,
 And much that is pure and fair
 Floats up from its pages like incense,
 And the record of many a prayer
 Still speaks from their pure white margins,
 And I hear them murmured low,
 As they fell from the lips that blessed you,
 In the "beautiful long ago."

At the leaves of the Present I falter,
 And would hide them away from my sight,
 For they mock, with their lines of crimson,
 The Past's pure pages of white.
 And I look in vain for the prayer-tokens—
 Not one on the crimson remains;
 But you know, for your true heart tells you,
 There are prayers just the same.

Ah, I cannot look at the pages
 Which the Future holds folded so tight,
 For only their outer edges
 Can gleam on my wondering sight!
 But some of those are crimson,
 And some are pearly white,
 But the most have gleamings of purest gold
 The gloom of the dark ones to light.

And heart prayers will still go upward
 From off those pages of snow,
 Though the lips which first prayed for you mould-
 ered

In the darkness long ago.
 Those pages will meet your vision,
 Which are hidden away from my own;
 Yours is the task to turn each day
 One leaf of your Future alone.

[ORIGINAL.]

CAPTAIN BRAINARD'S PROTEGE.

BY RUTH REDMOND GAGE.

A DESOLATE, rocky beach; a broad waste of
 sea, looking gray and desolate in the old
 morning. There had been a storm, and the
 waves came tramping in against the rocks
 with a thundering clamor, and broke there in

great sheets of livid foam. From the sea the
 wind called hoarsely, filled with a thousand
 echoes of the last night's tempest, and whistled
 over the sand-hills and died away in the rank
 grass of the marshes with a dreary moan that
 made the heart ache. Just outside the nar-
 row point where the light-house stood looking
 across the bay, a ship had gone down. You
 could see a few spars tossing upon the waves,
 a few pieces of drift wood and broken timbers
 crawling up with the surf or lying idly on the
 sands, a few lonely sea-birds wheeling around
 one point, but that was all. The wind and
 the sea had charge of their own secrets, and
 they told no tales of the last night's work.

Captain Jack Brainard came whistling
 along the beach, with his hands thrust into
 the pockets of his duck trousers. He was a
 tall, broad-shouldered fellow, with a hand-
 some, sun-browned face, and two dark eyes
 that looked straight through you in a quiet
 way peculiarly their own. A young man was
 Captain Jack—not more than five-and-twenty,
 certainly—and a genuine sailor you could see
 at a glance—tarpaulin, blue-jacket, and all.
 He came across the beach in the very teeth
 of the wind, measuring off yards of slippery
 shingles at an astonishing rate, his duck
 trousers flapping, and his shrill whistle ring-
 ing cheerily out on the sharp morning air:

"All in the Downs the fleets lay moored,
 Her streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-eyed Susan came on board
 O, where shall I my true-love find?"

The gray rocks laughed at the old love-song.
 They knew Captain Jack was in his happiest
 mood. When the next morning came his
 good ship "Mary Ellen" would be on her
 way across the sea.

"Halloo, Captain Jack!"

Captain Jack paused and looked around
 him. The shout came from a point of rocks
 farther down on the beach. Two fishermen
 were standing there, with something lying at
 their feet, dark and still. Captain Jack
 braced himself firmly against the wind, settled
 his tarpaulin, and started off to meet them.

"Well, my hearties?"

The fishermen turned.

"Bear a hand here, will you, capt'n?" said
 one. "A ship went to pieces off the point
 last night, and here's three bodies ashore, dead
 as herring. Dave Bent and I came down to
 look arter our boats, you see, and we found
 'em buried up here in sea-weed."

Captain Jack stopped whistling, and bent

down to look at the bodies. Two were men, strong and hard-featured, evidently part of the crew of the ill-fated ship. They were quite dead. The third one was a child lashed to a spar.

"I've lived on this coast, man and boy, for fifty years," said Dave Bent, "but last night beat everything I ever seed afore. That ship was riding in the bay at sunset, as puty a craft as you ever clapped eyes on, and now you can't find a whole timber of her on sea or shore."

Captain Brainard hitched up his duck trousers and looked thoughtfully at the bodies. The child—a mere babe of two or three years—lay half-covered in the sea-weed, as if she were asleep. Captain Jack bent suddenly and cut with his sheath-knife the rope that bound her to the spar.

"We've got to bury 'em," said Dave Bent, "I'll send my boy fur a spade. It must have been nigh on to mornin' when the ship struck, and she went down without firing a gun. 'Twas an English craft, they say. You can't do anything, capt'n—it's all over with 'em."

Captain Jack sat quietly down on the rocks, and took the drowned child in his arms—strong, awkward arms, but very kind.

"What's that, Dave Bent?"

"It's all over with 'em, capt'n."

The captain's head bent close down to the child's.

"I'll be drowned if this small craft aint floating yet, Dave Bent."

The baby face was upturned to the sunlight. Dave Bent laid his rough hand against it gently. It was wet and cold, but still a living face.

"Blast my eyes!" cried the old fisherman.

Captain Jack rose up with the child in his jacket.

"I'll take it up to the inn, Dave. You can bury the other two. Hang me if I ever knew anything like this before!"

With tremendous strides Jack started off up the sands. The sea called hoarsely after him, and the wind strove with might and main to wrench away the little burden in his jacket, but it was no use—Captain Jack's honest heart was all awake, and he held the child firmly and never looked back.

Mrs. Lane, widow of Captain William Lane, lost at sea, and hostess of the hamlet inn, sat with needle and mesh-block mending nets in the bar-room, as Captain Jack Brainard came stalking in. The state of mind into which the worthy widow was thrown upon behold-

ing the object in his hospitable jacket is beyond my power to describe. To catch it from his arms, to inflict upon it a severe dose of hot liquor and an unlimited amount of rubbing was the work of the next half-hour; the mesh-block and the nets were scattered indiscriminately—Mrs. Lane in all her life had never been thrown into such unparalleled excitement as by the sudden appearance of that small waif of the coast.

She had her reward. The child was lying on her lap, with Captain Jack standing by, twirling his tarpaulin in a state of helpless surprise, when suddenly the little arms were flung up, two wondering black eyes unclosed, and the waif gave utterance to a prolonged vigorous scream.

"Bless me!" cried Mrs. Lane, "I never laid eyes on to such a homely child—and a gal, too!"

Captain Jack surveyed his screaming charge in consternation.

"Well, Mrs. Lane, the cut of her figger-head is uncommon."

A wee face, round and brown, with a faint show of dark hair, and two round black eyes, set in it, like glass beads. There was an odd, little nose, a pursed-up mouth, and the eyes looked too large for the little face—she was not a pretty child by any means.

"Dear heart!" cried Mrs. Lane, tossing her up, with a view to soothing her. "Who'd have thought to see it alive? Not a rag of clothes, poor lamb, and its furrin, too, I dare say, and I can't abide furriners."

As if disgusted with Mrs. Lane's narrow charities, the little waif redoubled her screams to an alarming extent, kicking viciously and clutching at the widow's cap border. It was evidently a very depraved foreigner which Captain Jack had secured.

"What's to be done with it?" roared Captain Jack.

"Lawks! how do I know?" said Mrs. Lane, "it haint got any folks, most likely. You'll have to take it to the poor-house up the country."

Captain Jack looked thoughtful.

"I don't know—but it isn't just friendly to leave such a little craft in strange water without any pilot, *Miss* Lane. I believe I'll stand by her myself."

"Land sakes! what can you do?" cried Mrs. Lane.

"Well, my 'Mary Ellen' is bound for China to-morrow; but you can keep her here till I come back. I'll see that you are paid—

and for want of something better you can call her Rachel—that was my mother's name."

And so it was settled—the child was to remain with Mrs. Lane until Captain Jack's return from China.

The "Mary Ellen" was laying to, in Salem harbor, with anchor raised, next day, when Captain Jack came to say good-bye to his hostess, and to place in her hand a little box of Indian wood carefully tied with a faded ribbon.

"You'll find a necklace there and a ring, Miss Lane—they used to be mother's, and might as well go along with the name."

And Mrs. Lane placed the necklace round the plump baby neck, and laid the ring carefully by until such a time as the little waif should be old enough to think of rings, and then Captain Jack shook her heartily by the hand, and went away from the hamlet-inn, and an hour after the white sails of the "Mary Ellen" had disappeared far down the bay.

* * * * *

Time went on—little Miss Rachel grew and thrived wonderfully. The marsh-grasses waved high and green in the hot summer suns, and the winter snows fell down on the desolate shore—the years went by as they always go—swift and untiring. There was little change about the inn, only Mrs. Lane's hair had grown white, and, somehow, she had fallen into the habit of sitting all day by the windows, looking off on the stormy bay where one night, years before, the bark "Fearless," Captain Lane, had gone down with all on board. Back and forth the white ships glided like spirits from morning till midnight, but there was never a sign of the "Mary Ellen." Captain Jack Brainard was still a wanderer—indeed, it was very doubtful now if he ever returned to America again. It was noised about in the hamlet that his vessel had passed into other hands, and that he was reaping fabulous sums of money from the opium-trade in which he had engaged himself since his arrival in the East. Of the truth of this Mrs. Lane neither knew nor cared. Now and then a letter came from Captain Jack and a remittance for his protege, but those letters were always brief, and he made no allusion to himself in any way, nor to his ultimate return.

One night, Dave Bent, who had been up the country to the post-office came in with the following message from the far-off East:

"MRS. LANE:—I take my pen in hand to inform you that you are to draw upon my

banker in New York for five hundred dollars. It is time the child went to school. Use the money for her, and if you want more, Gaylord will furnish you with it. Send her to him in New York, and he will take care of her. I hope she is well, and that you are the same.

Yours to command,

"CAPTAIN JACK BRAINARD."

It was under a burning Asiatic sun that Captain Jack wrote that letter—in the whirl of trade and amid everything strange and alien. The weeks passed—the months. Then the following reply from a source altogether new and unexpected, arrived for Captain Jack:

"DEAR CAPTAIN JACK:—I am at Madame de Villeneuve's Seminary. I have to study real hard and the teachers are so cross! I don't like here as well as I do at Mother Lane's. Harvey Gaylord comes to see me every week with his father—he is my beau, you know, and we are going to be married when I leave school. You'll have to send me lots of nice things now. I shall want a white dress and some white shoes, and Harvey says you are rich, and ought to give me some ribbon and a veil. He has got curly hair and black eyes, and I am dreadfully in love with him. I think you had better send the veil and things soon, for there is no knowing but that he will want me to go to Europe with him, and he is going in the fall. You will find my portrait in this letter. Harvey says I am the handsomest girl in the seminary. I hope you are well, and I don't want you to forget the veil and things.

"RACHEL BRAINARD."

Captain Jack laid down the impudent little note, dumfounded with astonishment. With-in it was the portrait she had mentioned—he looked at it curiously.

A pale, sallow face of fourteen or fifteen years, with very thin, wiry features, and a look preternaturally firm and solemn. Her hair was braided in two long pig-tails and hung down upon her shoulders tied with scarlet ribbon. The lips were audacious; the brow bold and broad; the eyes dark and stormily bright. The face promised well, but, as yet, it was decidedly ugly. Captain Jack shrugged his shoulders as he thrust it into his pocket.

He wrote as usual to Mrs. Lane and to his banker, Gaylord, but he received no more letters from Madame de Villeneuve's Seminary,

and Miss Rachel's bridal paraphernalia was not forthcoming.

* * * * *

Scarlet and purple and gold; bars of tan-colored flame and clouds with edges that dripped bloody-red—the west was all afire with the summer sunset. There were streaks of rosy flame on the sea, and a low, scented wind creeping over the desolate sand-hills and the green marsh-grasses; and the tide was tramping in on the gray rocks; wearily, wearily, its long dark lines crested snowy white with foam.

It was the same desolate coast of fifteen years before. There were the light-house and the reefs on which so many gallant ships had met their doom; here, the gray beach, the slippery shingles, the old boat-houses and yonder, the sand-hills, the fishing-hamlet and the rocky pasture lands facing toward the sea. Captain Jack Brainard, standing alone on the shining sands, looked at each and all steadily—he had not seen them before for many years.

In the old places again, but there was no one waiting to see him. Mrs. Lane did not know of his coming—no one knew. He was no longer the master of the "Mary Ellen," but a brown and hardy wanderer who could count his fortune by hundred of thousands, now.

There was a point of jagged rocks low on the beach, where one wild morning fifteen years before Captain Jack had found three bodies lying—two drowned seamen and a child lashed to a spar. In looking down the beach he saw the point, and sauntering forward, stopped there with his hands crossed behind him.

"It was somewhere here," mused Captain Jack, "that Dave Bent always moored his boat. I'd be obliged to him if I had it now to take me up the cove—it's growing dark already."

The soft dip of oars struck suddenly on Captain Jack's ear—he looked up. A boat was gliding around the Point, impelled by a single rower. It was a pretty little dory painted green and white, with two snowy oars that rose and fell like winged things in the dark blue water. Captain Jack saw the boat, the single rower, and the unoccupied seat opposite, and he shouted, vigorously:

"Boat ahoy!"

The slender oars of the dory fell instantly. The rower turned and looked at Captain Jack.

It was a young girl of eighteen or nineteen,

perhaps, with a Spanish hat ornamented with a splendid tuft of heron plumes set jauntily on her midnight hair. The face turned toward Captain Jack was a gorgeous Oriental face—pale and delicately dark, with lustrous eyes and half-parted lips, scarlet as coral. The brow was broad and low; the hair heavy and black; the figure slender and graceful as a willow. On the opposite seat, lay a rich India shawl, folded carelessly; a book bound in blue and gold, and a dainty little black parasolette, lined and tasselled with snow-white silk. With one sweep of the oars, the beautiful rower sent her boat bounding to Captain Jack's very feet. He heard it graze against the sands, he saw two bewildering black eyes surveying him with a look of cool astonishment, and then he beat down a violent desire to take to his heels and run away, and said:

"Is that boat bound up the cove?"

She lifted her delicate brows, but the splendid eyes beneath had a lurking laughter in them.

"Yes."

"I'm in want of a passage that way myself," said Captain Jack, "can you take me aboard?"

She scanned him from head to foot. At a glance she took in the stalwart figure, the grave, middle-aged face with its honest dark eyes and iron-gray hair, and then she answered:

"Who are you?"

Captain Jack lifted the hat from his brown forehead.

"My name is Jack Brainard, and I hail from the East. Who are you?"

It was a delightfully straightforward reply. Her dark eyes opened wide.

"Come into the boat," she said, quickly.

He leaped in and sat down opposite her. She gave him the oars with the utmost nonchalance.

"You can take them now—I am tired of rowing. I knew it was you, Captain Jack. Mr. Gaylord told me you would return home this autumn."

She leaned forward then and laid on poor, bewildered Captain Jack's shoulder the smallest and whitest hand he had ever seen. The saucy black eyes, full of mingled laughter and tears, looked full in his face.

"Don't you know me, guardy? I am Rachel."

His wail of the coast—his little castaway—that bright, bewildering beauty! Captain Jack sat silent—his grave face was as unreadable as marble; but he drew the little hand

from his shoulder and held it for a moment in his broad, brown palm.

"Child, how old are you?"

"Eighteen, guardy, and a graduate of Madamé de Villenue's boarding-school! I have passed a winter in New York and a season at Saratoga, and you do not know how *blase* I have become."

Not *blase*—the face was too delicate, too passionate, too proud for that; but he saw the stylish dress, the perfect grace of movement, the high bred ease of tone and manner, and he knew well enough what that winter in New York and that season at Saratoga had done for her.

"I have been with Mrs. Lane a week," she went on trailing her white fingers in the water. "The Gaylords are in town. Guardy, haven't you been gone a long, long time?"

"Fifteen years," said Captain Jack, pulling vigorously at the oars.

She surveyed him quietly from under her black lashes.

"Yes; Mrs. Lane told me. You do not look as I thought you would, guardy—you are so brown!"

Captain Jack smiled good-naturedly. He was thinking of the portrait he had received when Miss Rachel was at school three years before. She did not look as he had thought.

The sunset was fast disappearing from the sea; the lamp of the light-house shone red upon the Point; there was only a faint track of gold left along the waves—the blue, beating waves that Captain Jack loved so well. The oars of the dory rose and fell like living things in his strong hands; she shot across the water like a sea-gull out of the channel and into the cove—there were the fishermen's cottages and the old inn close before them. The row was over.

A tall, handsome figure lay on the sandy shore of the cove, smoking a cigar and watching the approaching dory very intently. It was a young gentleman, dressed in the most unexceptionable manner, and as handsome withal as if he had been made to order. As Captain Jack and his protege reached the shore, he started up and sauntered down to meet them with a sort of indolent, easy grace. He lifted his cap to the young beauty in the boat, and flushed in a manner quite uncalled for. Miss Rachel rose up, her splendid eyes opened in calm surprise, and leaped lightly ashore.

"Mr. Gaylord! this is very unexpected—I thought you were in town."

He bit his lip.

"No, I am tired of town—I came in search of you."

"Indeed! You are too kind. Allow me to present you to Captain Brainard."

Mr. Harvey Gaylord bowed carelessly to Captain Brainard. Captain Brainard looked at Mr. Gaylord from head to foot, but the young Gothamite was oblivious—he toyed with his rattan and looked at Rachel.

"My mother sends her kindest regards," he said, "and society has bade me bring back its lost star before the season commences. I have promised—am I rash?"

She drew up the folds of her sweeping dress from the damp grass. The wicked black eyes were cast down.

"Very."

"But, Rachel—"

His voice filled suddenly with passionate fervor.

"Well?"

"I cannot live so."

She would not understand. The eyes were still wicked. The cool, beautiful face turned back toward the cove.

"Look at those sea-birds—it is going to storm."

Gaylord made an impatient gesture.

"Rachel, what have I done?"

"Done?" she said, innocently.

"You are heartless!"

"Am I?"

"You know—"

The proud head was thrown back; the brilliant eyes warned him to stop—she sprang upon the threshold of the inn. Stately, gorgeous as another Cleopatra, a bewildering, tantalizing vision, she stood there as Captain Jack came up the path, with one hand resting against the rude frame-work of the door—one little, snow-white hand, on which a plain, old-fashioned ring, set with a single ruby, shone soberly in the dying light. Captain Jack knew the ring—it had been his mother's. He passed and left her there, with Gaylord bending over her, dark-eyed, dark-haired and handsome as a king. And that was Captain Jack's welcome home.

Later that night while he sat beside the great yawning fire-place telling Mrs. Lane weird tales of the East and the Indian seas, two figures sat apart by the windows and heard the wind shriek through the trees like a guilty soul unshriven. Rachel, with her dark Southern cheek pressed against the pane, still as a beautiful statue; Gaylord reclining

on a low seat at her feet, gazing upon her with his heart in his eyes. She came to say good-night at last. With a grace indescribably touching and sweet, she laid her dainty hand on Captain Jack's shoulder and smiled down in his hard, brown face.

"Good-night, guardy."

The old sailor choked suddenly. A moment later and he was sitting alone with Mrs. Lane.

"Weel, Captain Jack," she said, softly, "the gell has changed a bit since we sat here last."

Captain Jack nodded.

"She's a fine lady now," sighed Mrs. Lane, "the Gaylords have had her with them these three years, and afore long they'll take her away for good."

Captain Jack understood, but said nothing.

"You've been a good friend to her, Captain Jack," continued Mrs. Lane, warming with the subject. "I'd like for to know what she'd have gone and done if it hadn't been for you! I remember the morning you brought her in here, a little half-drowned critter, about as homely as she could be and live, and now, jest look at her!"

A quiet little movement of Captain Jack's head was Mrs. Lane's only answer. He was looking steadily into the fire, and the old lady after eyeing him despairingly through her spectacles, went away and left him alone with only the fire-light and the hoarse sea-winds.

The day came and went—then the weeks. Gaylord was walking, rowing and driving daily with Captain Jack's dark-eyed protege. In the long, sunny afternoons he lay at her feet on the lonely rocks of the shore, and read her romances; he sailed with her across the bay in the purple sunsets; he sat with her in the moonlight and drew weird sketches of wrecks on coral shores and sea-gulls hovering over misty seas and drowned sailors lying on moonlit rocks. The hamlet people knew well enough what it meant. Gaylord was young, handsome and aristocratic. Rachel was beautiful, high-bred and the heiress of all Captain Jack's wealth. They said as the New York *ton* had said—it was the best match possible. And Captain Jack? He walked about the hamlet and chatted with its rough, sun-burned fishermen just as freely as if he had not made a million hard dollars in far-off China. The gossips whispered that he had purchased a magnificent residence in New York, and was about to remove thence with his beautiful protege. More than this they did not know.

It was quite impossible to tell whether Gaylord's suit met with his approval or not.

It had been raining all day. The poplars before the inn were dripping still, and the clouds rolled dark and sullen toward the west. Rachel stood in the porch and watching the night fall down on the rocky shore, singing softly to herself the words of an old song:

"O Douglas, O Douglas, tender and true."

"Rachel," called Mrs. Lane from the doorway, "come into the house, child! you'll get a consumption out there in the wet, and Captain Jack and Mr. Gaylord are asking to see you."

A little start—a sudden prophetic droop of the long eye-lashes, then the splendid head was raised haughtily—Rachel turned and went in.

Gaylord was lounging on a low seat by the fire; Captain Jack stood opposite, with his hands crossed behind him. She went forward quietly and stood by Captain Jack. Gaylord rose at once, flushing to the temples. He would have spoken, but the old sailor interrupted:

"Rachel," he said, calmly and kindly, "Mr. Gaylord has been talking with me. If you are willing and I am willing, he wants you for his wife. He knows my mind—your will in the matter is my will."

Not a muscle of her beautiful face moved.

"Thank you. I appreciate Mr. Gaylord's kindness, but I regret that I am obliged to decline it."

O, how cold and clear the voice was! an innate delicacy in Captain Jack's great heart made him turn his head away as Harvey Gaylord grasped at the mantle, his handsome face pale as death.

"Rachel!" he cried, imploringly.

She looked at him with calm, relentless eyes.

"We are friends, Harvey—never anything more."

"Never, Rachel?"

"Never! I do not love you—you know it."

"Then you love another!"

The words were shot at her like so many arrows—he watched to see them strike. Only a quiet uplifting of the broad, white lids, then his own eyes fell before hers.

"Good-night," she said, icily.

"And this is all, Rachel?"

"All, Harvey."

Gaylord turned and rushed from the room.

The rain beat softly on the pane; the long, low sighs of wind from the sea shook the

poplars. There was a dead silence in the room—it was Captain Jack's voice at last that broke it—his deep, strong voice, with a quiver of dreariness running through it.

"My child, who is it you love?"

Her face was averted—she did not answer.

"I know it isn't my right to ask," said Captain Jack, in the same weary tone, "I might have known I couldn't keep you now; but I never had a home, child, and I thought—"

The fire danced before Captain Jack eyes; something like a smothered sob swelled his broad bosom. Rachel went up to him and laid her little hand on his arm.

"Yes, I know. I am rough and old—you are out of place with me—"

The soft, bewildering black eyes looked up into his.

"Captain Jack, I will stay with you always if you want me."

He held her off, and searched her face a moment, catching his breath.

"I am old."

"No, you are not!"

"I am brown and rough."

"I do not care."

"You love some one else?"

The dark eyes smiled up in his face.

"No, Captain Jack!"

His face was transfigured with sudden light. He cried out, passionately:

"O, my child, will you stay with me and be my wife?"

Trembling at his own boldness, he stretched forth his arms to her in her beauty and youth, and she sprang to him and laid her head down upon his breast.

"O, guardy, best, dearest—you are all that I love in the world—take me!"

Reverently, as if she had been an angel, tenderly, as his great love prompted, he drew her to his heart—the brave, true heart that was to beat for her so many happy years. And the fire leaped up on the hearth, and the rain fell on the pane, like low laughter, and all that night around the light-house point, the waves rocked in a mad revel, and shouted to each other through the darkness that Captain Jack's reward was won!

The greatest pleasure connected with wealth consists in acquiring it. Two months after a man comes into a fortune, he feels just as pfoxy and fretful as he did when he worked for six shillings a day.

SIGNS OF DEATH.

The Quarterly Review has a curious article on the dying moments of distinguished persons. The case of Cardinal Wolsey is well known. The morning before he died, he asked Cavendish the hour, and was answered past eight. "Eight of the clock," replied Wolsey, "that cannot be—eight of the clock! nay, nay, it cannot be eight; for by eight of the clock you shall lose your master." He miscalculated the day, the hour came true. On the following morning, as the clock struck eight, his troubled spirit passed from life. Boerhaave lay feeling his pulse till some newly published work he wished to read had arrived. He read it, and exclaiming that the business of life was passed, died. Miss Linley died singing, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Napoleon fought his battles over again, and his closing words were, "tete d'armee;" Lord Tenterden, who passed straight from the judgment seat to the death-bed, fancied himself still presiding at trial, and expired with, "Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider your verdict." Dr. Adam, author of the "Roman Antiquities," imagined himself at school distributing praise and censure among his pupils. "But it grows dark," he said, "the boys may dismiss," and instantly died.

NO WISH TO GO BY WATER.

Divers and sundry are the anecdotes extant about old Parson Milton, who whilom did "blow the trumpet of Zion," in the venerable town of Newburyport; but there is "one more left." A party of the good citizens of that town took it into their heads to make a trip to the Isle of Shoals; among the rest was our good parson. A few hours out, a terrible squall arose,—the boat could just live under it,—every cheek was pale,—the minister was as frightened as the rest. "Mr. Milton," said one of the company, "we marvel much that you should be alarmed in danger—a saint like you, in case you are drowned, would of course go to heaven."—"All right," replied the eccentric man of God, "but I don't wish to go there by water!"

SACRED THOUGHTS.

'Tis not high power that makes a place divine,
Nor that the men from gods derive their line;
But sacred thoughts in holy bosoms stored,
Make people noble and the place adored.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

[ORIGINAL.]
COMMUNION.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

Across the hills the moonlight trails
Her filmy robe of snow,
And clasps her pearls where rubies gleamed
Scarcely an hour ago.

Quaint shadows on the landscape lay,
And quivering bars of light
Fall earthward from the starry dome,
And bridge the solemn night.

Y sit alone—yet not alone,
For down the lonely lea,
And past the woodland's haunted shade,
They come and sit by me:

They come—a vast and viewless throng,
And closely round me press;
I hear again the tender tone,
And feel the soft caress.

The cool, sweet lips I used to love,
Again to mine are prest,
And softly round my weariness
Descends a holy rest.

They come from southern sun-kissed isles,
From prairies broad and free,
From rugged lands of rock and pine,
To keep their tryst with me.

Some come with taint of earth and sin,
And some have early given,
Through grace, a fairer blossoming
Beneath the dews of heaven.

Yet each brings back some vanished charm,
Some tender touch or tone,
Some hour we lost in converse sweet,
Some joy forever flown.

And so with grateful hearts we say,
These sweet communions given,
Are foretastes of the blissful hours
We'll share with them in heaven.

[ORIGINAL.]

TRIAL HOURS.

BY ELLEN MALVIN.

THE glow of anthracite in the grate, and the soft shining of the German study-lamp diffuse an atmosphere of ruddy warmth through the pleasant room. The table is strewn with books, the shelves in the corner are piled with them.

A lamp stands under the book-case, a

lounge, crimson-cushioned, beside it. Curtains of snowy muslin throw into relief the sprays of headlong ivy leaping from window to window. A white camellia gleams silverly in the lamplight. And beside the table in the centre sits she who is the soul of this warmth and brightness. Everything in the room has passed under her touch, borrowing color and vitality therefrom.

The home comfort, the artist beauty, are the simple outcome of her life, tender, high-toned.

"She is a woman—one in whom
The springtime of her childhood years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights, and many tears."

The brow is girlish, unfurrowed, but thoughtful; the mouth firm, yet sensitive; the chin full, round and loving.

There is brain as well as heart in this woman; high and haughty blood, the sole legacy of her Saxon father, blending with the passionate sweetness of her mother's race. Her mother's race! You guess it in the dark olive of the cheek, in the crisp waves of jet-black hair.

Some soft, woman's work occupies her fingers, not her thoughts. She glances momentarily towards the door with eyes that glow expectant.

"Cora."

The work drops from her hand, the expectant eyes flash with sudden light, the small brown hands are out-stretched to meet the clasp of other hands.

Only lovers meet like this. Yet these lovers, young as they are, have been set to harder tasks than loving.

The young man's face, a shade darker than hers, and as noble and pure, is well-nigh stern at first, in its unrelieved gravity. Yet it softens slowly, as he leans beside her on the ottoman; softens slowly with dreamy sadness.

She looks at him wistfully, opens her lips, once, twice as if to speak, and speaks at last. "Douglas. What is it you have to tell me?"

Her voice is like the whispering of shy birds in woodland recesses. His, in answer, is steady and quiet, his face averted.

"I am one of the 'Fifty-Fourth.'"

A shadow, as of some dread suddenly made real, creeps across her face. Sad work is going on in the heart when a look like that comes over a young face. But whatever the sad work be, she will go through it bravely, this proud, gentle creature. She will not speak

till she can shape some fit reply. It is very simple when it comes. Only this.

"God bless you, Douglas."

"Bless you for saying it, Cora. But I knew you would. You should be the soldier, dear. You have all the heroism, I all the weakness."

He said it with a sorrowful smile. She leaned towards him, answering low and slow.

"I don't know, Douglas. I don't know what I can bear. If I can sit here still and patient, only waiting and praying, while you are fighting—if I can do that through the long months, and not let my heart break nor grow hard and unbelieving, you may call that heroism. I would sooner go and fight by your side. I could *dare* anything. I don't know how much I can bear, but darling is my birthright, you know."

Yes, he knew the story well, how this young girl's mother, scorned and branded, had escaped from the prison-house of bondage, the blood-hounds on her track, the nameless terrors of swamp and forest before—daring death in a hundred shapes, to win freedom for herself and for the little life folded within her.

Well might the daughter borne through such terrors, lay claim to a birthright of heroism.

"If I could but know that your inheritance was mine," he said. "What if I should prove a coward at last? O, I am miserably weak."

Her eyes turned on him with unutterable pity. He gave it the lowest name, cowardice. But she knew how he loathed, not feared ~~this~~ work. It was never meant for men like him. This man was made for finer uses, for scholarly quiet, for kindly offices, gentle ministrations.

There had been a time when he had believed that such a life awaited him. There was no choice now. He must put the hope away, and bend to the brute's work.

She stroked his cheek, striving to touch him with some womanly comfort. Whatever came after, she must uphold him now.

"Don't think of the blood and the cruelty, dear. In the heat of battle, one doesn't know what is going on; else one could never fight, I suppose. But that is not all of war. Surely somewhere in it will be room for kindness and pity and good deeds—Christ's work, such as you are fit for. Think of that, not of the other. They will never harden your heart, Douglas."

"Why not?" His voice is hard and steady. "Are they not the foes of our race—your enemies and mine? Why shouldn't I hate them?"

She looked wistfully in his face.

"And yet they are our brothers. We may remember that."

He laughed bitterly.

"And our fathers."

It was true! Both were Virginia born, of old Virginia stock. What a history of crime was wrapped up in that single fact! Wrongs unavenged; blood crying from the ground. But no thought of that is in the girl's heart to-night. Only a passionate pity is there—a wild longing to take upon herself this burden that is too heavy for him.

"O, Douglas. If I could only spare you this."

The cry of womanly tenderness found its way to his heart. He drew her head down to his breast, holding her close and still.

"You spare me, darling!" The hardness was melted out of his tone. It was soft and natural. "I only pray that no harm may come to you."

"To me?" Her smile was bright and fearless. "How should harm come to me?"

"How? Have you forgotten how it fared with our people in Chicago last winter? Does New York hold us any more sacred, do you think? O, how they hunt us down, if not with blood-hounds like our fathers, with scorn and hate and cruelty."

"Hush!" Her hand was on his lips. "Hush, don't think of it to-night. It isn't good for you. God will make it right. He makes all things right at last."

"I know it, dear."

The three days of the New York riots have passed into history. The holocaust of a helpless and harmless people that stands without parallel in its hideous detail. I am only to tell you the story of one victim.

It was the second afternoon of the riot. All the previous day Cora and her mother had been sheltered in the house of a friend—one of the few white families in which the young quadron was received as a music-teacher and valued as a friend.

At the first outbreak, apprehensive for her safety, they had sent a carriage to her door, with an urgent plea that she would take refuge with them till the storm was past. So, all through the slow, terrible hours, they had wept and shuddered together at the details of blood and outrage that came in hour by hour.

Among the victims already sacrificed were many whom she knew—some whom she loved. Several colored families lived in their immediate vicinity—one in the same house, and she was racked with fears for their safety.

On Tuesday the tumult had subsided. That part of the city had been quiet since morning. It was believed that the mob was finally quelled.

Fearing nothing for herself, Cora resolved to venture out for a few minutes, at least, to learn whether her home had been spared, and if her friends had escaped unharmed.

She went out alone into the strangely quiet streets. Marks of the day before violence were visible here and there, in shattered walls and windows, and one house that she knew lay a heap of smouldering ruins. But there were no signs of present disturbance, and she went on swiftly but quite fearlessly, till, making her way through a by-street, a woman, peering maliciously from the cavernous mouth of a street cellar, threw out a taunt and a threat as she passed.

Jeers and scoffing were no new sounds to her ears. It is part of the fierce education that America grants to the one unhappy race for which she has no tolerance. Cora had been accustomed to that from childhood, but the menace had a less familiar sound, and she hurried on and turned into the street in the rear of her home. A few steps more and she turned again into the narrow alley leading up to the gate. The house stood apparently untouched. Her home was safe, and her friends, she hoped.

But there was a tramp of feet behind her, a confused murmur. She stood a moment to listen, inside the gate. There were ominous sounds near and more distant. But all sounds were ominous that day. It was only her excited fancy, she thought, that made them seem unusual. She would just go in for a moment, see if her friends were safe, and return by another street. She went round to the front door and ran up the steps. The hoarse murmur was increasing, approaching nearer. What if they should besiege her there! The house seemed deserted. She stood an instant, hesitating whether to hasten back another way, and try to elude her pursuers, if such they were, or to enter and wait till the danger was past. The gate clicked—a rush followed. There was no time to deliberate. Quick as thought she turned the key, unlocked, locked and bolted the door behind her, and sped up the stairs, into the dear home-rooms, through them, and down another flight of stairs to the single door of communication between the tenements. It was fast. She rapped, spoke in a low voice. No answer. They were gone then, and she was quite alone.

She went back to the sitting-room, the bright little room so glowing and vital with her life, so hallowed with her love.

But how the tumult grew without, a confusion of tongues and frightful noises, shouting and cursing. Now they were beating on the door. She cautiously lifted the curtain, and tried to look into the yard below. A shout rose from twenty throats. She drew back. A stone broke through the glass, just grazed her shoulder, and crashed into the centre of the beautiful picture on the opposite wall. She turned with a cry. Her beautiful Ary Schaffer. Douglas had hung it there the day before he went. Another missile dashed in, and the lamp lay a heap of fragments on the carpet. She turned and fled up the stairs, two flights, and shut herself into her own little chamber.

How still and white it was. Pure, peaceful, maidenly. The windows were close-curtained. The tumult in the street farther off, but heaving, increasing, every moment. Escape was impossible now. The mob had returned and would do their will; what would their will be?

The city had been lit with a hundred fires in the last twenty-four hours. It was one of the freaks of these grim revellers in their frolic.

What if the whim should seize them to set fire to this house—and she within it?

"Burned to death!" She said it over to herself. Her blood had curdled with horror a thousand times at thought of such a death. Now it was calm.

She took off her hat, laid it on the couch, smoothing the ribbons with dainty, woman-like habitude, then stood before the glass, dreamily unravelling the long braids, as quietly as she had been wont on peaceful nights, her lips still tremulous with lingering good-nights, smiling with innocent thoughts. She combed out the dark strands and shook them loose about her shoulders. The black cloud rippled down to her waist. How he used to kiss the shining waves. The memories came up sweet. "A kiss for every silken thread," he told her once.

Ay, and how the greedy flames would seize it, climbing swiftly up to the smooth, dimpled cheeks, scorching the soft olive to ugly black, crisping the red lips with fierce kisses, wrapping her in hot embrace—for lover's clasp, the hideous passion of fire.

O God! It was too terrible!

A shudder of mortal terror shook her frame—a cry of agony broke from her lips.

"O, Douglas, Douglas! where are you?"

It was only for a moment.

"Not here. Thank God for that. He might hope for a swift, glad death at the cannon's mouth." She smiled softly to think it. This for her. God knew which could bear it best.

And was the doom a new one, that she should blanch at it? Women with nerves as keen and fine, girls as beautiful had given their soft, shrinking flesh to the hissing flames. Was hers more precious? or her soul less courageous? The young, heroic blood leaped up in proud denial.

Fair, suffering faces rose before her. Holy saints and innocent martyrs of the olden time, and over all One brow, thorn-crowned and bleeding. She silently clasped hands with them in sad, heroic fellowship.

And still other faces rose, the hapless victims of her own race, her sisters, whose whole lives were one long martyrdom to hate and avarice and lust. What was her doom to theirs? Her body had never been polluted, her soul had not been crushed. Her life had been glad and pure and free. Should she shrink because the last and lightest of their wrongs was laid on her? A wrong that God would so soon make a blessed right. Nay, welcome it rather, the death that made her one with them.

Wrapped in her strange musings, her head buried in her hands, she had almost lost consciousness of the present, had almost forgotten the crowd of yelling fiends who cursed and tortured and murdered in the street below. Perhaps the sudden silence roused her. The tumult seemed dying away. She lifted her head. A lurid glare lit up the room. She raised the curtain. The mob had passed on, but not till they had done their work. The light came from the wall across the street.

"The flames from all the casements pushing forth, Like red-hot devils, crinkled into snakes."

She dropped the curtain, quickly, not to see the terror. Then stood and listened, all her consciousness centred on the single sense of hearing. Only a dull rush and roar, muffled, and far off, came to her ear. No outcries from the street, no warning bells nor rattling engines. No help from without. No help but in herself and God. But that might be. That might be. She gathered up the flowing hair into a knot behind, quickly exchanged her light dress for another of some woollen material, and opened the door. The roar and

crackle of fire was more distinct, but no red glare lit up the dark stairway. If it had not reached the second floor, from the window of her mother's room she could let herself down to the adjoining roof, where some succor might await her.

Life, love might yet be hers. There was wild joy in the thought. It winged her feet as she flew down the stairs. The first flight was clear. At the foot of the second a puff of smoke and flame swept across the passage, but she sprang past it unharmed, to the door of her mother's room. It was locked—and the key? Fatal forgetfulness! The keys were in her room, in the dress she had just taken off. It was her only hope. Up the long flight of stairs again, back to her room; she found the key, snatched up a small worsted cape, and threw it over her head for a shield.

Swift as the wind in her perilous flight, but alas! the fire-fiend was swifter still. Climbing higher and higher, eager flames were feeling her out. A hundred scarlet tongues ran quivering here and there in the delirious greed of fire. They saw her an instant stand pallid, doubting on the topmost stair—the proud, bright, glorious creature. Was it a cruel feint to lure her on, or did they recoil, dismayed, before the regal presence? A breath of wind from the broken window, perhaps, rushed in and swept a sudden pathway clear. She wavered an instant—but this was her only hope. She darted down, shielding her brow from the hot breath of the hungry fiend; down to the last stair. One instant more—another step, and she might be free. Love, life might yet be hers.

"Never!" the mad flames hissed and swept around her, blinding, suffocating, enfolding her in fierce embrace. For lover's clasp, the hideous passion of fire.

Up and on the fire-fiend flew unsated. Up to the still white, saintly room; higher and higher yet, till it flared, exultant in the face of the steadfast skies.

The stars smiled calmly down. The summer wind caught up the floating scarfs of flame, wreathing them in graceful guise about the blackened walls, tossed aloft the flickering jets, that flashed and paled and ran up higher, and curled about the falling shafts, leaping and eddying in fantastic play.

And over all hung the steadfast skies, where the calm stars smiled and shone, smiling and shining the same over a dark-browed sleeper, sleeping the same summer night under a

southern sky. The prayer is yet warm on his lips—"Father, protect her through the night."

The prayer is heard. The young soul, newborn through the dread baptism of fire, is folded safe in His protecting arms. But no whisper, ye pitiful stars—no lisp of this night's work to the placid sleeper there. Gentle north wind, kissing his cheek as he lies, pass lightly, and carry your cruel secret unconfessed.

Silence a little, and he shall hear it from other lips more sweetly told than summer wind can breathe it. A story of trial past, of triumph won!

Silence a little.

It is coming soon—the death she prayed for him, as she stood there, calm, heroic, confronting her fiery doom. That for her. For him the glad swift death at the cannon's mouth.

Before his hand was stained, before his heart was hardened, he fell foremost among his comrades, obedient to God's recall from the foul brute's work that was never meant for him.

THE POET BURNS.

Burns was one of the few poets fit to be seen. It has been asserted that genius is a disease—the malady of physical inferiority. It is certain that we have heard of Pope, the hunchback; of Scott and Byron, the cripples; of the epileptic Julius Cæsar, who, it is said, never planned a great battle without going into fits; and of Napoleon, whom a few years of trouble killed; where Cobbett (a man of talent, not of genius) would have melted St. Helena, rather than have given up the ghost with a full belly. If Pope could have leaped over five-barred gates, he probably would not have written his inimitable sofa and lap-dog poetry; but it does not follow that he would not have written the "Essay on Man." And they who assert that genius is a physical disease, should remember that, as true critics are more rare than true poets, we have only one in our language, William Hazlitt; so very tall and complete men are rare as genius itself, a fact well known to persons who have the appointment of constables. And if it is undeniable that God wastes nothing, and that we, therefore, perhaps, seldom find a gigantic body combined with the soul of Æolian tones, it is equally undeniable that Burns was an exception to the rule—a man of genius, tall, strong, and handsome as any man that could be picked out of a thousand at a country fair.

THE BITE BIT.

After the restoration in 1814, among the titled followers of Napoleon, who were the most anxious to obtain employment at the court of Louis XVIII., none showed more servility and assiduity to accomplish his purpose than Fouché, Duc d'Otrante. He at last had a private interview with the king, when he expressed his desire to dedicate his life to his service. Louis replied: "You have occupied under Bonaparte a situation of great trust, which must have given you opportunities of knowing everything that passed, and of gaining an insight into the characters of men in public life, which could not easily occur to others. Were I to decide on attaching you to my person, I should previously expect that you would frankly inform me what were the measures, and who were the men, that you employed in those days to obtain your information. I do not allude to my stay at Verons, or at Mittau; I was then surrounded by numerous adherents; but at Hartwell, for instance—were you then acquainted with what passed under my roof?"—"Yes, sire; every day the motions of your majesty were made known to me."—"Eh, what!—surrounded as I was by trusted friends, who could have betrayed me? Who thus abused my confidence? I insist on your naming him immediately."—"Sire, you urge me to say what must wound your majesty's heart."—"Speak, sir; kings are but too subject to be deceived."—"If you command it, sir, I must own I was in correspondence with the Duc d'Aumont."—"What! De Pienne, who possessed my entire confidence? I must acknowledge," added the king with a malicious smile, "he was very poor; he had many expenses, and living is very dear in England. Well, then, M. Fouché, it was I who dictated to him those letters which you received every week; and I gave up to him twelve thousand out of the eighteen thousand francs which you so regularly remitted to obtain an exact account of all that was passing in my family."

SYMPATHY.

In their non-age

A sympathy unusual joined their loves:

They paired like turtles, still together drank,

Together sat, nor quarrelled for the choice;

Like twining streams both from one fountain fell,

And as they ran still mingled smiles and tears:

But O, when time had swelled their currents high,

This boundless world, this ocean did divide them,

And now forever they have lost each other.

NAT. LEE.

[ORIGINAL.]

OMNIA VANATAS.

BY F. W. HARRIS.

Yestereen as I sat, sad and lone,
 Deep musing o'er the past,
 On pleasures now forever gone,
 On joys too bright to last,
 I sighed, omnia vanatas.

Youth, thy brightest dreams are fled;
 Manhood, thou bringest but cares;
 When thinking of the lost and dead,
 On feeble age and frosty hairs,
 I sighed, omnia vanatas.

The rich, the mighty, and the strong
 Are hurrying to the grave;
 Fearful we hear sad requiems sung
 For the young, the gifted, and the brave:
 For omnia vanatas.

The warrior's fame but lives in song,
 And dwindling with the poet's lay
 Will fade the deeds, which must ere long
 Become oblivion's prey,
 For omnia vanatas.

Departed spirits of the mighty dead
 Are whispering through the past;
 Their fame and glory all are fled,
 No earthly thing fore'er can last,
 For omnia vanatas.

[ORIGINAL.]

JULIA FORREST:

—OR,—

The Mate of the Sunbeam.

BY HARRY HUNT.

A LARGE and handsome dwelling, with a picturesque low wing attached, round which ran a long balcony, overrun with scarlet creepers that twined about the pillars, and rioted in wild luxuriance along its roof, was flooded with the beauty of a July moon. Upon the flat roof, some seats and music-stands had been placed for the convenience of a band, sometimes playing there in the summer nights. To this roof, access was given from a long window leading out by a single step; but it could be easily reached from without, by climbing the strong pillars, or by swinging one's self from the chestnut tree that grew quite near by.

On the night referred to, Julia Forrest

stood at the long window, watching the flickering beams of moonlight, as they came and went through dancing leaves and branches. She was very lovely, as might have been seen, even in this uncertain light. Her face was so purely pale, that it seemed made rather for the moon to gaze upon than for the broad beams of the sun. Her hair, a deep, glossy black, was turned back from a low, wide forehead, under which the dark eyes glowed like stars. A tall, lithe figure, with exquisite feet and hands, matched well with such a head and face. White muslin drapery floated around her, half hidden by a crimson shawl of crape, that set off the fair countenance, and lent a charm to the queenly figure.

A light foot sprang upon the balcony, from the chestnut bows. She was startled, notwithstanding she had seemed to expect it, and clung for a moment to the window, as if for support. The next instant she stood beside the figure that lingered there, motionless and fixed. They must have been lovers, for a long caress was bestowed upon her lips, such as only lovers may give.

"Have you decided, Julia?" said the young man, in a quick and agitated voice. "Speak quickly, darling, for I am nearly insane with anxiety."

"How can I decide, Dan? My father is harsh and stern—my mother almost at death's door."

"Are there no other reasons?" he demanded, almost harshly,

She blushed crimson, all over that fair brow and neck. Her lips moved, but did not articulate.

"Enough! I am answered, Julia. I see how much dearer is Harry Blair to you. His position suits your father better, and your mother will revive when she knows that you are not betrothed to Daniel Prescott."

"Cruel!"

"Ay, but just. You are putting me from you, Julia, at a moment when you seemed nearer to me than ever before. Years hence, you may think of this night. You may think of hours long ago, when you smiled on him whose love you now throw from you. Pause a moment, and ask yourself if true hearts are so plenty in the world that you can afford to waste one thus." The girl turned away from him uneasily. She had loved Daniel Prescott—she loved him now; but a perverse spirit possessed her. Once more he spoke. "If you are sorry for treating me as you have done, Julia—if you care nothing for Harry

Blair, then indeed I can be happy, even now. Julia! once again, will you be mine?"

She was sure of her power now. She half leaned toward him, and her white hand touched his arm.

"May I trust you, Julia? Do you love me?"

A frown swept over her face.

"You presume upon my friendship for you, Dan."

"Is it no more than friendship, Julia?"

"I think not," she answered, slowly, her head averted from him.

"Then, farewell forever!" he exclaimed, passionately, as he turned away, and ran down the pillar, crushing the strong vines that ran around it, as though they were blades of grass. He did not hear the low cry she uttered, nor the entreating words, "Come back—come back, Dan!"

The next day was fair and beautiful, with a fresh, strong breeze. Off, in the outer harbor, a large, splendid ship, that had been ready for sea for several days, but had lacked her full complement of seamen, was tacking across, for the last time. In the morning, a man had presented himself, and was accepted. A strong, active, well-knit, handsome youth, with an eye like an eagle, but with a dull rim around it, that looked as if some secret sorrow was at work beneath it. His hands were fair, almost delicate; but he worked with a will, and Captain Everett, the master of the good ship *Sunbeam*, looked at the stalwart figure, and thought he had not waited in vain.

And thus it was that Daniel Prescott fled away from a woman's capricious and changeful will. He had dared to raise his eyes to the proud daughter of Mr. Forrest, a man whose own pride had sought a richer husband in the person of Harry Blair. Julia loved Daniel Prescott, but she liked to tyrannize; and, moreover, she was willing that the world should know that Harry Blair, rich and distinguished as he was, had sought her hand. Even while her eyes were following the majestic ship, as she passed out of the harbor, she was dreaming that Daniel would come again to the accustomed evening tryst, and that she would be very kind, to make up for last night's shameful coquetry.

Two or three days on shipboard made Daniel Prescott a universal favorite. Active and prompt in his duties, he found favor with officers and men. The captain soon found

that, although he had shipped as a common seaman, he knew more of navigation than any one, excepting himself, on board; and that, in all respects, he was better fitted to guide the ship than the man he had been forced to accept as mate. However, Captain Everett was a great disciplinarian, and could not cross the distance that separates a commander and his men, by appearing to approve him. And yet, by some silent free-masonry, the two men knew well enough that each liked the other; and, as instinctively, the mate truly divined that neither of them liked *him*. And this dislike was to be perpetuated and increased during the entire cruise of the *Sunbeam*. Enmity, on board ship, is a far more fearful thing than on the land. The parties are brought into such close proximity, and coming into such near contact by the hourly routine of sea duties, that it becomes quite a different thing to that which can so easily place the obnoxious person at a distance. Surely, if any body of men ought to be good and pure, kind, generous and forbearing, it is incumbent on those who are forced to live for months in these floating prisons together. But experience shows that such is not the case. At sea, bad passions obtain the ascendancy, and often prove more hideous in their aspect than in their worst type on shore.

The ship was bound to Smyrna, thence to Liverpool, and back to Smyrna. From Smyrna she would return to Boston; so that the voyage would, in all probability, occupy seven or eight months. It seemed a long time in perspective; but Prescott whispered to himself, as he stood at the wheel, one fine August night, "Why do I care? Julia will not miss me, and there is no one, save my dear old mother, who will give a single thought to the wanderer."

Sad as he sometimes felt, however, he did not, for a moment, slacken in his duties. His strength and courage, his ready tact and unruffled temper, were qualities that paved the way to every heart on board save that of Warner, the chief mate. Jealousy and envy had already filled that black heart with hatred, on account of those very qualities that endeared him to others. His physical beauty and strength was a constant annoyance to Warner. His indomitable good humor, which no sarcasm or blame from Warner could stir from its calm depths, almost drove the foolish fellow mad. He left no opportunity unsought of trying to mortify Prescott, or drive him into a quarrel; and the sight of that serene

face, after all his endeavors, aroused the most intense hatred.

The twenty-second of August was a hard day. All hands were called at four A. M.; a part of the topsails were taken in, and others were single-reefed. The gale increasing, the fore-topsail was double-reefed, the outer jib taken in, and the main spencer set. By eleven o'clock, it was thought necessary to reef the mainsail, close-reef the topsail, and brace up the spanker. A heavy sea was running. All this time, Warner lay in his berth, feigning sickness, but in reality, perfectly drunk. The sea ran mountains high; the storm of wind and rain was both blinding and deafening. In the pauses of the storm, could be heard his loud, drunken oaths and imprecations. The ship rocked and swayed, the masts creaked; every rag of sail was invisible, and the billows threatened to engulf the proud bark, as she struggled bravely but ineffectually with the storm. In the midst of this scene, Daniel Prescott was the hero. Captain Everett had been afflicted with a lame arm; the second mate was young and inexperienced, and everything seemed to devolve upon the seamen, of whom Prescott was decidedly the most efficient. When the storm had spent its fury, the ship was almost a complete wreck. The sea had washed everything moveable from the decks, and only the mainmast remained, standing like a lonely tree in the midst of desolation.

The seamen worked with a will, in fitting up jury masts and spare sails; and as the ship was in sight of Smyrna, there was no doubt that she could be got in safely, even in her disabled condition. Here, a quarantine of twenty-one days was ordered to be performed. Had it not been for the condition of the ship, she would have been ordered back to Milo, where the pilot, a savage-looking Greek, had been taken, but whose name the captain had, unfortunately, neglected to insert in his bill of health.

All this time, Warner was really sick. His drunken revel, and the mortification he experienced, had made him absolutely ill, and he was conveyed on shore to a hospital.

The little second mate, not being efficient to take his place, Prescott was formally inducted as mate. His promotion, so far from exciting envy or jealousy in his brother seamen; gratified them exceedingly, as the change from Prescott to Warner, as an officer, relieved them from many blows, and more curses.

"How did it happen, Mr. Prescott," asked the captain, "that you should have attained so much knowledge of seamanship—you, a young law student, with white hands and innocent face?"

The new mate was seated, for the first time, at the table in the cabin. The captain had just poured out a glass of wine, and passed the bottle to Prescott. He declined it, to the captain's unfeigned astonishment.

"Not drink wine, sir?"

"No, captain, I never take wine."

"And why?"

"Because I promised my old mother that I would never taste it."

The captain brought down his hand heavily upon the table.

"Right! right, Mr. Prescott. I wish to heaven my old mother was alive this day, that I might promise the same. But you have not answered my question, sir."

"Well, captain, I learned what little sea craft I may have, in a voyage with my uncle, now dead, when I was eleven years of age."

"By George, sir, you improved your advantages better than I should have supposed a small boy would have done, and your uncle must have been a noble seaman."

Prescott took the first opportunity to visit Warner in the hospital. The sick man turned his face, sullenly, to the wall, and would not answer him when he inquired after his health. His visitor had brought a quantity of oranges, and other fruit, freshly picked, but he would not look at them.

"Don't stay here, gazing at me," he said, at last. "I hate you, and if ever I can do you an evil turn, you shall find that I have not forgotten you."

"Not by a great deal, Mr. Warner!" answered Dan, in a fresh, hearty voice, clear as a trumpet.

That title—Mr. Warner—did a world of good to the sin-sick heart of the man who lay there, a victim to his own vicious appetites. He had heard that Prescott had been chosen mate; and, judging others by himself, he believed that the new officer, promoted so suddenly from the fore-castle, would rejoice to see his old enemy so fallen. His coarse nature could not understand how the pure gold in such a man triumphs over the sordid dross in such as he was himself—triumphs generously and naturally, yet without baseness or boasting. But, though mollified, he was not cured of his spite entirely.

Dan left him; but he was too thoroughly good-natured not to go every day, when he could get an hour's respite from ship duties; and, invariably, some delicacy was found upon the invalid's table, after his departure.

Once, Prescott, in taking his presents of this kind from his pocket, happened to draw thence a narrow slip of paper, on which were the words, "Julia Forrest, Roxbury, Mass." Prescott had an idle habit, common to many people, of scribbling names upon fragments of paper. Of course, a name so beloved, would naturally flow from his pen with greater zest than any other; and "Julia Forrest" had been inscribed on innumerable slips—sometimes cherished, sometimes thrown aside with an expression of almost contempt, and sometimes—shall I own to such weakness in my hero?—sometimes wept over; such weakness as Great-Heart himself might have displayed.

Well—now for the fate of this little scrap of paper, burdened with the mighty secret of Daniel Prescott's heart! When Warner arose the next morning for his bed to be made, the paper caught his eye, and he picked it up from the floor and read. It was transparent truth to him in a moment. Daniel Prescott loved this girl! and just for the sport of the thing, he would make trouble there. Had he known of the trouble already existing, he would have let the matter rest; but here was a fruitful field for his bad passions to revel in. He placed the tell-tale scrap in the inner folds of his pocket-book, and said to it, "When you come forth to the light, it will be to work mischief." Of course he had no plan, but simply waited for the spirit of evil to suggest one.

At length the Sunbeam was ready to sail. Prescott made one more call upon the invalid at the hospital, and was surprised to hear that he was gone.

"Gone? Where?" he asked.

"To visit a friend in the city."

"For how long?"

"He did not say."

"But surely, he must have left some message?"

"None."

"Are his traps gone?"

"His sea chest is here, but he took away his clothes in a valise."

Prescott felt hurt. Warner had been more friendly than usual at the two last interviews, and he had begun to think he had conquered the demon within. Such a foolish enmity as the man had against him, he thought could not be sustained, unless it had something to

feed upon; and surely, he had endeavored, by the truest kindness, to overcome the feeling that Warner cherished within him.

It so happened that two Boston vessels had sailed the day before, homeward bound. It might be that he had shipped on board one of these, and he stepped into the custom-house to ascertain. Such was the fact, indeed. Full of a vague and indefinite hope to work some sort of mischief upon one whom he hated, he had left the hospital, where, indeed, he had only been shamming sickness for a week past, and had offered himself to the captain of one of these vessels, as second mate, to supply the place of the one who had died on the outward passage. He determined, at all events, to get home before the Sunbeam should have completed her cruise.

Captain Everett was more than satisfied with the exchange he had made. Warner had been particularly obnoxious to him, and his disagreeable qualities more than overbalanced his skill as an officer; which, after all, was not equal to that of his present mate.

The voyage was accomplished to Liverpool, with little of incident. Hardly, however, had the ship made five days' sail, when a suspicious-looking vessel was descried, bearing down full upon her course. For several hours, the chase was kept up, the strange craft gaining slowly upon the Sunbeam. Night came on, and daylight again dawned; and still she was there in sight, and the distance was still less than the day previous. The Sunbeam was unarmed; but the port-holes of the schooner were bristling with guns, and if speed did not avail them, the crew of the Sunbeam were of opinion that their case was dangerous.

It was a bright, beautiful day. The billows were tipped with the rosy light of morning, and the sea lay so calm and lonely, save for the two specks upon her bosom, that it seemed as if no spirit of evil could dwell there. Still, slowly but surely, the schooner gained upon the heavily-laden ship. Nearer—nearer! and now so close that its commander, a young and handsome man, most picturesquely arrayed in white, loose trousers, a spotless jacket of the same, with a scarlet sash and cap, was about to spring on board. A thick smoke issued from the ship, driving him back for a moment. Again he tried to get on board. An immense tub of some pitchy substance, heated to the utmost power short of being set on fire, was beside the captain and mate of the ship. Four stout seamen, armed with iron

ladies, stood ready to throw the deadly fluid upon any one who should be bold enough to step on board.

At a given signal, quietly and promptly, the crew of the Sunbeam, headed by Captain Everett and the mate, rushed on board the schooner, the two former bearing a pair of old cutlasses—long disused and wholly forgotten, until Prescott remembered having seen them—and the latter with their ladies of boiling pitch. Before such enemies, the people in the schooner had no means of defence. The captain of the pirates, in his gay costume of scarlet and white, fled from the scene to his cabin; while the men, fearing to attempt reaching the guns, cowered before the ludicrous yet fearful species of warfare with which they were threatened. It was no boys' play, after all, they found; and as it was apparent that nothing could be done to subdue such enemies, they were forced to submit to them. The mate and a part of the hands of the Sunbeam were put on board the prize, for such it really became; the chief of the pirates was safely locked into the cabin, and, like Eugene Aram, "with gyves about his wrists." The most turbulent of the crew were "braceletted" after the same fashion, and the milder types of them were made to perform duty. It was a trying position to one who had merely shipped as a common sailor, to have the care of such a crew, with only two or three about him on whom he could depend; but Daniel Prescott proved himself equal to it. He kept company with the Sunbeam as long as possible; but the vessels were at length forced, in a gale of wind, to separate, and they did not meet again until Prescott hailed Captain Everett from the end of Long Wharf, where he was standing when the Sunbeam rode gaily into the harbor, and the boat brought off her commander to the shore.

What a lion had Prescott become! Everett, without a spark of jealousy, had trumpeted his courage abroad; and every one was anxious to see the man who had passed through so many phases of sea life, in a single voyage.

He had been ashore but a few hours, when, in walking to a hotel, he met an old friend, of whom he inquired the news.

"News? let me see—why, perhaps you have heard that your father-in-law, that was to be, old Forrest, is dead?"

"Dead?"

"Yes. He failed in business, and the creditors took everything. Mr. Forrest was very honorable, and gave up all."

"Where is his daughter?"

"Somewhere in the city. I do not know her abode; but am sorry to hear that she is receiving the addresses of one who is unworthy of her."

Prescott started, and turned pale. Although Julia had deceived him, as he thought—had slighted the love she had once professed to return—yet, that she should contract an unworthy marriage, seemed hideous to contemplate. It was some time before he could command his voice sufficiently to ask who was the favored individual. He spoke in a tone so absolutely mocking, that Selfridge, his friend, believed that all interest in her had passed out of his heart.

"He calls himself Captain Warner, I hear; but I do not know what claim he has to the title. My friend, Captain Bartlett, tells me that he returned from Smyrna, a few months ago, as his second mate, since which he has been on no voyage, certainly."

"Warner! Surely it was the very man who had conceived such an unaccountable dislike to him. He remembered that one of the vessels in port with him was commanded by a Captain Bartlett. He remembered, too, that they sailed for Boston the day before the Sunbeam sailed for Boston, and that the papers at the custom-house were signed by Warner as second mate.

But how could he worm himself into the society of a lady like Miss Forrest? It was a mystery; but one which time must and should unravel. Meantime, he would travel night and day, through the city, to find the habitation of Julia Forrest.

Forgotten was all her coquetry—forgotten her sin against his love. He saw but one image—that of a lady, fair, young and accomplished, bereaved of her father, deprived of property, deserted by the false friends of her prosperous sunshine, and now, subjected to the companionship, and followed by the gross love of a low wretch like Warner! He would find her, cost what it might of suffering to himself. His great heart, while it refused to plead for her love, was deeply impressed with pity. He would rescue her from such a fate as that, at least.

Watching, seeking, waiting patiently, or tearing, like mad, through the city, Daniel Prescott passed the next fortnight, until he began to despair of finding her. One evening, the glare of a gas-light from a shop revealed to him the figure of Warner, issuing from the steaming, liquor-scented place. He

was not fully drunken, but seemed to have attained the first stage of maudlin excitement. He walked on before Prescott, with a tolerably steady gait. Two young girls met him—two laughing, hoydenish girls, not yet initiated, perhaps, into actual crime, but on the high road thither.

"I would go home with you, my duck," he said, to the one nearest him on the sidewalk, "but I am engaged—yes, engaged—that is the word—engaged at No. 20 Stratford street, to take tea with Miss Julia Forrest. Good-night, my dears."

If Prescott had given way to his desire, he would have kicked the drunken fool into the street; but caution whispered that he should, on the contrary, follow the clue so unexpectedly given. He knew that the name of the street and number were both improvised for the occasion; but he would follow the track of the self-styled captain. Along by-streets, where Prescott's foot had never before trodden—through thoroughfares, noisy by day, but deserted and unsavory by night, he followed his now unsteady footsteps. The liquor he had drank, was just working within Warner. Little, indeed, he was dreaming who was upon his track—else, perhaps, the life-blood of the brave fellow had flowed. He had been a bitter enemy in his calmer state—what might he be now that the fiery draughts he had imbibed were stirring up the bad passions within? On—on, after that reeling figure, came the manly, upright form of Prescott, like an avenger, ready to watch and punish any evil deed that he might commit. Warner passed into a small court, and rang furiously at a door. A servant let him in, and soon there was a little bustle in the room fronting the court. Lights flashed and disappeared. Shadows fell on the white curtains. Prescott drew near the window, and heard a voice, well remembered, saying, in a tremulous tone, "Leave me to-night, Mr. Warner. You are not in a fit state to converse."

Then came Warner's drunken rejoinder, and lastly, a gentleman's voice, saying, "Come, Warner, Miss Forrest is annoyed by your presence in this state. You had better go."

The sound of a pistol followed. Daniel Prescott rushed into the house, the door of which Warner had neglected to close. The light blinded him at first, but he soon saw Julia Forrest, pale and cowering, in a corner. A lady was bending over her, while a gentleman had stooped to lift the wretched being who had attempted Miss Forrest's life. The

pistol had burst in his hand; and in an instant, while the gentleman had turned aside at the entrance of a stranger, he seized another with his left hand, from his breast, and put it to his own head. Prescott caught his hand, but too late. The pistol went off, shattering Warner's cheek and ear, in a frightful manner.

Thoroughly sobered now, he recognized Prescott, and, with all his remaining strength, he seized his hand, and begged him to listen to the few words which were all he would ever speak.

He told Prescott of his deep hatred toward him—of his eager watching for an opportunity to injure him—of his finding the scrap of paper with Julia's address, and, lastly of a scheme to ingratiate himself with the lady of whose address he was possessed.

He represented to Julia, whose acquaintance he managed to make, that Prescott was engaged to an English lady in the family of a merchant at Smyrna, and that he would show her the picture of this lady. He promised to relate to her several conversations which he and Prescott had held together, in regard to herself, in which the latter had maligned her character. In short, a perfect tissue of lies had been told her, which carried such an air of truth, that she could not doubt them. Now, the slanderer was dying. A few moments would probably end a life of deception and evil. Would she forgive him, and believe Mr. Prescott was the truest and best of men?

Over that prostrate body, Prescott and Julia exchanged anew old vows. His absence had made her realize his worth; as when we hold a picture far off we see beauties which we should never have discovered while near.

Warner came, purposely to injure him in her opinion. He fell in love with her, but she feared and disliked him, only enduring him until he should have revealed the false story he was intending to tell her.

The sight of Prescott revived all her love; and the sight of a letter, addressed to him, lying on the table, which Julia had written and inadvertently left there, convinced Warner that there was no hope of her loving him, and that whenever Prescott came, his falsehoods would be discovered. Half mad, half intoxicated, he committed the rash deed; and its commission brought about the very result he had been laboring to avert.

Captain Prescott and his charming wife reside in a pretty cottage in the pleasant town of Lynn, where they can behold the sun rise from the very bed of the ocean.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SPIRIT-BELL.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

Strange voices ever hum to me
The deepest, sweetest, mystic lays:
As sad as ever sighs the sea,
Or like the plaint of autumn days.

They sing strange tunes in muffled lanes,
Where piles of russet leaves are strewn,
Or pierce my soul with nameless pains,
Or carol sweet as birds of June.

I listen to them in the night,
The melancholy moon above:
White-veiled priestesses, star begirt,
Presiding in the courts of love.

And then like lutes by fairies played,
They soothe my mood to gentle dreams,
In which my willing feet have strayed
In dangerous paths, near Lethæan streams.

And even in the garish day
I listen to these voices sweet,
Until gaunt Care is charmed away,
And flowers spring up in the street.

The summer's breath, or winter's blast,
These tuneful messages do bear,
And in their balm or ice is cast
The germ to me of smile or tear.

I find my warnings in the roar
Of deep-voiced thunder, ere the showers;
And hear God's sermons o'er and o'er
From tiny lips of simple flowers.

So these strange songs of love to me
Ring out from every wayside cell,
And call me on the moaning sea,
And in the templed grove as well.

I call them voices of the dead;
For those we loved on earth so well,
By love's attraction still are led
To throb as with their Spirit-Bell.

[ORIGINAL.]

ETHEL HAMMOND'S TRIALS.

BY EBLE DALLAS.

"Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed.
Time rules us all: and Life indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead,
And then we women cannot choose our lot."

It was only a scanty coal fire, but seen
through the open grate it looked bright and
cheery, and danced and sparkled on after a

fashion of its own, as if trying to put a broad
smile on in spite of fate. The room was plain
and sombre enough in other respects; the
floor only half covered with strips of cheap
carpeting, the furniture and belongings all of
the simplest character. Curtains of patch hid
a bed in one corner,—a few chairs were ranged
forlornly against the dull, white walls—and in
the centre of the room stood a little table with
a shaded kerosene lamp, close to which Ethel
Hammond sat sewing busily, her dark hair
half in shadow.

The light just glancing upon her face showed
it pale and grave, the lips, beautiful in their
curve, falling wearily apart, and the long black
lashes almost touching the rounded cheeks.

The faint rustle of her work and the occa-
sional dropping of a coal were the only sounds
that broke the silence. It was so still that
Rose, snuggled down by the fire with her curls
drooping over her shoulders, gradually lost
all consciousness of her position, and was in
some danger of finding said curls caught and
imprisoned by a little tongue of flame, saucier
than its fellows.

Rose had sat in much the same attitude for
the last half hour, her chin in her hand, and
her large, dark eyes fixed absently on the
glowing coals. She was seeing a very differ-
ent picture there than the one visibly before
her sight. A large, pleasant room, warm with
colors and gay with light—no want of life
there. In a snug easy-chair her father sitting,
paper in hand, with those good, kindly eyes of
his often raised in momentary oblivion to the
news: her mother in the low sewing-chair by
his side—O could she ever forget that dear
mother's smile—her sister Ethel, not still and
grave as now, but laughing and happy, her
eyes bright and her cheeks red as Rose's own;
and another figure not less a part of the room
than they, a handsome, brown-faced young
man dressed in sailor's clothes, sitting very
near Ethel, and talking to her in low, fond
tones that nobody else heard. A vision of
herself too, prettily dressed, petted and ca-
ressed, now on the young sailor's knee, now
at Ethel's side, or dancing gaily around the
room, flitted before the child's eyes in a
strange, fantastic dumb-show.

She sighed heavily. Ethel's dark lashes
were slowly raised, revealing wondrous, lovely
eyes of clearest brown.

"What is the matter, pet?"

"O, Ethel"—with another sigh—"I have
been thinking how different everything is from
what it used to be. When we lived in our

old home, I mean, and father and mother were alive, and Robert was there, and we were all so happy together! Don't you remember what dear good times we used to have in the large parlor, before Rob. went off? And now he is gone, and father and mother"—she stopped a moment, but soon resumed—"and you have to work so hard all the time, and I—O dear, everything is dull and lonely! We never seem to have any good times now. I think even Jip feels the difference," looking fondly down at the little brown spaniel in her lap.

Ethel did not answer. Her work had fallen from her hands, and she sat in much the same way as Rose had done a moment before, her eyes fixed, and her gaze absent and troubled. Rose continued to look sober for a few minutes, but presently fell to playing with Jip, tickling his nose with her curls, and laughing gaily at the queer faces he made up.

"O Jip, you are so funny!"

She was just lifting her head preparatory to a fresh dive, when Ethel's voice put an end to the sport.

"Rose, how should you like to go away from here into a large house all our own, with handsome furniture such as we used to have? And go to a good school, and have nice clothes and new playthings. Wouldn't it be pleasant?"

Rose only opened her large eyes in astonishment. What *did* Ethel mean?

The older sister went on.

"You should have everything you wanted, a new collar for Jip, and no end of books to read, and we would try to have real good times together again, you and I."

"And Rob.?"

Ethel made a quick gesture.

"Rob. wouldn't have anything to do with it. He is away."

"But isn't he coming home, to bring us all those nice things? I thought that was what you meant, Ethel. Don't you know the night before he went away, how he told what handsome presents he was going to bring home, and the gay times we would have? O, and we were all to live together, you and Rob. and I, and I was to be his own little sister then, he said."

"Hush, child!" interrupted Ethel, suddenly, growing very pale. "That was a long time ago. Robert must have forgotten all about us before this, or he would have written. He will be a rich man when he comes home, and have other people to think of beside you and I."

"I don't believe it!" retorted Rose indignantly. "He never would forget us, not for anybody. He was always so good and true. I don't want nice things if Rob. can't have them with me, and I think it is *you* who are trying to forget, Ethel."

Ethel's eyes grew still more troubled, and she put her hand on her heart, with a sudden, quick gasp.

"If I could! *if I only could!*" she said to herself.

Rose sat musing, her cheeks slowly losing their added crimson.

"Who is going to give us these things, Ethel?" she said at last. "Have any of the men father owed been good, and let us have the money? Mr. Rowe said one of the debts would have been enough for us to live on, only the man wanted every cent."

"And I wanted he should have it. Our father's name never should suffer, though it left us poorer than we are now. No, Rose, that is not it, but—you know Mr. Woodward." She hesitated, and in spite of herself, the scarlet blood mounted to her brow.

"He is rich, and he has asked me to marry him."

"And are you going to?" asked Rose, in a tone of consternation.

"I don't know. I cannot tell. It would be better for us on some accounts," said her sister's low, sad voice. "But—O Rose, it is hard knowing what is right, when one loses hope and faith."

"I don't think it would be right for you to give up Rob., and marry that old, homely-looking man, Ethel."

"Perhaps Robert has given me up before now, or if it is not that, he must be dead. He would certainly have written when he got in port. Think, it is over a year now, and not a word to tell us of him. Rose, you say I am trying to forget. I wish I could! I should not lay awake so nights when the wind blows, and wonder and fret, dreading where he may be. Sometimes I see him lying far down in the water, with all sorts of hideous things around him, rocking to and fro with the tide! O—" and the girl covered her eyes with her hand, as if the sight was visibly before them.

Rose looked scared, her sister's vivid picture seemed so real, but naturally hopeful, she was the first to rally.

"O no, darling, I don't think he's dead. I never should feel so sure of his coming back as I do now, if it was so. He must come home one of these days. Perhaps there has

been a shipwreck, or he's been sick and couldn't write. I know he never *would* forget us, and I don't believe he is dead."

"Dear little comforter!" Ethel stroked the soft curls caressingly, feeling her heart lightened.

"And you wont marry Mr. Woodard, Ethle?" were the child's last words as they lay side by side in bed.

"Not at present, darling; perhaps never," answered Ethel, with a fond good night, and so the matter rested.

All the next two months Ethel toiled patiently, buoyed up by the faint hope of possible news from Robert, a hope sweet as it was delusive. Spring came, and found her worn and weary, with a dry cough that all the simple medicine she took failed to remove. She grew sick and disheartened. The warm spring breezes only made her feel more languid and oppressed, until, but for the child Rose, she would hardly have cared to live. Life held so little that was sweet, now hope was dead, and love grown but a name.

Mr. Woodard, who still continued his friendly visits in spite of her refusal, watched the gradual change that had come over her with secret solicitude. He was a plain, kind-hearted, good-feeling man of forty or so, and from the first had been one of Ethel's warmest friends.

"You are wearing yourself out, Ethel," he said gravely one day, after listening to the hard cough that always had a knell-like sound in his ears. "You will kill yourself, and then what will become of Rose?"

"I cannot doubt she will find a friend as long as you live."

"True, but that will not make up for the entire loss of kindred. You owe it to her to take better care of your health, which steady confinement is surely ruining. Ethel, why not give up this ceaseless drudgery, and accept a place in the home that has been so long waiting for you? You must know my love is sincere, by this time. Do not be afraid to test it."

Ethel was touched by the gentleness and meekness with which he spoke.

"O, Mr. Woodard, it is not you, it is myself, I doubt. I have so little the feeling a wife should."

He laid one hand kindly on her head. "Listen, my child. I do not expect you to love me as if I were young and handsome. It would not be natural. A sincere esteem is all

I must look for. Cannot you give me that?"

She could; respect, friendly regard, that was the nature of her feelings for him. If he could be satisfied with that, why should not she?

She was weak and worn-out: he offered her rest and ease, and she accepted them as many a woman has done before, less for herself than another.

The next time he came he brought the engagement ring, of finest gold with a cluster of diamonds in the centre. She had already removed the simple one of hair Robert had given her at parting, and laid it away with bitterest tears in the little box which held his miniature and a few choice trinkets. This box she locked, and put carefully out of sight, with a weight, heavy beyond compare, dragging down her heart the while. Poor child! she was not yet nineteen, and "life's saddest secrets" were mysteries no longer.

Rose, who had been away at Mr. Woodard's last call, quickly spied the unwonted ornament on her sister's hand, when she returned.

"O, Ethle, you have got a new ring! What a beauty! But"—with another start quicker than the first—"where is the one Rob. gave you? Have you lost it, or—" She did not finish the sentence; something in her sister's face seemed to check her. To save her life Ethel could not have met the reproachful gaze of those great, serious eyes.

She looked down as she said, "Yes, Rose, I am going to be married to Mr. Woodard, and this is my engagement ring."

Rose did not speak a word, but for the first time since their double orphanage, she failed to return her sister's goodnight kiss. Ethel was pained beyond measure.

"Rose, darling, you are not going to turn from me," she said, in a distressed tone.

The child threw her arms around her neck, and burst into a passion of tears.

"O, Ethle! I am so sorry for Robert!" she sobbed. "What will he think? He loved you so. He was so good. What will he do, when he comes back, and finds you are married?"

Ethel put the clinging arms away with a sharp gasp. She felt as if she were strangling, and every word of the child's affectionate regret made that load at her heart heavier.

"Rose, dear, listen to me," she said, in a strange, choked voice. "I have not liked to pain you by speaking of it, but I am well nigh certain that Robert is lost. The 'Ariel' has never been mentioned as getting into port; it

is many months since it was spoken, even, and I can have but little hope of its safety. Robert would surely have written before now if he were living and still loved me. I can only believe the worst. Meantime, little sister, we are very poor. My strength almost fails me at times, and I dare not think what might be if either of us was sick. Mr. Woodard is kind and good; he will give us a pleasant home, and I cannot think it wrong to accept his love. Don't blame me, darling; I am wretched enough without, sick of life, utterly worn and despairing."

She laid her head down on the child's pillow, and sobbed with a wildness and abandon that frightened Rose, the more as her violent excitement brought on the hacking cough with increased severity.

"O, if Rob. would only come," sighed the child, clinging to the hope that was still alive to her.

But Rob. did not come, and the preparations for the wedding went on silently. It happened sadly enough, during the last week, that Jip, the little spaniel, Robert's parting gift, suddenly sickened and died, thus severing another of the slender chains that linked them to the past.

Rose was inconsolable. Even the costly Italian greyhound which Mr. Woodard bought with a view to comfort her, utterly failed to find favor in her eyes. She owned he was handsomer, but could not be persuaded to caress him, and tearfully refused to give him the old pet name.

It was a bright June day when the sisters entered the new home of which Ethel was henceforth to be mistress. If anything could have made her thoroughly happy, it would have been the tender anxiety which Mr. Woodard had shown that all Rose's childish desires should be gratified. He seemed to feel that his young wife's heart was easiest reached that way. Rose was charmed, and Ethel could not but be grateful. Save for that one sad memory of the past, she might almost have been happy.

Six months of her wedded life went by, and found her at the close peaceful, content, growing daily more satisfied with her life and its duties. It was so pleasant to be sheltered and cared for, after struggling and wearying in the strife. She thanked God that since life's finest gold was denied her, this love which had the ring of genuine silver, was given to enrich her store. She could not dream,

poor child, holding her treasures carefully in her hand, how soon they would be wrested from her.

The winter holidays drew near. Rose, released from school discipline, was like a bird set free. She went dancing and singing about the house, working busily at odd moments on various manufactures of her own intended for surprise presents. The wise, mysterious look her face wore at such times was a source of quiet amusement to Ethel. She herself was unusually busy. Mr. Woodard always gave largely at this season, and many a warm garment neatly made went from Ethel's hands to gladden the hearts of their poor neighbors.

"It is so nice to be rich, and give so many people a 'Merry Christmas,'" Rose said, delighted.

And then there were the presents for the children, not to be forgotten in the general rejoicing. Rose and Ethel went round two whole days making purchases of one sort and another, till the carriage was loaded with parcels. And O, the child's unbounded glee at being such a liberal "Santa Claus."

Ethel never forgot one incident of all that bright, joyous, happy, time. For ere the New Year's day she had welcomed in so gaily, came to a close, Rose lay feverish and restless on her couch with the first symptoms of what proved to be a malignant fever. She had probably caught it in some one of the poor neighborhoods they had visited.

Night and day Ethel watched by her side, one fear ever in her heart, one prayer ever on her lips, "save her—spare her, God." A vain prayer, for he denied it. There came a morning when Ethel saw her darling's face with only the light of day resting on it, the dark eyes closed, and the lips whereon she pressed wild kisses, cold and breathless.

Nor was that all. Mr. Woodard who had watched unremittingly in the sick room, was himself taken down with the disease the very day that Rose was buried. Ethel came home from the grave where her sweetest hopes were buried, to take her place as watcher by another sick bed. Not for long: the fever made more rapid progress here. In less than a week, the strong man was a corpse, and Ethel, utterly crushed by this new blow, was left alone in the world.

Alone to meet poverty no less than sorrow. Mr. Woodard had made no will since his marriage. An old one dated some years back left his property all to distant relations who were not slow in taking possession. Hard, money-

making people, none too well pleased with the marriage in the first place, they had no scruples in taking from the young widow all that the law allowed, even though it left her nearly penniless.

"She was no worse off than when Mark married her. Let her go to work for a living again," said the Christian Shylocks.

So from the elegant house with its luxurious appointments, Ethel went back to one small room, simply furnished with what little she could honestly call her own. Here, alone, despairing, she took up the burden of life again, and re-commenced her old routine of daily labor.

Ah, but it was weary work, with her heart hungering and thirsting for the love that once made even work light. How she missed Rose! How she longed day after day for the tender smile, the fond kiss that had so brightened her former tedious hours of labor! How she longed too for that other love, strong, deep and true, which had been such a tower of strength to her in her feebleness.

No wonder she grew thin and shadowy, so that kind Mrs. Hill her landlady said she had almost the look of a ghost, with those great, mournful eyes of hers. The first year of her widowhood seemed as if it might be the last, she was so surely losing her hold upon the life that offered her so little.

She came home one evening more than usually weary. It was a cold, wet night, and she was chilled through from a long walk, carrying home her work. The warm fire Mrs. Hill had kindled seemed refreshing, and she sat with her bonnet still on, and her cloak hanging half off, too dispirited to remove them. She had previously lit the gas, and its light showed the lonely desolation of the room as she glanced wearily round it.

Such sad, wistful eyes! such a pale, thin, yet sweetly-pensive face!

"She grows more lovely every day with that little, sweet, grieved smile," said Mrs. Hill to herself as she entered to announce a caller, "a strange gentleman who's been here twice before since you went out."

"Some one to see about work probably. Will you ask him up, please?"

She rose languidly, took off her things, and just smoothed her hair without looking in the glass. She was hanging up her cloak, when a step in the doorway made her turn and look round.

A gentleman, tall, brown and heavily-bearded, stood there looking at her.

"Excuse me. Will you please be seated?" she said, offering him a chair.

He sat down without speaking, and after waiting a moment for him to do so, she inquired hesitatingly,

"Did you wish some work done, sir?"

A quick smile broke over his face, and gave a new light to the clear, sparkling, black eyes.

"Ethel!"

She started, gave one wild, eager look—and how it was, she never knew, but good Mrs. Hall passing by a moment after, saw through the open door a sight that surprised her not a little;—her favorite boarder clasped in the arms of the strange gentleman, and sobbing away as if her heart would break, with her head rested on his shoulder.

"Thank Heaven, darling, I have found you at last!" was Robert's first exclamation. "I had begun to think, you were lost to me forever."

"To think you should be living, after all," she said, brokenly. "I almost believed it was your ghost I saw."

"A very substantial looking one, you must admit. Much more so than you would make. It would not have been strange if I had mistaken you for a shadow, you are so thin and pale."

"O, Robert I have had enough to make me so. Think! all alone for nearly a year."

"My poor Ethel! I have heard of your losses, dear. But my old pet, Rose! I should like to have seen her once more," he said sadly, recalling the sweet, tender child-face.

"Dear little Rose! she was nearer right than I. I think to the last she never quite lost her childish belief that you would come back to us," said Ethel.

"I doubted many times if I ever should; when the vessel was wrecked, and we were tossing stormily up and down at the mercy of the waves, in a little, helpless boat. And afterwards when exposed to the less tender mercy of savages. I am not going to help whiten those pale cheeks by telling you all the perils and horrors of those scenes now. The adventures I have been through with, would more than fill a romance. Thank God! they are passed. I have made my last voyage, and with your permission, little woman, I intend to anchor quietly down in a 'snug harbor' of my own. Ah, we will be so happy together, darling!"

Ethel Hammond's trials were over at last.

Lean only on thine own talents.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL PUTNAM.

The following anecdote was related by an old soldier who served under the worthy General Putnam, and it presents one of the very few instances in which this shrewd hero brought a joke upon himself.

He was at one time suspicious of the fidelity of his soldiers, and hence, to test their faithfulness, he would sometimes approach those who were on guard, and if he could flatter or frighten them to let him pass, he would afterwards bring them to punishment for their delinquency.

On one cold night in December, one of his soldiers, who was seldom outdone, was stationed on guard in an open field, some one or two hundred rods from the encampment. Being aware of the general's experiments, he had resolved that no man should pass him that night alive. While walking round his limits, to protect himself against the action of the frost, his attention was arrested by an approaching horseman, whom he instantly recognized to be the general.

"Halt! and give the countersign," shouted the soldier, as Putnam advanced.

The general did not seem inclined to hearken to this mandate, and the soldier raised his gun.

"Halt! or you're a dead man!"

The general put spurs to his horse, as if determined to pass; but a vivid flash from the soldier's gun convinced him there was seriousness in the matter. Fortunately the piece missed its fire; but the general concluded, after another still stronger invitation to halt, that his personal safety depended on a little moderation, and hence he came to a pause nearly opposite the soldier.

"I suppose you know whom you are detaining?" said the general, haughtily.

"Certainly, general; and I hope you will indulge your servant by giving the countersign."

The general sneeringly answered, and made an attempt to proceed.

"But stop and dismount!" said the soldier, placing the muzzle of his piece within two feet of the general's head.

This was a case of dire necessity, and the general would gladly have given the countersign, but was unable to do so. After finding there was no better way, he reluctantly dismounted, and his horse was secured.

"Now have the goodness to keep your standing," continued the victorious soldier; "if you take one step in any direction, I will

give you a specimen of my shooting ability."

A short time passed in silence. The frost was very familiar with the general's whiskers, nose and chin, and he soon found employment in snapping his fingers and rubbing his ears. His indignation gradually increased until it was beyond control.

"Let me go!" he at length exclaimed, in the magnitude of his rage; "or, by Jupiter! you shall stand at the whipping-post to-morrow."

"If I should escape the whipping-post, you would miss the object of your visit," coolly replied his captor.

"But let me go now, and all shall be well with you."

"No; my conscience will smite me for violating a strict military law."

"Then suffer me to walk within your limits, for I am freezing to death."

"No, you might dodge off in the dark, and that would increase my flogging."

"Now, my brave man, don't be cruel; you have acted the part of a hero; now let me go, and you shall be rewarded."

"My conscience will not suffer me to be bribed when in my country's service."

Again the general's anger returned.

"I shall go!" he exclaimed, with emphasis cautiously raising one of his frozen feet.

"One step, and you're a dead man!" replied the soldier, presenting his gun.

The general finding his threats and entreaties were alike vain, again applied himself to circulating the blood by hand through his freezing extremities. The moments wore away, and after a long time the "relief" appeared. The proud victor now resigned his post, conducted in his prisoner, and delivered him according to the rules of war.

Early on the following morning the daring soldier was summoned to the general's presence, who, after giving him a severe reprimand, sternly asked:

"Would you actually have shot me, you villain?"

"Yes," was the simple, sober reply.

The general was satisfied, and raising the lid of a chest, he drew forth a well filled junk bottle.

"Come, my good fellow," said he, "take a glass of wine with me, and do your duty as well in future."

It is good to have one's practical sense of the world's nothingness refreshed and stirred up anew by the sight of a death-bed.

[ORIGINAL]

CLING TO THE ROCK, BOY!

BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.

Abaft, the mighty wind,
 Below, the dangerous reef;
 A deeply darkling sky above,
 And on, the beetling cliff.
 "Death walks the deck of the gallant bark!"
 Wind, waves and tempests sing;
 But louder than all a voice is heard,
 "Cling to the rock, boy, cling!"

The frightened seamen look,
 And through the darkening spray
 A sailor boy to a high, steep rock,
 Is urging his toilsome way.
 He hears their anxious call; he sees
 That wide their ropes they fling;
 But he murmurs the words of his drowning sire,
 "Cling to the rock, boy, cling!"

More wildly sweeps the blast;
 Higher the mountain wave;
 And the noble ship, with a hundred hearts,
 Goes down to the ocean grave.
 The boat is filled, but the oars still rest—
 "Haste! haste!" their voices ring;
 His heart throbs fast, but he murmurs still,
 "Cling to the rock, boy, cling!"

Fast plies the bending oar,
 And fades the twilight beam,
 And only he sees, from the far-off shore,
 The beacon's sickly gleam;
 While over his pale and chilly form
 Each wave its snow-wreaths fling;
 And his ear is stunned with the tempest's roar—
 Will he cling to that rock, still cling?

The long, long night had passed,
 And a boat flew over the sea,
 For the moraine sun looked down and smiled
 From out the cloudless sky;
 It found but one of that vessel's crew,
 A child, low murmuring,
 In his peaceful sleep, on the sea-girt cliff,
 "Cling to the rock, boy, cling!"

When tossed on life's rough sea,
 With chart and rudder gone,
 And through the storm and darkness comes
 The harpies' boding tone—
 We will list alone to the Father's words,
 In soft voice whispering,
 And through the long, dark, fearful night,
 Cling to the Rock, still cling!

The poet speaks to the heart; the musician
 to the soul; the painter to the imagination;
 the sculptor to the eyes.

[ORIGINAL]

CARLOS DE ARMAS:

—OR,—

THE YOUNG AMERICAN IN HAVANA.

BY ETHAN A. MONTAGUE.

ONE evening, just after the eight o'clock gun had fired, I was seated in the Cafe Fernando, in the *Calle de Santa Maria*, smoking a Spanish *cigarrita*, and watching the crowd of persons, passing in and out, or pacing up and down the hall, in that earnest, conversational manner, which characterizes the Spaniard. There were men of all nations, languages and complexions; men with and without beards; some with moustaches only; some with curling imperials beneath the under lip. There were men in uniforms, and men in cloaks, and men in white jackets, men with red sashes, and a great many men with very red faces. There had just been a grand review of the army, which was destined to perform unheard-of feats of valor against the Yankees, who were expected to arrive on the coast every day. The room was, therefore, filled with thirsty and dust-soiled officers, who drank hard, and talked loudly, and were overrunning with valor and wine.

I sat quietly smoking, and wondering whether these gentlemen would stand a Buena Vista charge of the Mississippi Rifles, and was coming to the conclusion that they would not, when a young Spaniard—whom I had seen in the United States—passed my table. I at once pronounced his name. He stopped, and after regarding me for an instant, a bright warm smile of recognition lighted up his fine countenance, and he sprang forward, and clasped me in his hands, while he expressed, most cordially, his pleasure at meeting me again.

He took a seat by me, and after I had told him how long I had been in Cuba, and where I was living, he answered my inquiries, by informing me that he lived within half a league of the walls, with his mother, and that his house was at my service, as much as if it were my own. Having thanked him for his hospitable offer, we talked of our former school-mates; for we had been at a school together, near Boston, many years before, it being formerly the custom for rich Cuban gentlemen to educate their sons in the United States.

Young Don Carlos de Armas had been popular with us. He was of a slight figure, but

perfectly symmetrical, with the most elegant shaped hand and foot I ever beheld. His hair was as glossy black as the raven's wing, and flowed with silvery beauty about his neck. His features were delicately chiselled, and full of expression and energetic beauty. His eyes were large, brilliant, and dark as the midnight sky, yet radiant with the starry splendor of a cheerful and chivalrous spirit within. He spoke English perfectly; and with the language he had imbibed a love for our country, and for its republican form of government; and he returned to Cuba at the age of twenty-one, as warm-hearted an American, in feeling, as if he had been born one. He was rich, an only son, and the idol of his mother, who was a widow.

"You will go out with me to-morrow?" he asked. "I remain in to-night, to attend the opera, where you must go with me. I will take no refusal, *mi amigo Americano*!" he added, with his captivating smile, as he laid his jewelled, olive-colored hand upon my arm.

I was about to consent, for I had come to Havana for my health, which, having been entirely restored, in that delicious clime, I had some days' leisure, before I contemplated returning to the States. But as I was in the act of replying, a richly dressed officer of middle age, and haughty air, came in, attended by several younger officers, glittering in gold and plumes. There was no vacant table, and as the officer was looking round to see where he could find a seat, for himself and party, his eye fell on me, whose complexion, and blue eyes, (and national air, doubtless,) stamped me as an American.

"*Aquí esta una mesa caballeros!* Here is a table, gentlemen!" he said, striking his hand on my table, by way of taking possession of it. "This is an American, and ought to be in prison, instead of being permitted to go at large, here!"

This was all spoken in Spanish, and so grossly, that I felt my eye flash, and my blood boil. I had half risen, previously, in order to leave with Don Carlos, but I now resumed my seat, quietly resolved that I would not resign to rudeness, what I might have yielded to courtesy, had he properly approached me.

"It is the General —! I beg of you, do not resent, for he is capable of doing you mischief. Yield quietly, my friend. Havana is not Boston."

This was said to me very rapidly, in an under tone, by Don Carlos, whose naturally brave

soul was intimidated by the tyrannical power, which crushes everything noble in Cuba.

"Is the Yankee going to move?" demanded the officer, fiercely.

Several Spaniards, who were seated at the little tables about, sprang to their feet, and servilely offered him the places they had occupied. But he bowed negatively to their obsequious proffers, and fixed his glance upon me, as if expecting that I would cringe before him, like the Cubans. But, somehow or other, our American education unfits us for a tyrannical land; and we have never learned how to bow the neck down, for our ruler's feet to stand upon. I quietly sat smoking, and tried to induce Don Carlos to re-seat himself. But he was disposed to conceal his acquaintance with me, and withdrew from the table, losing himself in the crowd that was gathering around.

Finding that I remained seated, the general ordered one of his aids to remove me. As he extended his hand, to fasten his grasp upon my collar, I drew a revolver, and deliberately aimed at his heart. There was a general retrograde motion of the party. Some one behind me, wounded me with the point of a sword. I turned, and fired, and then making a circular sweep with my pistol, around me, I took advantage of the space which I had cleared, to walk through it, and quit the coffee house, leaving behind me the fiercest uproar.

I had no sooner reached the street, than Don Carlos hurried past me, saying, as he did so, in my ear:

"Fly! Conceal yourself! He has sent for a file of soldiers, to arrest you. Follow me, and I will show you a place of safety."

I was fully alive to the peril in which I had placed myself, by refusing to cringe, like a Cuban, to the insolence of the officers of the Spanish army, and I walked rapidly after him, by no means desirous of endangering my health, by breathing the foul air of an Haba-nero dungeon.

It was a starlight night. The streets were nearly deserted, and unlighted, save by a candle burning here and there in the upper window of a dwelling. At the extremity of the street, we entered upon the Grand Plaza, where the governor's band was playing a lively air before his palace, the front of which was illuminated; while the square beneath was thronged with listeners. Upon reaching the centre of the square, Don Carlos stopped until I came up with him.

"You have been very imprudent, *mi amigo*,"

he said, pressing my hand. "You have bearded the lion in his den. General — is feared by everybody. You forget you are not in Boston, where laws protect every man in his rights. Here, power, insolence, the will of the military, is law. I am only surprised you were not run through the body, on the spot."

"I should never have forgiven myself," I answered, "if I had slavishly submitted to his unjust demand. I was right, and resolved to assert my rights."

"Don't talk of rights, here," he said, sadly. "We have none. But let us not linger where we are. You have made a sleepless foe, in General —. He is a proud man—and to humble his pride, as you have done, before others, is what he will not forgive. You must immediately seek a place of security."

"I will go home and pack my wardrobe, and go at once on board a Boston ship, in the harbor, the captain of which I know."

"By this time a sentry is on watch at your door, be assured. And even could you get into your house, you could not embark from the quay to any vessel, at this hour, without a passport. The port guard will stop you. Come with me. I can secrete you at a friend's house for a day or two, until you can leave the city in safety."

I placed myself under the protection of my friend, Don Carlos, who led the way across the plaza to a narrow street, which we entered and traversed for some distance, through the darkness. At length we came to a small shop, over the low door of which was a cigar-box for a sign. The shutters were closed, but a faint thread of light streamed through the crevices of the windows.

"Here is the shop of Pedro Alva," said my friend, "he is a cigar roller, whom I have befriended, when sick, and who is attached to me. You will be safe here, as he may be trusted."

He knocked on the shutter, and repeated the name of the occupant of the humble tenement.

"¿Quien la? ¿Quien esta?" responded a hoarse voice, within.

"Yo, Pedro. Estoy Don Carlos," answered my friend, in an under tone. "Open your door to us."

We heard an exclamation of satisfaction from the inmate, and a noise which showed that he was hastening to admit us. A heavy bar fell, a key turned in a rusty lock, and the half leaf of the door was pushed cautiously outward. The light from within showed him

the face of de Armas, and he quickly threw the door wide, and admitted us.

"Now shut, bar, and lock, good Pedro," said de Armas, aiding him.

Pedro, who was a short, dark-visaged Spaniard, with an enormous gray moustache, iron spectacles, and a bald head, soon secured the door.

"I am glad to see your honor," he said, respectfully, "and your lordship's friend," bowing to me; "but I hope there is nothing wrong, senores."

"My friend, here, has been so unfortunate as to make an enemy of General —, and I wish you to conceal him."

"If he has made such an enemy, he had better leave the island as soon as he can, senor," said Pedro.

"And until he can do so, I wish you to keep him securely here. To-morrow, I will try and arrange for his departure. Now, my friend," he added, addressing me, and taking my hand, "I beg of you to keep close, and suffer no one to see you, until you hear from me again. If the person you shot is killed, your life is at stake."

"El caballero is wounded, Senor Carlos!" suddenly exclaimed the cigar roller, examining the floor with his light. Here is blood he is standing in."

"You did not tell me so," he said, reproachfully.

"I forgot it, and did not feel it, until now reminded of it," I answered; but now that I thought of it, I suffered pain. De Armas made me take off my coat, and, upon examination, he found that the sword had passed through the flesh of my left shoulder, making two orifices of the breadth of two inches, and that the wound bled freely. It was soon bound up by the skilful Pedro, who had been in the wars, and had experience in such matters, which it seemed to afford him great delight to have to do with again. De Armas, having seen me safely in bed, in a small closet, half hidden by a pile of tobacco bales, took leave of me, promising to come and see me the next day, and report how affairs stood. As he had been seen in my company, I cautioned him not to make himself at all conspicuous in my matters, lest spies might be watching him. He laughed, and said he had no fears; that he had not been enough with me to be identified with me; and that he hoped that he should be able to get me off on board some vessel, within twenty-four hours.

He now got Pedro to go out of his shop first,

and walk up and down the street, a little ways, each way, to see that there were none lying in wait, for we feared we might have been followed, though we had seen no one behind us. He came in and reported the streets deserted. De Armas then went out, and I was left alone with my protector. From him I learned something of the ferocious character of my powerful enemy; that he was an old Spanish officer, that he was blood-thirsty and unforgiving, and that he took a malicious pleasure in making the Cubans do him homage.

"If he can find you, you are shot or garroted, senior," added Pedro, consolingly. "And you may be sure he will find you, if you remain in the city five days."

"And if I should be found here, under your protection, good Pedro?" I asked.

"I should be—" and here he made a significant sign, with his finger, across his throat.

I saw fully my position. I perceived that I was involving Pedro in my own danger, by remaining with him; and I determined that I would leave his shop the next day, and trust to my good fortune to reach one of the merchant ships in the harbor.

The soporific influence of the tobacco soon overpowered my senses, and when I awoke, it was ten o'clock in the forenoon. Pedro had locked me in: and through the chinks of the door, I saw him at his work, in the front shop, the windows and doors open, and everything looking as if he had no intention, or desire of concealing anything or anybody. He was singing a gay, Andalusian, bandalero air, and appeared as careless and happy, as if he was not every moment in danger of having his head taken off, for harboring a fugitive.

I softly rapped, and he came to me, and while he pretended to be assorting cigars, on a shelf over the door, he said:

"I hope you are better, senior?"

"I feel no pain," I answered. "I have slept well. Have you any news?"

"Yes. The man you shot is not dead. He was a lieutenant of artillery, and will get well."

"I am glad to hear this," I answered.

"But they are after you. Your house has been searched. The guards at the quay, and at all the ports, have orders to keep watch for you. I heard this in the market. The story there, had grown to be 'a landing of the Americans,' and that the coffee-house had been attacked by a party of your countrymen. Will you have breakfast?"

"What news from Don Carlos?" I asked, eagerly.

"Nothing, senior. He is, no doubt, acting for your safety."

Pedro passed me a cup of fragrant coffee, and a light roll, and I ate a hearty breakfast. He closed the door between the two rooms, and thus enabled me to come out of my confined lodging place. We had a consultation, and I resolved to quit the refuge of his shop, unwilling to expose him to danger. He warmly insisted upon my remaining. Finally, I made known to him my plan, which was to dress in a suit of his clothes, and with half a dozen bales of tobacco on my shoulders, sally forth into the streets, and try to get beyond the Tacon Paseo, into the country, where, three miles from the city, dwelt an English merchant, whom I well knew, and where I felt I should be in safety. The change in my wardrobe was soon completed, or rather, instead of changing my dress, I put on Pedro's coarse habiliments over my own. He stained my face with tobacco juice, and then piled upon my shoulders several parcels of the broad-leaved tobacco, which flapped over and about my shoulders and face, completely concealing it. He looked at me, after I got ready, and said, with evident approbation:

"Buena, senior! You make a good apprentice. No one will know who you are, if you keep your own way along, and say nothing to anybody."

I then told him to inform Senor de Armas where I was going, that he might, if he wished, come and see me, and grasping his hand, I went out of the door.

My residence of four months in Havana, had rendered me familiar with all its streets and suburbs. I took my way at once for the Alameda, by the most frequented streets, trusting to my disguise; for nothing is more common in the city, than to meet men laden down with tobacco leaves, as I was.

No one noticed me. I passed hundreds of people, and many whom I knew; but nobody cast a second glance at me, as I trudged along, stooping under my load. I was compelled to take the guard-house in my way; but the soldiers, who were lounging about, smoking, on the benches, paid no sort of attention to me. At length, I reached the last sentry of the city out-post. Here I felt that I should be most in danger, since I learned from Pedro, that strict orders had been given to watch carefully every avenue out of the city. By the time I reached the gate, I was nearly overcome with weakness and fatigue. The flesh wound in my shoulder, heated and rubbed by

the tobacco pressing upon it, had caused it to bleed afresh, and I could feel the blood trickling down, even to my feet. I therefore determined to sit in the shade of a tree, near the gate, upon a stone bench, till I in some measure recovered my strength, and got a little restored. Moreover, I felt that I should be less liable to suspicion, if I stopped awhile at the gate to rest, than if I went directly through. There was a soldier sleeping on one of the benches, and I approached, and seated myself on the other. I was not thirty feet from the sentry-box, in which a soldier was seated, reading a dirty looking book, perhaps a Roman missal, and another was walking sentry, to and fro. Within the guard house, I saw full a dozen, lying about on their coats. Through the gate, country people, or citizens, on foot or on horseback, were every few minutes passing. I noticed that each one had to take off his hat, and give his name. It struck me that it would be difficult for me to get by. But to remain in the city was still more dangerous.

I had not been seated ten minutes—during which time I had seen the guards relieved—when one of the soldiers lounged up, and took his seat on the bench where I sat. Without ceremony, he pulled a leaf from my bundles of tobacco, and smelling it, like an epicure, he seemed satisfied with its quality, and deliberately began rolling it up in the shape of a cigar. When he had completed it—and he made it very neatly—he lighted it by a match, and commenced smoking.

“Buen cigarro, hombre,” he at length said, without deigning a glance at me. “Where is your shop? I will send for some. You have good tobacco, here.”

“My shop, *senor soldado*,” I answered, “is in Calle San Juan, *numero 18*.”

“Buen! And where do you take tobacco out of the city? people bring it in, usually.”

“We have a large order to fill, and I take it out, to get this made up by a friend, who sometimes helps us.”

“When you come back, leave me a dozen,” he said, “and I will be your customer.”

“As you make cigars so well, *senor*, I will give you half a score of leaves, as a present, if you are going to be my customer,” I said; and sulking the action to the word, I pulled the leaves from the bundle, and handed them to him, to his evident satisfaction. At the same moment, I rose to pass out into the country, when the sentry said:

“Hola, hombre! Don’t be partial! I like

good tobacco, as well as Mateo. Can’t you spare me a half dozen leaves?”

I stopped before him, and bending my back, let him pull them. I then passed on, and was soon beyond the gate, and travelling on the dusty road, between gardens fragrant with orange trees and tropical flowers. At length reached the villa of Mr. W—, who was in the city; but I made myself known to Mrs. W—, who at once gladly welcomed me, and offered me the refuge I so much needed. When Mr. W— returned in the evening, he found me in bed, with a high fever, brought on by the inflammation of my wound. I was tenderly nursed for twelve days, and at the end of three weeks, I was entirely recovered. From Mr. W—, I had learned the excitement which had followed the scene in the coffee-house, and of the search made for me, by orders of General —, who represented me as a spy of the Americans.

“If you had not been an American,” said Mr. W—, “he would not have insulted you, as he did, in the coffee-house.”

“Ah, how did he know I was one?” I asked.

“He was told so by the proprietor, who said to him, on entering, ‘We have no table, save that occupied by the American, who is about leaving it.’ And immediately he advances to you, and orders you away. The search for you is now over, as it is supposed you have left the island; and you will be able to get off in the next steamer, without difficulty. It sails day after to-morrow.”

But I did not wish to leave until I had seen, or heard from Don Armas; and, at my request, Mr. W— had made many inquiries, but no one had seen him, or heard from him, since the night he had parted from me, at the shop of Pedro, the cigar maker. Mr. Williams, at my request, called on Pedro, who knew nothing, and could give no intelligence of him. I then proposed—for my suspicions were painfully roused—that we should send to his mother’s villa, in order to ascertain if he were there or not. Mr. Williams advised me not to appear abroad, openly, and rode to her residence, three miles distant, himself. Upon his return, the expression of his face showed that he brought ill tidings.

“He is in prison!” he answered the inquiring look I gave him, as he alighted:

“In prison!” I repeated, with a sinking heart.

“Yes. His mother is in great distress. She says that three weeks ago last night—”

“The very night I last saw him,” I said.

"A Spanish officer, with a file of mounted soldiers, rode out to the villa, and entering it, searched for the papers of Don Carlos, and carried off every letter, and scrap of paper they could find, and every letter he had written his mother from the United States, when he was at the university there. Upon her inquiries why this was done, the only reply she got, was that Don Carlos was a State prisoner, and arrested on suspicion of sympathizing with the American invaders."

Upon hearing this intelligence from Mr. Williams, I was overwhelmed with grief, not only at the imprisonment, and its attendant sufferings, of my friend, but at the reflection that he had, without doubt, incurred the suspicions, which led to this painful result, by having been seen conversing with me at the coffee-house.

I expressed to Mr. Williams the grounds for this opinion, and, though he made an effort to console me, he could not but confess that the scene in the cafe had led to the arrest of de Armas.

"Did you enter the cafe together?" questioned Mr. Williams.

"No. I was alone at the table, and saw him passing by it, up the hall."

"Did he sit by you?"

"Yes. He openly embraced me, as he recognized me."

"Was he conversing with you, when General — came up to the table?"

"He had just risen, but was standing by it, and General — must have seen him talking with me. Others must have seen our warm greeting as we met."

"The affair is plain enough, then. As they could not get you, they have arrested your friend."

I now became deeply agitated. I felt that I had been the instrument of sacrificing my noble young friend. In the impulse of the moment, I was inspired to go at once to the commandant, and either demand his release, or share his fate. But this was madness, and would achieve nothing good, but only make the matter much worse. Mr. W. assured me that nothing could be done.

"Any efforts to get his release, on the part of his friends," he said, "will be set down against them, to American sympathy, and endanger them. As for yourself, your life is in peril, and you can do nothing but leave your friend to his fate."

But I resolved I would not leave him to his fate, so long as there was any hope of effecting

anything in his behalf. I had in my possession five hundred dollars, which had been advanced to me by Mr. Williams, on a New York draft, preparatory to my leaving in the next steamer.

After he had gone into town, the next day, I secretly resumed the disguise which I had worn out of town, and which I had preserved carefully, against emergency; and stealing away from the house, after taking leave of Mrs. W., to whom I simply communicated my intention of ascertaining where de Armas was imprisoned, I took my way towards the city. I did not enter by the gate by which I had come out, as I did not wish to draw upon myself the second time, the attention of the soldiers there; but making a *detour*, I entered the city from the south, and without being noticed, the sentry suffering me to pass with others, without heeding me.

I now made my way as directly as possible, to the shop of Pedro. Upon seeing me come in, he expressed his surprise and pleasure, and without delay, locked his door, and gave me a seat. I then told him where I had been. He informed me that I had not been gone six hours, before his shop was searched for me, and that he came very near being arrested, as the friend of Don Carlos. He also informed me that Don Carlos had been arrested at the end of the street, that very night. That a spy had followed us, and seen us disappear in one of the houses—he did not know which, or it would have fared hard with Pedro—and had reported what he had witnessed, in time for a file of soldiers to fall in with Don Carlos at the head of the street. As they had orders to arrest him, also, they at once made him prisoner, and returned with him to the guard house. They waited until next morning, before searching the street, which gave me an opportunity of escaping.

When Pedro told me all this news, I felt that I ought to make every sacrifice to favor the escape of my noble young friend, de Armas, from prison.

"Do you know what prison he is in?" I asked, of Pedro.

"In the government prison, near the port-side."

"This is a strong place."

"As the Moro, itself, *senor*," answered Pedro, shaking his head. "I know all about it, for I was once in the guard, and have done duty in it many a month."

"If you have been a soldier, on duty there, Pedro," I exclaimed, quickly, you can be of

service to me. Together, we can do something to help Don Carlos get out."

"I fear not, senor," he answered, hopelessly.

"Are you acquainted with any of the soldiers who keep guard there?"

"A score of them. Most of them are my old comrades. They are now among my best customers."

"So much the better," I said. "Listen, Pedro. I have resolved—as Don Carlos has been imprisoned, wholly through his companionship with us—that I will do all in my power, run every risk, to effect his release."

"This will be impossible, senor."

"Nothing is impossible, Pedro, to perseverance. Listen to my plan. I know you are enough attached to Don Carlos, to risk something to serve him."

"I would fight to the death for him, senor Americano."

"Then you must go to the prison, and chat with your old comrades. You must make them presents of fine cigars. You must not be without a flask of wine under your jacket. You must make friends with all in the guard house. It will take two or three days, twice a day to accomplish this—till you make them familiar with your presence. Throw out hints that you think of enlisting again."

"I think I understand what you would be at, senor," he said. "You want me to get inside of the prison?"

"Yes—as a guard. Try and get one of the soldiers to let you take his place. You have wit and tact. Manage that as you can. You must ascertain exactly where Don Carlos is confined, and bring me a description of the position of his cell."

"I will do it, senor," answered Pedro.

"If you will, I will afterwards plan some way of liberating him," I answered.

Pedro was now all enthusiasm. He was ready to commence his part of the plan; and I was overjoyed to find such a faithful and shrewd co-operator in him. In less than an hour, he went out, armed with bunches of his best cigars, and money from me, to buy a bottle of wine, and to spend freely, if necessary, to further his object. I remained in his shop, occupied, trying to roll up cigars, as if I had been an apprentice.

After about four hours' absence, he returned. He informed me that his success had been far better than he had anticipated; that he had not only been let into prison, by one of his old cronies, now a sergeant, but had seen Don Carlos, and spoken to him, by the

sergeant's permission; "for I told him," added Pedro, "how I pitied the young gentleman, who had saved me and my family from destitution, when the cholera was among us. My wine and cigars opened the sergeant's heart, and as I hinted to him that I might serve again, he treated me confidentially, and gave me permission to speak with Senor de Armas."

"And where and how did you find him?" I asked, eagerly.

"I found him in good spirits; and his first inquiry was after you; and when I told him where you were, he said he was in hopes you had got safely out of the island. I then told him how you did not think so much of yourself, as of him, and that you had sent me to see if there was any chance of aiding him in escaping. At this, his eyes brightened up. He said he knew it was like you, but he feared you would fall in danger, yourself; but when I told him that you were resolute to aid his escape, and nothing would turn you aside, he said that he would be guided by you, in anything you should suggest. He told me then, that the back window of his cell overlooked the water, about thirty feet high, and that if he had a file and a rope, he could remove the bars, and lower himself down into a boat, if you could have one in waiting."

This relation of Pedro's filled me with joy and hope. I at once directed him to procure a stout rope, and half a dozen files, and convey them to the cell of Don Carlos. The next day, at ten o'clock, when he knew that he should find the sergeant at his post, he went to the prison, and conveyed these articles. He placed them through the iron window, in the hands of Don Carlos, who said it would take him two nights to file off the bars, which were thick. He said that if a boat could be brought under the window at midnight, on the second night, he would be ready to descend into it.

This was good news to my heart. I now sent Pedro out to purchase a whale-boat, or some light, safe boat, that it would be possible to cross to Key West in, if necessary. I directed him to see that it was light, had a mast, and sail, and four oars. I gave him two hundred dollars to make the purchase with. He effected it in the course of the day, having bought just such a boat as I desired, from the Portland brig, "Ara Clapp," which chanced to have a whale-boat on her decks. It cost but one hundred dollars complete. This boat he pulled round to a place near the prison, and moored it by an obscure pier. At dusk

I went down with him, and examined it, and found it all I could wish. Pedro, at this time, pointed out to me the window of my friend's cell, beneath which I was to have the boat ready at midnight.

We returned to the shop, and got ready a bag of provisions, enough to last two persons for two weeks. At length, as the hour approached, we left the cigar shop, and stole towards the water-side, through obscure streets. It was a starlight night. Fortunately, we met no patrols, and reached our boat in safety. Here, to my surprise, I found that Pedro determined to embark with me. He said he would not remain, for the escape of Don Carlos known, suspicion would light upon him, who had been so recently in the prison. I was glad enough to get him to aid me further in my enterprise, and pushing off our boat, we were soon rowing, with noiseless dip, under the walls of the prison. As the clock tolled midnight, we came beneath the window. I looked up, but could see nothing, save the obscure darkness of the window.

"Hark!" whispered Pedro, "he is still filing!"

I listened, and distinctly heard the grating of the coarse file on the heavy bars.

"You are right. He has not done all his work," I said, with misgiving.

As I spoke, there was a humming in the air, and with a splash, a piece of the iron bar fell into the water. We held our breaths. We believed it would be impossible for the sound not to attract the attention of the sentries. We expected to be hailed, or fired into. While we were thus expectant, the rope fell from the height upon my head. I caught it gladly, and drew it taut. I tried my weight upon it, and found it secure. The next moment Don Carlos was in the boat, and his arms about my neck. He did not speak, but kissed me on both cheeks, and grasped honest Pedro's hand, and laid it against his heart. Pedro took the oars, and I the helm, and we pulled noiselessly out from under the frowning walls. Don Carlos sat by me, too happy to utter a word; but silence then was our safety. We safely passed through the harbor, though it was crowded with vessels, and though we ran against cables, and were nearly swamped by the current under ships' counters, though we were hailed five times from ships of war, we succeeded in getting outside of the guardships and forts, in safety. The guardship sentry hailed us with the sharp "*Quiten la!*" but we answered him as we had done the others, by

calling ourselves the boat of an English vessel of war, that we knew lay outside, and to and from which the town boats plied at all hours.

When we had reached the Moro, we breathed freely; and as there was a wind outside, we stepped our mast, and hoisted our leg-of-mutton sail. By sunrise, we were eight miles north and west of Moro Castle, and steering gallantly for Key West, so near as we could guess.

We were all too happy and elated with the success of our escape, to feel at all apprehensive for the future, or to be properly aware, that if a gale should spring up, we should go down. We ate a hearty breakfast of rolls and fish, and lighted our cigars. At noon, we dined after the same fashion. In the middle of the afternoon, a dark cloud rose portentously in the south-western board, and as lightning flashed at intervals from it, and loud peals of thunder now and then broke upon our ears, we began to feel a little solicitous about our safety, should a heavy blow come on. Seeing in the west a large ship, I bore towards it; and soon found, from her bright sides, that she was a Yankee merchantman. After holding a "council of war," we decided to bear towards her, we having the weather gage. As we approached her, they discovered us, and watched us through a spy-glass. We were at length received on board; and as I had the good fortune to be known to two of the passengers, we were at once at home. Our story was listened to with the deepest interest, and Don Carlos became quite an object of interest to all on board. The ship was the "*Leonidas*," bound from New Orleans to New York, where we arrived safely, on the fifteenth day after our night escape out of Havana. Don Carlos, whose property had been confiscated after his flight, was an active leader in the proposed army of invasion; and the day may not be far distant, when he himself shall lift the standard of liberty in his native island, and be the instrument of freeing her from the yoke of Spain.

HOPE IN DEATH.

And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain;
O, who that saw the parting hour
Could wish thee back again?
Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustained by grace divine;
O, may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine.

[ORIGINAL.]

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY NELLIE MAY.

Last eve as I sat gazing
At the starry heavens above,
And watching the pale moonlight
As soft and pure as love,
My heart was filled with grandeur,
With love and holy fear,
To the gracious Being o'er us,
Who placed us creatures here.

I wondered if in heaven
Such moonlight always was,
Or if the clouds o'ershadowed,
At times, those brilliant stars;
While darkness, deep and terrible,
Pervaded every heart,
And groans and lamentations
Were there, as here on earth!

"Ah, no!" a spirit whispered;
"No, not in heaven above:
There all is peace and joy,
There happiness and love.
There the weary find their rest,
The pure their just reward;
While moonlight ever beams
For the happy, just and good."

And then the spirit murmured,
"Look up to God above!
He loves thee, though an erring child,
His love is clearly proved.
And when thine heart is troubled,
Though mid cares and dangers rife,
Remember 'tis thy God alone
Who still protects thy life."

Thus peace was given to my soul,
There in the dear moonlight,
And almost joy was in my heart
That beautiful New Year's night.
And then my spirit answered,
"My God, 'thy will be done,'
For happiness I'll seek from thee,
And bow before thy throne!"

[ORIGINAL.]

BACHELOR GLYNDON'S LOVE.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

"YUNE!"

"Well?"

"There isn't money enough!"

Maria Merle looked expectantly at her sister
as she made this disagreeable announcement,

but her sister's head remained bent over her book.

"Eunice Merle!" with desperate emphasis.

"O dear, *what*, Maria?"

"I tell you that what we have earned for the last month is but a drop in the bucket to our expenses. We are twenty dollars in debt, including the doctor's bill!"

Yune's brown eyes were sufficiently attentive.

"Well, and what are we to do, Maria?"

"I don't know, I am sure."

"The sisters looked at each other, in silence.

There were three of them—Maria, Eunice, or "Yune," as they called her, and a sick mother. Mrs. Merle was bed-ridden, and the girls worked to support her and keep together their little home.

It was a very sweet home, the little brown house on the hill. The girls let one of the chambers to a lodger, and that helped keep the roof over their heads. For the rest of their living, Yune taught the district school, while Maria kept house, did sewing and braided straw.

Maria bore her lot very patiently, but Yune, with her passion for knowledge, and her Sybarite tastes, chafed in the traces of her destiny. How she hated the sight of the little account book which Maria kept!—that distressing, little account book which so often proved large pecuniary delinquencies by the indisputable fact of figures, and cast the heaviest gloom over the household. But the girl buried her troubles in books. They were her one great source of relief from the annoyances of her daily life.

"O, if we were only as rich as Mr. Glyndon!" said Yune.

Mr. Glyndon was the lodger.

"How do you know he is rich?" asked Maria.

"Mustn't he be, to dress so well, have such a library, and do nothing for a living?" asked Yune.

"I suppose so. Yune?"

"Well?" answered Yune, dreamily looking at the floor.

"Do you suppose he would lend us some money until your next school quarter is up." Yune's beautiful brown eyes opened wide.

"I don't know, I am sure. Why, dare you ask him? He's so terribly reserved, you know, Maria!"

"Dare?—yes. I don't think he is very reserved. He has stopped in the sitting-room and chatted, two or three times, and yester-

day he came into the kitchen where I was making bread, and sat down in the chair like an old neighbor. He's very gentlemanly, Yune, and has a way that makes me feel as if I were talking to my own brother. He isn't a young man, you know, Yune. He must be over forty. His hair is half gray, although it's so thick and curly."

"His eyes don't look old," said Yune.

"O, he don't look old. But he has a way that elderly people have. He put his hand on my head yesterday, when I was going up stairs, and passed him. He has such a pleasant smile, Yune!"

"Has he? And will you ask him to loan you the money?"

"I think I will," said Maria, who was chief directress of the little household—pretty, dreamy, unpractical Yune shirking all care. She was deep in "Twice Told Tales," in a moment, and Maria continued her sewing, silently.

No more was said of the anticipated plan; but the next night, when Yune came from school, Maria showed her the twenty dollars, received from Mr. Glyndon.

"He was so kind and friendly about it, Yune!" exclaimed Maria, with sparkling eyes. "I made a terrible piece of work at asking him, but the moment he understood what I wanted, he smiled like sunshine, took out the notes, and said he was very glad to be able to serve me. O, he's the dearest, and best man! But, poor child, you are tired!" for Yune stood looking listlessly at the notes, her curved, red lips drooped in a peculiarly weary and dispirited way.

"Yes, I am tired!" the girl said, "and I am tired to the soul of poverty. I'm sick of seeing you work and wear yourself at planning to get along, and have no joy or pleasure! I'm weary of mother's wishful face; she would get well if we could take her south, Maria! And, O, I am so terribly tired of this treadmill round of my life;" and Yune, pretty, undemonstrative, almost insensate as she usually appeared, sank down in a seat by the table and dropped her pale face in her arms.

Maria was very practical and patient. She drew her sister's shawl from her shoulders, took the bonnet she had dropped to the floor, and hung them up. Then she dished a cozy little supper, and made Yune eat, and finally laugh, and so the evening passed.

The next morning Yune started for school, as usual. It was a clear, sunshiny morning and with her freshened spirits she was think-

ing repentantly of her outbreak of the evening before, when a quick step came behind her, and the next moment Mr. Glyndon was at her side.

"Good morning, Miss Merle."

"Good morning, Mr. Glyndon."

Mr. Glyndon, a pensive, scholarly man, met Yune's dark eyes with eyes of the steadiest and darkest blue—sweet, grave eyes, they were—those of a gentleman.

"Miss Merle," was his next unsolicited remark, "I like your face. Will you marry me?"

Yune misunderstood. She did not take in the depth of his meaning when he said, "I like your face." All the old patrician blood of the Merles was in that young face of her's as she answered:

"Thank you, Mr. Glyndon, but I am not poor enough yet to sell my beauty. I wish you a good morning;" and she turned down a cross road.

Mr. Glyndon knew Yune twice as well as she did him. He had observed her face and habits, and with his wide knowledge of human life, judged her very fairly and tenderly. He compassionated and loved her, in her youth and beauty and adverse circumstances, and if he had not wooed her quite to her taste, he had done so very sincerely and honorably, and was a little nonplussed by her repulsion.

That evening Yune sat at Maria's feet and told her the story.

"Why did you treat him in that way, Yune?" asked Maria, much shocked.

"Do you suppose that I'm going to be taken up at the whim of a rich bachelor, just because I am pretty?" exclaimed Yune, flushing.

"Nonsense! He loves you."

"He does not, Maria! How can he? I never talked with him an hour in my life."

"But he talks to me about you, about your looks and ways, and the books he has loaned you. Yesterday he said he should have to get a new library if you continued to read at the rate of last week. And he said you had excellent taste. Why, Yune, he knows all about you!"

"I don't care, I don't like him!" but Yune was crying with her head on Maria's lap.

The next morning Maria was ill—threatened with lung fever. Poor Yune was overwhelmed with her troubles. After a short, passionate cry, she set to work bravely, however. A week of weary care and exhausting labor for her passed—then Maria was out of danger, and affairs began to get a little settled

But it was a woeful settling in a pecuniary way. They were penniless, and the doctor's bill for Maria had run up to twenty dollars.

Now the doctor had been a hard creditor of her father's. There was not a man in the village whom Yune had not rather be under obligations to—unless she equally regretted not being independent of Mr. Glyndon. As she sat alone devising ways and means, much distressed by the incurred responsibility, for Maria was too weak to be worried, she thought suddenly of her watch—the little jewelled Geneva watch which had been her father's last gift to her. She could pawn it. That would give them temporary breathing room, and a chance to come square with the world. The act was cruelest sacrilege to her, but she went to a wealthy man of the village, gave it into his hands, and received forty dollars for it, with the agreement that it was to be redeemed within six months.

Mr. Glyndon had been very kind during Maria's illness. Totally ignoring Yune's abrupt repulse, he had done all in his power to relieve her of distress and labor. Studiously as she maintained her hauteur, she could not but feel it. So more sweetly than she might otherwise have done, she sought him, to repay the amount of his loan.

He was sitting by the window of his room, reading; he rose up and brought her a chair.

"No, I thank you; I will not sit. I came up to repay the money you loaned to us, Mr. Glyndon. We are obliged for the kindness."

"Miss Yune, I shall not receive that money. It was requested as a loan, but Maria must keep it in token of my admiration for her excellence as a sister and a daughter. I think she will do so. She is not so proud as you are, Yune."

Yune laid the money down haughtily.

"I prefer to repay the loan," she said, and turned to leave the room.

"Remember what I have said," Mr. Glyndon replied.

Yune went down stairs and had a hearty cry.

"He shan't buy me!" she said, to herself, stubbornly and foolishly. But she had to bathe away her tears before she went in to Maria, though she cried herself to sleep, after she went to bed, that night. In truth, Yune's conscience troubled her sorely, but she was terribly stubborn, and would not acknowledge to herself that she was in the wrong, because that would demand a similar acknowledgment made to Mr. Glendon.

Maria, wrapped in a dressing-gown, was able to sit up all the next day, and Dr. Willard's visits were discontinued. Yune looked wishfully at her two gold eagles;—if she only could keep them for their comfort! But Dr. Willard must be paid. So she kissed Maria, after supper, and went into the village to the doctor's office.

Dr. Willard received her very pleasantly, and presented her with the bill receipted.

"What does this mean, Dr. Willard?" she asked.

"I have been paid—the bill is discharged."

"By whom?—how?"

"Did you not send the money through the post-office, last night, with word that you would call for the bill?"

"Certainly not!"

"Some one has done so. You have some unknown friend, Miss Merle."

Yune took the bill and turned homeward. On the way she thought of every relative or friend she had who would be likely to do her such a service. She could not satisfy herself before she reached home. There she told Maria the good news.

"We have but one such good friend as that, Yune."

"And who is that, pray?"

"Why, Mr. Glyndon, of course."

Yune was aghast.

"Maria, do you suppose that he has paid that twenty dollars?" she cried.

"I have no doubt of it. How kind and good he is! And how can you help loving him, Yune. I should love him, I know, if it weren't for my Charley, whether he wanted me to or not."

Yune sat silent. Soon after Maria went to bed. Still Yune sat alone in the silent sitting-room, thinking. Finally she got up, went up to Mr. Glyndon's room and knocked at the door. He opened it. She looked up into his kind, grave face.

"Mr. Glyndon, I have been very rude, and you are very kind. Will you forgive me?"

"Yes; and will you love me, Yune."

"I do."

So joy, and peace, and prosperity dawned on the family. Yune keeps Dr. Willard's bill as the memento of how she was checkmated.

DIAMONDS.—Diamonds were first brought from the East where the mine of Sumbulpour was the first known, and where the mines of Golconda were first discovered in the year 1584; those of Brazil in 1722.

[ORIGINAL.]

KIND WORDS.

BY N. B. ANDERSON, M. D.

No words in kindness spoken,
Will ever lose their cast;
They heal the heart that's broken,
And make repairs for past.

Harsh words are poisoned arrows,
Which often deeply wound;
While friendship never sorrows,
Where kindly ones abound.

Kind words are like the balmy dew,
That kiss the blushing rose;
While harsh replies, though brief or few,
Leave blight where'er they go.

Kind words are but the fruits of love
On friendship's tree engraft,
Which harsh replies, as always prove,
Her fruit untimely cast.

Speak kind to every one in turn,
It costs no efforts more;
'Twill make the bosom warmer burn
Towards all—speak kind to all, therefore.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE POWDER-SHIP:

—OR, THE—

BEACON KINDLER'S DAUGHTER.

A Massachusetts Bay Tale of the Olden Time.

BY F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

It was about six o'clock on a warm summer's afternoon, that old Beacon Ben sat smoking his pipe in the door of his little dwelling, which was perched upon the end of a promontory looking upon the sea. He was called Beacon Ben because he tended the beacon, which in dark nights it was his business to kindle, in order that the flame might guide the vessels into the harbor.

The house was built partly of stone, with a steep roof, and was just large enough to contain two apartments; one for Ben, and the other for his daughter; for Beacon Ben had an only daughter—a sweet-faced, lovely girl she was too—and Ben thought as much of her as if she had been born a princess. Her name was Mary, a sweet, holy name, and one which seems to suit gentle and kindly maidens more than any other. Mary was just seventeen on

the eve of our story, and was charming in all the ripeness of unfolding womanhood. Her eyes were sunny blue; her hair a sunny brown; and her smile sunny bright, and all her presence was sunny; indeed her old father said every day that he would as lief see Molly come into the house as a sunbeam, for she always seemed to light it up; and if she was absent, it seemed as if all was in shadow, though the sun were shining. It was a pleasant and rare sight to see her of a calm Sabbath morning comb out his silver-white hairs, and then roll them smoothly around her pretty fingers, and playfully tell him she would give him ringlets to make him look handsome. It was a grateful sight to see him lean upon her arm to walk to the little chapel on the cliff, where the fishermen and their neat but coarsely attired families attended. It was holy to see her kneel by his side, and find the prayers for him and pray with him out of the same book, he following with ears and lips, rather her words than those of the minister.

Ah, they were a loving pair, old Ben and Mary his child; and if he thought there was nobody so good as she, she loved nobody like her father—save Robin o' the Rock. This person, who shared the rivalry of her heart, deserves special notice. He is about three-and-twenty, well made, handsome, but sun-browned, with a fearless eye and a bold air. He is the only son of a fisherman, who dwelt half a mile from the Beacon, on a rock, whence the name of the young lover of Mary. How they came to love each other it would be difficult to say; for love is hard to find in its beginning. They had known each other from children; and they only first discovered themselves to love each other when they found themselves shy of each other. Love, instead of uniting them closer in the childish embrace of arm entwined with arm thinking no evil, only severed them when they walked together. They seemed well fitted for each other, being faultless and good; and Robin loved old Ben almost as much as she did for Mary's sake.

Everybody expected they would be married, and said so; and if Mary went to a goodwife's to spend an afternoon, everybody looked for Robin to come to go home with her as a matter of course. Thus matters went until about three months prior to our story, when an event occurred that cast a cloud over the happiness of the lovers. It chanced that an English brig, bound from Halifax to Boston, was wrecked near the Beacon; and although no lives were

lost, one person was injured by being dashed against the point of a rock. While the rest therefore went overland to Boston, which was then in the hands of the English, for our story is laid in 1777, this one remained behind in the cottage of Robin, where his mother and the young fisherman gave him every attention, though they knew him to be an enemy of the country, and being an officer, one who was coming to fight against it when he was shipwrecked. The stranger was young, and had a striking air of frankness and good nature about him, that made Robin feel a friendly interest in him. Robin could not remain with him every day, for he had often to be at sea, fishing, and sometimes for three days together; and during this time, Mary and her father would walk down together of an evening to see how the young stranger fared. Ben, who had been in England when he was a boy, used to love to ask questions of the young English officer, who from the button and anchor he wore belonged to the naval service, about the old country; but both parties took care to steer clear of the subject of the war; in this way these visits were quite pleasant. At length the young man got so well as to be able to return their calls, and as he had at first betrayed not a little admiration and surprise at Mary's beauty, he now strove to make himself very agreeable to her. This it was not difficult for a handsome young officer, highborn, with address, talent, wit and great power of conversation. She would listen to his tales of adventure, of magnificent cities he had seen; of the strange lands he had visited; of the sunny isles of the ocean, where the birds had the plumage of the rainbow, of Jerusalem and Calvary, where he had been; of the diamond caves of India, and the gold mines of Mexico! She would listen as he discoursed of these, entranced like Desdemona by the witching eloquence of Othello, till her heart was taken captive, and she ended with loving where she had begun with first fearing and then admiring.

Poor Robin o' the Rock! This treason was not done before thine eyes, but when thou wast on the ocean tolling for the means that should, when they had gotten large enough, build thee a cot for Mary and thyself. But Mary's love for the stranger was not that serene and peaceful and holy sentiment that dwelt in her bosom for Robin. It was a wilder feeling, unhappy too; for her conscience would not let her soul have peace. She repented while she loved him, and, repenting

and tortured by remorse, she still cherished the dangerous passion.

At length the young stranger, finding he had won her heart, would have lingered longer in the enjoyment of her society, and sought, what he coolly all the while was premeditating, her ruin, but for an order calling him to Boston, to his post of duty. He could not disobey; and promising to return again, he took a stolen leave of the false maiden, and departed, leaving a sad, sad heart in a conscience-smitten bosom behind.

When at length, and late was the hour she re-entered her father's apartment, which she had to pass through to reach her own, he said to her from his bed:

"Thou art out late, child. Has Robin got in?"

"No, sir, not yet," she answered without stopping, wishing to reach her own bed and bury her tearful face in her pillow.

"You were not used to be abroad so late save when he was at home to come with thee! If thou goest out thou shouldst not stay so late, dear Moll. Why did not the midshipman, Paul Dumerel, come with thee?"

"He has left sir—left the cape to-night."

"Well, it is time, if he has anything to do. He seems to have been well three weeks ago. Did he say nothing?"

"Yes, sir. He left good-by for you!"

"Let him go! He will to-morrow be fighting our countrymen. We have done the Samaritan's part while he was with us. I am glad he is gone; for I got not to like him overmuch; especially since I saw him make so much of you! You are no game for him, my dove! If I was betrothed to a maid, as Robin is to you, I wouldn't have liked when I was a young man, to see a British officer look at her as he looked at you. I'm glad he's well away; and so will Robin be; but if he's afraid of you, he ought not to think of you. A girl that must have her lover's eye on her all the time isn't worth the trouble. But I know you are as good and true as you are fair, my child! One kiss! Good night! What—tears on thy cheek—salt tears! What means this, my darling?"

"Nothing, dear father," and with her heart almost breaking with the consciousness of neither deserving her father's or Robin's love, she withdrew wildly from her father's arms, and hurried away to shut herself in her own chamber.

The evening on which we introduce the old beacon-kindler to our readers, smoking his

pipe in his door facing the sea, was about one month after the departure of Mary's new lover. During all this time she had not heard from him; yet her thoughts were almost constantly flying after him. Indeed, she became so absent-minded, and looked so melancholy in the presence of cheerful Robin, that he would not for his life guess what had produced such a change in her. More than twenty times in the first week after the midshipman went away, he asked her with great earnestness if he had in any way offended her that she looked so coldly upon him.

"No, Robin," she would answer, and tremble, and the tears would come in her eyes, for very shame at her own unworthiness of such tender love as he manifested towards her. Yet she would not, could not tell him the truth, for fear of rendering him wretched, and of sinking under the reproachful gaze of his reproving eyes. Partly, therefore, from a desire not to render him unhappy, partly from the mortification it would be to her to be compelled to confess that another had won her when she belonged to Robin, she refrained from letting him know the truth. Thus Robin still playing the lover, all unconscious that he had but half a heart to answer him back, and the more she seemed cold, the more still he tried to make her pleased with herself and with him too.

Mary was thoroughly unhappy. Not hearing anything from her officer lover, who was only fifteen miles distant in Boston, she began to fear she had thrown away her heart upon one who no longer thought of her, and laughed at her simplicity, while she had rendered herself henceforth unworthy of the honest love of Robin. These thoughts made her very unhappy; and as she sat by the little open window sewing a huge horn button on her father's watch-night coat, he took his pipe from his mouth, and looked round at her with sad interest; for a sigh from her bosom had reached his paternal ear, and troubled him.

"Ah, Molly, young girls do not sigh that away for love. There was more sadness than tenderness in that sigh! What aileth thy heart? Thou hast not been, for three, nay four weeks past, the girl thou wast. Something hangs upon thy thoughts. Hast thou and Robin been quarrelling?"

"No, father."

"Art thou ill?"

"No, father."

"Hast thou heard any ill news that thou wouldst keep from me?"

"No, dear father!"

Beacon Ben put his pipe into his mouth again, and puffed away very vigorously for a few minutes, as if he expected to see the secret roll out in the blue wreaths that he whiffed from his mouth. But he soon shook his head as if it was beyond his reach, and muttered:

"Girls always was riddles when I was a youngster, and they keep on the same track now-a-days. Here comes Robin; I'll get him to get at what ails thee; for may I never light another beacon but I know well somewhat more than common is eating, like a worm in a ripe apple, at thy young heart! What, hey? running because Robin is coming?"

But Mary made no reply or excuse, but coloring deeply on seeing her old lover approaching, and then turning deadly pale, she ran into the back room of the cabin, and closed the door.

"I thought I saw Mary at the window, father Ben," said Robin, gaily, as he shook hands with the old man, who shook back again with a right good will, as if he loved the young fisherman.

"So she was; but she scampered as soon as she saw you."

"She has done it often of late, father Ben!" answered Robin, looking troubled. "I fear she likes me no longer."

"Tut, tut, lad! Women always act by contraries; at least, they did in my young days, and I don't see as they've altered a bit since. If she runs away from you it is a sure sign she is afraid, if she don't, she'll run into your arms; and that wouldn't do afore folks, she thinks."

"I wish I could believe it! She isn't as she was before—"

"Why do you stop, lad? Before what?" asked Ben, taking his pipe out of his mouth, and looking him full in the eyes.

"Well, you may think me jealous—but before that English midshipman came here among us!" Robin colored as he said this, as if while he felt he had foundation for his words, he was ashamed of harboring suspicion or giving word to jealousy. Old Ben did not speak a word for full two minutes, during which time he puffed in silence, and each whiff more furiously than the preceding; when at length he quickly took his pipe from his mouth, and bringing it down with an emphatic gesture, he said, in a husky under-tone, meant only for Robin's ear:

"You are right, boy! By the witch of

Endor, lad, you have guessed it! It is clear as a shark's eye now! It began after he left, didn't it?" whispered Ben, mysteriously, in a husky voice, like a speaking trumpet talking in its sleep with a bad cold.

"I have noticed it, sir, from that time. But I have never guessed it until my mother to-day told me that she had seen how Mary seemed more pleased with this young Englishman than was becoming an American girl."

"Or a betrothed maiden, as she was to thee, Robin. I'll call her out and confront her with thee!"

"No, O no! I am too proud to have her know I suspect; and if it should not be so, then she would have good reason to be angry with me!"

"That is true, you are a sensible young man!"

"Leave it to me to find out, father Ben. I have too much spirit to love where I am in the way. I will have a talk with her to-night or to-morrow, by your leave, and know whether I am still her lover or not. Leave me to find out what it is that is the matter with her."

"I'll give thee three days, and if she keeps on in this sickly way, I'll even make her tell what is on her mind. So we shall know it one way or—*sail ho!*"

Robin, at this abrupt termination of Ben's speech, looked seaward in the direction the old sailor's eye was fixed, and saw a bright white speck on the horizon, which looked like a peak of a snow-white mountain peering out of the ocean at an immense distance from the main.

"Get me the spy-glasses, Robin!"

The youth stepped into the room, and going to a becket behind the door, like a son familiar with all his father's house, took therefrom a weather-worn spy-glass, covered with leather, well oiled with the hand from a quarter of a century's use. He opened it and set the focus, and handed it to the beacon lighter. The old man gave his pipe to Robin to hold, and placing the glass to his eye, levelled it with as strong an arm as if he rested it on a granite pillar, at the shining point.

"What do you make it out?" asked Robin, after the old seaman had looked a minute, and then swung the glass about his gray head, with a shout and a hurrah!

"What is it?" exclaimed Robin, with surprise.

"The powder-ship!"

"The powder-ship!" repeated Robin, with

a tone of satisfaction, his whole face brightening up. "Are you sure?"

"Sure! But take and see. It is a brig with the letter P in her fore-topsail."

"You are right! Good news for General Washington! He will now be able to bombard Boston, and drive the British out! But what are you doing?"

"Jump, man! Open that chest and you will see a piece of bunting as broad as the side of my house. That is it! Now bend on these halyards, and help me hoist it on the flag-staff! That is it!"

The next moment the signal was flying fifty feet in the air above their heads, on the summit of a flag-staff that towered aloft alongside the hut. Ben, then belaying the halyards, looked in a south-western direction inland with his glass; but after a moment he shook his head, and said:

"Take and look in the direction of Witch mill. What do you see? My eyes are getting old, I'm a little afraid."

"I see only a flag-staff!"

"Nothing else?"

"Yes, now I do! Somebody is hoisting a red and blue signal like this one upon it!"

"That is what I wanted you to see! All right. The news will travel to Boston in ten minutes!"

"Of the powder-ship?"

"Yes; I had orders from Washington to send up a flag by day, and light a fire in a certain way by night as soon as it came in sight. Now, I have something for you to do."

"Anything, father."

"You have a fast-sailing craft. The wind is brisk and off shore. The brig is north-northwest on her starboard tack, and unless she is brought to, she will reach land soon enough to enter port by day-light. This she must not do! I have orders to have her signaled to keep the offing till darkness covers her approach, and then guide her by my beacon fires. The English know in some way, that we expect this vessel from the coast of Mogadore with powder, and will be on the watch, as soon as they know of her getting into port, to cause the powder to fall into their hands. Now, if you want a grain of it ever to flash in the pan of a single musket in the continental army at Cambridge, do not delay a minute, but fly to your shallop and give her a pair of swallow's wings to carry you out to the brig. Board her, and tell the captain that Washington's orders are that they lay in the offing till after night. I will

show a red beacon fire when he should make sail and up helm for port! Now, away, and remember that thou art doing this in the service of thy country!"

Robert did not need a higher incentive; for he had burned to serve his country in this way for its liberties, and had only been kept at home from a filial sense of duty to his widowed mother, whose sole support by fishing he was. It may be imagined, therefore, that the reflection that he was doing his country service, gave wings to his activity; and found him shortly bounding over the blue billows, in the direction of the advancing vessel.

Old Ben re-seated himself in his door, his duties finished, and with his spy-glass on his knees, and his pipe in his lips, alternately took a whiff at the one, and a squint with his star-board eye shut through the other, now at the brig, now at Robin and his shallop, as it danced away, lessening in the distance on its patriotic errand.

"Thank the goodness, the brig has at last got on the coast," mused Ben, as he laid his glass across his knee, after taking a long survey of her; "I was afraid she'd get picked up by a king's cruiser afore she'd come on soundin's; but there she is safe after being gone from here—let me see—March, April, that's two, May, June, that's four, July, and now August, that is six months. It's not so bad a voyage, after all. Robin'll reach her in half an hour, and by that time it'll be sundown. Molly!"

"What, father?"

"What have you been doing?" he asked, somewhat sharply.

"Mending your coat, sir."

"O, yes, yes. You are a good girl—you never'll let poor old father go ragged. You keep me as respectable and whole as a deacon of the church. Here's news for you, girl."

"Yes, sir; I heard it. The powder-ship you've been looking out for so long, has come in sight."

"Yes. There she is. See her! But if you knew it, why didn't you come out and see Robin?"

"He didn't ask for me," she answered, casting her handsome and lovefull blue eyes down to the ground.

"Not he! It was your duty to come out and see him when he came, as you would receive any other person who comes here. Bless me, girl! not long gone is the time when you would no sooner hear his cheery song, for he is always singing some brave sea-song, than

you would cry out, 'There is Robin?' and run to meet him a hundred fathoms from the house. You or times have changed, girl. Robin wants to have a short quarter-deck talk with you to-night, when he comes back. He says something is wrong about the ropes between you; for you don't keep to the wind as snug as you used to, with such a gallant lad at the helm. I'm afraid some lubber has got the rudder of your heart, child, and that is the reason you yaw and sail wide after this fashion. To-morrow you must trim ship, or Robin'll not sail longer under your flag. Such jibing and backing, such luffing and keeping away, with a fair wind and a smooth sea, wont do, Moll. If you have any love for your old father, treat Robin well and handsomely, and see if you can't both sail on the same tack again."

Mary did not reply. Her eyes filled with tears, and finding her father paid no more attention to her, having spoken his mind, and being intent on watching the brig and the shallop, she walked away by herself along the path that led past the foot of the beacon, in the direction of the stone church, which stood on a rock, about twenty minutes' walk toward the town. She had not gone many steps, thoughtfully and sadly dwelling upon the days when she and Robin, both perfectly happy, used to loiter along the walk, when a little lad, the son of a poor boat-mender on the beach, came slowly towards her, and lisped:

"Here's a bit of papper writ over, a man guv me to guv you."

Mary took the paper, but before she could make any inquiries of him, he had disappeared in the bushes that bordered the path. With a flushed cheek and tremulous fingers, she opened it, half guessing, half hoping who it was from. She read as follows:

"SWEET MARY,—I have once more returned to see you. I could not be happy away from you. I have dreamed of you every night since we parted. Will you let me speak with you a few minutes by the stone chapel, as soon after dark as you can come. I do not wish to be seen, as, being one of the English force, I might be arrested. I shall expect you, for I have something of importance to communicate to you. Yours faithfully,

"PAUL."

"He has not forgotten me, then!" she said, with a brightening eye, as she thrust the note into her bosom. "I will be there!"

She now felt perfectly happy, and her step

became more buoyant, and her face lost its sad expression. Instead of going further from the house, she returned and approached her father, who was standing on the verge of the cliff before his door, earnestly watching the shallop in its approach to the brig.

"Robin has got alongside. All is safe now; she wont run in till after dark!" These words were spoken to himself, but Mary responded to them.

"I am so glad, dear father, that the powder-ship has arrived! I hope it will get in safe, indeed."

"You seem to be more cheerful, child. I am delighted to find you look like yourself again. The sun is now just dipping in the horizon, and it is time to get ready to light the beacon. Are the kindlings all prepared?"

"Yes, sir. I took up two sagots of pine splinters an hour ago."

"That is all right. You never omit any duty. I shall light the beacon to-night with a greater pleasure than I have for many a year."

Scarcely had he said this, when, not heeding his steps, he slipped from the rock, and rolled down several feet, and was only saved from going over the ledge—a hundred feet sheer to the sea—by the trunk of a pine against which he was arrested. Mary, with a shriek, bounded after him and raised him to his feet, and assisted him back again to a place of safety.

"Are you much hurt, dearest father!" she asked, with anxious affection, seeing his features writhe with pain.

"I fear I have put my wrist out against the tree. Yes, I am sure I have. The hand is helpless. I fear I shall not light the beacon again, if this is the case, for good many a day."

"I hope it is not so bad, sir. Come in with me, and let us examine it, and let me rub and bathe it."

He attempted to go in, and found that he could walk with difficulty, his ankle having received a severe strain. He lay down upon a settle, and Mary, like a ministering angel, did all that she could to administer to his relief. She would have gone for the doctor, but she did not like to leave him, and he refused to have him called, saying he could get along, that it would cure itself in time.

"But, daughter," he said, "you will have to light the beacon to-night."

"I have done it, often and often, sir, you know."

"Yes. I hope you will keep up a bright light, and not let it burn dim for a minute; for a great deal depends upon the powder-ship getting safely in. They haven't powder enough in the army at Cambridge to load a single cannon."

"I will be faithful, sir," answered Mary.

After she had rubbed his wrist and ankle, till he said he felt much relieved, and kissed her, and said he would never doubt that she was a good girl, he bade her go out and light the beacon-fire. She first placed his frugal supper before him, but he shook his head, and asking her to help him to his bed, he laid down, overcome with the shock his frame had received.

With a sad heart, and tears in her eyes, at her father's misfortune, Mary took a large match, as big as her finger, from a bundle over the fire-place, and lighting it, hastened out doors with the torch. The beacon, as we have said, was a sort of frame-work of strong beams, about sixteen feet high, placed a few yards to the north of the hut. It was ascended by rude steps, and upon the platform, at the top, was swung between two upright beams, from a cross-bar of iron, an immense basket, made of iron hoop. In this basket was placed at least a bushel of pine knots and kindlings. The moment she touched the torch—it being now dark—to the bottom of the basket, it blazed up, and cast a bright light over the cottage, the flag-staff, the cliff, and even made the tower of the little chapel, half a mile off, more distinctly visible. The light, seen many a mile off at sea, was the

"Guide of seamen, as they nightly
Steered their homeward path to port."

As the young girl stood, with red light reflected upon her sylph-like figure, she looked like a vestal virgin, kindling the altar fires of worship.

Having set the beacon in flame, she descended, and entered the hut. She found her father asleep, and she would not disturb a slumber that gave him oblivion from pain, and might aid in his restoration. She kissed his forehead softly, and then stole out, and with a bounding run, obeyed the thought that had not for an instant left her heart, and sought the trysting at the chapel. She knew that the beacon-fire needed replenishing only every hour, and that she should be back in time, she well knew.

At the appointed place, Paul was waiting to receive her, and she suffered him, she, who

had lain her hand so often on the shoulder of Robin, to press her to his bosom.

We will pass by their first words, on their meeting, and record only what has a bearing on our story.

"Nay, Paul, I cannot leave my father, to fly with you! He is, as I have told you, an invalid. Urge me not to this step, now nor ever. When I am thine, it must be my father's hand that gives me to thee."

Even the glare of the distant beacon did not give light enough to enable her eyes, blinded by love, to see the sarcastic expression that played in the smile that curled his lips, or she would have shrunk from the look, and feared the man.

"Well, we will not speak of it, to-night. So you say that Robin has gone to the powder-vessel."

"Yes. But I did not mean you should know that it was the powder-vessel. I spoke before I thought. But you are too generous to tell it to the enemy."

"O, yes. Would I betray you? Though I am your country's foe, Mary, I am your true friend, you know! Else, why should I leave my duty to come and see you?"

"I know it. I do not doubt you. What makes you so thoughtful?"

"Thoughtful? Was I? I had no business to be so, in your presence. Well, if you are so cruel—"

"O, I am not cruel, Paul! It is that my father is ill."

"True, you are not cruel, but sweetly filial! And who keeps the beacon to-night?" he asked, carelessly.

"I do."

"You? That will never do, and your father sick. I will take your place, and let you be with him. Nay, you must not object. I know how to do it. Have I not seen your father often light it and feed it. You must let me take your watch by it!"

"You are so kind, Paul!"

"No. Come, let us to the cliff. While you watch by your father, I will watch the beacon-fires."

Upon reaching the beacon, Paul, taking leave of Mary, said:

"How often replenish it?"

"Once an hour. It now needs it. Here are the kindlings in a pile."

"Good-night, sweet!"

Mary withdrew herself from his embrace, and entered the hut. She found her father still sleeping, from the effects of the laudanum,

with which she had bathed his wrist, and a little of which she had given him, at his request. She kissed him, and leaning her head upon his pillow, she soon dropped into slumber, in which she dreamed she was flying from Paul, when, leaping into the sea, Robin rescued her, and in his boat took her to a beautiful island, that seemed filled with flowers, singing birds, angels, golden clouds, and silvery lakes.

Paul, left to himself, ascended the beacon, and looked off to sea, with a spy-glass, which Mary had placed in his hands, as a needful adjunct to his duties.

"There she comes. I see the red light reflected on her topsails," he said, with a tone of exultation. "Her fate is now in my power; and what is more, the fate of this Robin, for whom this girl has a lingering love, which is the only obstacle, I fairly believe, to the consummation of my happiness. I know well the entrance she is to come in by. I studied well the bearings, when I was an invalid here. The brig will stand straight for this beacon, until she clears the ledge, and then haul sharp her wind, and lay her course up the harbor. Thanks to the information my pretty maid has given me, I will wreck that vessel, and soak all her Yankee powder, beyond recovery!"

With this intent, he watched carefully the advancing powder-brig; and when, from his knowledge of the peculiarity of the entrance to the port, he saw she had about a third of the reef still to double, he left the beacon, and going to a cistern, brought up a bucket of water, with which he nearly extinguished the blazing fire; a second bucket put it all out, save one blazing knot, which he caught up, and with three or four bundles of fagots in his other hand, he ran, with the speed of a stag, to an eminence about five hundred yards to the left, and exactly in range of the reef and brig, placing the reef between. Here he hurried to pile up the fagots, and kindle a false beacon, which, in a few seconds, was shooting up as bright a light as the other had done five minutes before.

He now took his glass, and levelling it at the brig, waited, in silent expectation, the issue of his deception.

We now transfer our readers on board the brig.

"What can have become of the light?" exclaimed the captain and Robin at the same moment.

"Can we have placed a building between?" asked the former.

"No. There is none. I know every inch of the cape," he answered. "It has gone out. You had best bring your vessel to."

Scarcely, however, had the order been given to lay to, when Robin exclaimed:

"There it blazes again! It is very odd! I never knew such a thing to occur before."

"It couldn't have gone out, young man," said the captain. "You are mistaken about there not being a building of some kind between."

"No, I am not. I can't account for it!"

"The light bears three points more to northward, sir, than it did," reported the man at the helm. "Shall I change the course, and steer for it?"

"No," cried Robin, running forward. "Keep as you are, captain, till I see."

He then stood upon the heel of the bowsprit, and making a lorgnette of his two bent hands, gazed steadily on the land, from which they were about a mile and a half.

"Something is wrong," he said to himself. "There is the candle in my mother's window, and it never bore so wide from the beacon before; and there is the glimmer in Father Ben's cottage, and the beacon seems to be full a quarter of a mile to the north of it!" Instantly he returned to the quarter-deck.

"Captain, the beacon you see is a false beacon!" he cried. "I am convinced of it. Do not steer for it, or your vessel will be wrecked. By some means the true beacon is extinguished, and another lighted beyond it."

"Then we had best come to anchor till daylight."

"No. Let me take the helm, sir. I can run her in safely, by the light in my mother's window. I have often guided my shallop by it safely, in the darkest nights. She always burns it there, when I am out on the water, as she says the beacon *might* be put out by the rain, in a storm. Will you trust me, sir?"

"Yes. We can do no better."

Robin took the helm, and steering without reference to the false beacon, which blazed high, and flung its glare broad and far, he kept his eye fixed upon the light in his window, and safely weathering the reef, bore up into the harbor, leaving the ensnaring beacon burning, uselessly, on the larboard quarter.

When Paul saw the brig thus double the reef, on which she would have run had the false light been its guide, he could not account for it; but when he saw her stand on with confidence, and enter boldly the narrow channel, his rage broke out into oaths, that would

have made Mary's blood chill, had she heard them; and seeing that his purpose was defeated, and fearing that he would be detected, he left the fire burning, and hastened from the cliff. After a rapid walk, he reached a cove, in which was a boat secreted, with two sails and eight men. He gave them orders to be ready to put off at a moment's notice, as he would return soon. He then, by a winding path, reached the hut of the beacon-kindler. He tapped lightly at the door. Mary was waked by the sound, and went to the door.

"The beacon out!" she exclaimed.

He made no reply, but taking her in his arms, and burying her face in his cloak, to stifle her cries, he hastened along the path, and had nearly reached the cove, when she broke from him, and ran with the fleetness of a hare. She was not conscious what course she took, but only sought safety from one whom her dream had made her afraid of, and who now was so fearfully realizing the violence that had made her tremble in her slumbers, and even call upon the name of Robin.

The direction which she took, led her past the chapel, and knowing that a path led from it to the water side, and thence around homeward, she followed it, at the peril of her life, for the descent was almost perpendicular. He pursued her, calling upon her to stop—now entreating, now threatening, now cursing. Her feet seemed to be endowed with wings. As she gained the foot of the path, she saw—O, joy! she saw Robin's shallop sailing towards her, not fifty yards from the shore. He had got the vessel in where she could go in safety, and was returning homeward, after his good night's work, and was in the act of approaching the foot of the cliff, in order to go up and inquire into the affair of the false beacon, which was still fitfully blazing above his head.

"O, save me! save me, Robin!" she shrieked, and leaped into the water from the rock. Paul was just behind her, and no doubt would have followed but for Robin, who, hearing the cry, and recognizing the voice, sprang forward, just in time to catch the swimming girl by the arm. He drew her into the boat, just as Paul, levelling a pistol at him, fired. By the flash, Robin saw who it was; and, as the boat's keel grated upon the pebbles at that instant, he released Mary, and leaped on shore, with a boat-hook in his hand. Paul remained only to fling his pistol at his head, with such good aim, that it grazed his cheek, and then flew up the ascent. Robin then returned

to Mary, who had her self-possession fully, though trembling with the excitement caused by her escape, not from drowning—for a bath in the sea was nothing to a maiden almost cradled in the waves—but from the hands of him who had proved himself her foe. Her heart, too, was oppressed with shame and remorse, that she should have been so wicked as to have cast aside the true-hearted Robin, to whom she now owed her preservation, for one so base as he from whose violence she had been delivered. Under the impulse of her shame and gratitude, she sprang from the boat, and fell on her knees before Robin, in the wet sand, crying:

"O, forgive me! forgive me! Noble and generous Robin, say that you forgive me, and I will henceforth hide my face in repentance, and pray for your happiness with another!"

"Forgive thee, sweet! What hast thou done? I would like to have that English midshipman within reach of my arm. What has he done? What hast thou fled so at? By the lord Harry, if he has dared to harm thee—"

"Not now, Robin, not now—but to-morrow I will tell thee all."

"I ask thee to tell naught of thy secrets. I know something has gone wrong. Why did he pursue thee? Where hast thou been? How came you here, at all?"

"He came to—to—O, Robin! my tongue will not lend itself to speak my folly. To-morrow come to me, and let me tell thee all; and then, if you say you forgive me, I shall be happy, though I never see thy face more."

"I forgive thee all, beforehand."

"O, good, kind, noble Robin! How could I treat thee so? And he! Could one who seemed so good and true, be false? He came here to-night, and asked me to let him tend the beacon, and I did so—"

"There is the upshot, then! The riddle is guessed! 'Twas his work! Do you know, girl—"

"Don't speak so harshly, Robin—it will break my heart!"

"Then I won't. But do you know that he put out the beacon, and kindled a false light on the Baldhead Rock, where it flickers yet? He hoped to wreck the brig; but I detected the false light, and steered the vessel in by the light in my mother's window."

Mary uttered a cry of anguish, and sank to the ground at his feet.

"Do not take on so. I brought the vessel in safely, so no harm is done. Come, Mary, get up, and take heart! Come to thy father's, Thou art wet, and wilt take cold."

"I care not. I did not know I had been so near causing so much mischief. I have been very, very wicked! Robin, listen to me, before you speak another word kindly to me. Stay, and hear what I have to tell thee."

She then, rapidly and eloquently—concealing nothing—excusing nothing—made known to him her treachery towards him, and her attachment to Paul Dumerel, and the circumstances already known to the reader, up to the moment of her rescue by Robin. He listened without a word of reply, till she had got through. This silence made her voice falter, at the close of her frank confession, and when she had ended it, she burst into tears, and seemed ready to sink through the ground. "Say thou forgive me, Robin, if thou canst forgive! Only forgive me, and thou shalt never see my face more!"

"Ah, Mary, I knew this villain had beguiled thee. I feared for thee, I did. I only want to cross his course once more in my life, that is all. Nay, do not take on so. I am not angry with thee—I am only sorry for thee; and, if thou dost think thou canst love me again, as thou usedest to, why, I am just as I ever was, and love thee as much, nay, more than I ever did; for I lost thee, and have found thee again. So that if you can be content to love me, after having had such a brave gold-buttoned lover—"

"Robin—Robin! your words cut me to the heart!"

"I meant 'em kindly, Mary. Come, shall we love one another again?"

"And do you forgive?" she almost screamed with joy.

"Forgive. To be sure I do. Shall I kiss thee, to show that I do?"

"This is happiness, greater than I can bear."

She would have fallen, but for the enfolding arms of the true-hearted Robin, who pressed her to his manly breast, and with words of love and hope, sought to restore her to self-respect, and buoy up her soul, with the sweet promises of his affection.

In a month afterwards, Robin and Mary were married, in the stone chapel, and old Beacon Ben, quite recovered, came out in a new suit for the occasion, purchased with a part of the fifty pound note, which Washington had sent him, in reward for the service he had done the army, in guiding the powder-ship in safety; and, as Ben never knew anything about the false beacon—the episode of that night being kept a secret between the reconciled lovers—he supposed he was duly

entitled to the recompense; nevertheless, he made a present of twenty-five pounds thereof to his daughter, as a marriage gift.

Paul Dumerel was killed the next year, in an engagement with a party of Americans, on Long Island, where he had landed to pillage. Beacon Ben lived to dandle a little Robin, and a little Mary on his knee, and teach them to love the compass, when he was gathered to his fathers, the last of the old race of beacon kindlers on the coast. Robin's grandson, whose name is Ben, is now a light-house keeper near where his great-grandfather, old Beacon Ben, so long lighted his signal fires; and, as he has half a dozen little Robins, in his seagirt nest, the probability is, that the office will remain in the family for many generations to come.

Pray, fair maiden, what moral caust thou extract from my story?

SECRETS OF HAPPINESS.

A susceptibility to delicate attention, a fine sense of the nameless and exquisite tenderesses of manner and thought, constitute, in the minds of the possessors, the deepest undercurrent of life—the felt and treasured, but unseen and inexpressible, richness of affection. It is rarely found in the characters of men, but outweighs, when it is, all grosser qualities. There are many who waste and lose affections by careless and often unconscious neglect. It is not a plant to grow untended: the breath of indifference, or a rude touch, may destroy forever its delicate texture. There is a daily attention to the slightest courtesies of life, which can alone preserve the first freshness of passion. The easy surprises of pleasure, earnest cheerfulness of assent to slight wishes, habitual respect to opinions, unwavering attention to the comfort of others abroad and at home, and, above all, the careful preservation of those proprieties of conversation which are sacred when before the world—are some of the secrets of that happiness which age and habit alike fail to impair.

DOMESTIC PEACE.

Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together, but mere vanity; a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity or merit, and inward expectation of such an over-measure of deference and regard as answers to their own extravagant false scale, and which nobody can pay, because nobody but themselves can tell readily to what pitch it amounts.

LOSING TIME.

What is whiling away time? When Watt sat in the chimney corner, observing the water force up the cover of the saucepan, he aroused the anger of his relations; but he was discovering the steam engine. The uncle of Pliny reproved him for walking, which he called losing time. How much truer was the confession of Warburton to his friend Hurd: "It would have been the greatest pleasure to have dropped upon you at Newark. I could have led you through delicious walks, and pricked off for your amusement in our rambles a thousand notions which I hung upon every thorn as I passed, thirty years ago." They whom the world calls idle often do the most. In villages and by lanes a few eyes are always learning. A garden, a wood, even a pool of water, encloses a whole library of knowledge, waiting only to be read—precious types, which Nature, in her great printing press, never breaks up. And surely he is happy who is thus taught; for no man can afford to be really unemployed. The tree, it has been said, may lose its verdure; the sun need not count its rays; because the sap will strike out new foliage, and another night refills the treasury of day. But the thinking faculty does not waste. The most saving and thrifty use of it will only make it sufficient for our absolute necessities.

THE BOMBARDIER.

This name is given to a species of beetle, known by its head and thorax being brick red, and its body of a bluish hue. When a person attempts to catch it, he is surprised by a discharge resembling a pop-gun, accompanied with a sort of smoke, of which it is furnished with a sufficient quantity to fire off twenty shots in succession. If this chances to get into their eyes, it will make them smart as if they had bathed them with brandy. Its chief enemy is the beetle, larger than itself, which hunts it without mercy. As it finds it impossible to escape by speed of foot, it stops short and awaits its pursuer; but just as he is about to seize it, he is saluted with a discharge, and while he is for a moment stupefied with surprise, the bombardier endeavors to gain a hiding-place.

VIRTUE.—Were there but one virtuous man, he would hold up his head with confidence and honor; he would shame the world, and not the world him.

[ORIGINAL.]

THOUGHTS TO REMEMBER.

BY B. C. LEECH.

Who can revoke the broken word?
 Or who recall the arrow sped?
 Can we bring back the life that's past?
 Restore neglected moments fled?

Think wisely, then, before you speak;
 Reflect ere flies the fatal dart;
 'Tis better far to send a balm,
 Than poison, to a troubled heart.

Live so that no regrets shall rise,
 To gather round your future years;
 Let no neglected moments pass,
 To check thy flight to yonder spheres.

Speak softly, kindness is a power
 That comes from yon bright heaven above;
 Deal gently, and the world shall know
 The healing balm—the power of love.

[ORIGINAL.]

MAUD GARLAND'S TEMPTATION.

BY SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

"There was a soft and pensive grace,
 A cast of thought upon her face,
 That suited well the forehead high,
 The eyelash dark, the downcast eye;
 The mild expression spoke a mind
 In duty firm, composed, resigned."

"In one year from to-day, Maud, I shall return and claim my bride."

There was a solemn tenderness in Hugh Bradshaw's voice as he uttered these words, but his grave, calm face betokened no inward emotion, as he gazed into the beautiful hazel eyes that were raised to his.

"God keep you, my darling," and he passed his hand caressingly over the bright head that rested upon his shoulder, while the great passionate love that burned in his soul left its impress upon her lips, thrilling her whole being.

When next she looked up, he was speeding to the city. With a prayer in her heart for his safety, she turned from the gate.

"Cousin Maud, where are you?" called an impatient voice, and a slight, graceful figure came tripping to her side. "So your knight of the solemn countenance has gone at last," laughed the new comer.

"Yes; but, Eva, I am sorry that you dislike

him so much. I was hoping that you might become great friends. I perceive, however, that your thoughts are so much engrossed by your step-mother's son, Mr. Orme, that you regard the rest of mankind as beneath your notice."

A deeper crimson crept into the cheeks, and a softer light gleamed in the azure eyes, but she tossed her head coquettishly, as she replied:

"Really, Maud, I didn't expect such a thrust from you. I'll endeavor to like Mr. Bradshaw for your sake, although I don't see how you can endure him, he's so grave and reserved. However, if you are satisfied I suppose I ought to be, yet somehow you don't seem a bit like lovers. I'm glad that he's gone, for he's monopolized you so much that I haven't enjoyed your visit at all. But I came out to tell you that Victor will be here to-night."

"Ah, so soon. Well, little one, I have a great desire to see this paragon of yours, but I give you due warning that if I do not fancy him, I will never consent to his appropriating our little wild flower."

"O, but I know you will like him, you can't help it. He's a general favorite wherever he goes. He is so good and talented that I wonder how he ever happened to think of asking such a poor ignorant creature as I am to be his wife. He has travelled so much, you know, and seen so many ladies, that it seems strange that he should pass them all by and choose me. If I was beautiful, learned and accomplished, like you, Maud, there would be some sense in it."

Her listener placed her hand over the rosy lips, and drew her gently to her, and as she gazed into the fair, sweet countenance and beheld the deep, tender woman's soul mirrored there, she knew that she would become more precious than pearls or rubies to the man who was to call her by the dear name of wife.

"Eva, darling," she said, solemnly, "never disparage yourself again. Consider that you are exalted above the common level, in being crowned by a good man's love. Victor Orme, in passing all the gay, fascinating flowers that thronged his path, and gathering a sweet violet to wear next his heart, has shown not only refined taste, but wisdom."

Then a vague feeling of pain shot through her heart as her eye fell upon her own engagement ring.

"O hopes, aspirations, desires! will you

never be realized?" she thought. "Is this longing in my soul never to be satisfied? O, Hugh, Hugh! do I love you with all the intensity of which I am capable, or have I mistaken esteem for a deeper feeling? I will not think so. It must be right, or I should never have promised; yet why am I always so tranquil and self-possessed in his society! I do not thrill at the touch of his hand, nor tremble and blush at the sound of his name, as Eva does when Mr. Orme is spoken of. Well, we are differently constituted. My experience would not be like hers. It is treason to doubt now, when his betrothal kiss is still burning upon my lips; and after all, I would not exchange him for any person that I ever met."

"Maud, darling! have done with your dreaming, and bestow a little attention upon me," said her cousin, interrupting her reverie. "Let us go into the house and have some music."

The air in that shadowy room was quivering with harmony, and Maud, her soul intoxicated by the thrilling symphonies her magic touch elicited from the instrument, saw nothing, heard nothing. Eva's start of delight when a tall form appeared in the doorway, passed unnoticed, and Victor Orme, motioning his betrothed to silence, stood entranced.

The mystic keys seemed endowed with life. The sounds thrilled and throbbed, then blended in perfect concord and soared triumphant. The young man rather felt than heard. His gaze was riveted upon the performer. He noted the small, well-shaped head, with its wealth of raven hair; the splendor of the dark eyes, with their long, silken lashes; the lips, melting, ripe and dewy, and over all, the soul shadowed forth, dazzling, winning, and full of sweetness.

Suddenly the long, slender fingers ceased their play. The air, with its rich freight, stole into the garden, and Maud, turning with a playful remark to her cousin, met the gaze of a pair of brown orbs, *that sent a strange thrill through her heart.*

Days were braided into weeks, and Maud Garland and Victor Orme walked upon a flowery precipice, nor dreamed of danger.

Eva—gentle, guileless Eva, reposing perfect trust and confidence in the honor of her lover and cousin, left them much together. At first she was their constant companion; but their conversation possessed no charms for her. She was too practical to follow them in their brilliant flights of fancy, too timid to offer an opinion upon books and men before such

learned auditors, and their abstruse reasoning from cause to effect wearied her; so after a time when a walk or ride was planned, she invariably invented some plausible excuse for remaining behind. So they two drank in rich draughts of happiness, and life took on a deeper and newer significance.

Thus the summer, with its days of sunshine and its nights of glory, departed, and autumn kindled its fires on the hills and in the vales.

At last a letter came from Hugh Bradshaw, full of tenderness and quiet faith, and Maud awoke from her delirious dream.

All night she wrestled with the wild love that was surging through her heart. She realized now, whose hand had touched the deep springs of her being. No word had been spoken, no vow uttered, but she felt that she was dearer to Victor than all the world beside. The flower of affection had sprung up and blossomed, she neither knew when nor how. Now—God help her—she must tear it up by the roots.

In the morning, pale and haggard, she appeared below. Shrinking from Eva's kind attentions, she surprised her by announcing her intention of returning home.

Her cousin remonstrated, but finding her persuasions unavailing, she at last left the room, and then Maud fled to her favorite arbor at the foot of the garden.

Scarcely had she seated herself when Victor Orme stood before her. Starting to her feet in confusion, she turned to go, but he caught her hand.

The burning crimson rushed to cheek and brow, and she drew it haughtily away.

"Maud! Miss Garland! Eva has informed me of your sudden resolution to return home. I cannot endure the thought of your departing without informing you of that which may pain you to hear, but which I have vainly struggled against. I love you, Maud! How deeply, fondly, and truly, let my life tell."

"How dare you talk thus to me when my cousin holds your troth-plight, and I am the promised bride of another?"

As she spoke, their eyes met. The deep, yearning tenderness of his moved her very soul, and a desperate joy leaped into her heart.

"I know all you would say, darling, but if you return my affection, death itself shall not separate us. Come, my beautiful singing bird, and dwell in the vine-clad home that I have prepared for you. Refuse, and my life will be a weary blank."

While he was speaking she had wavered. It would be such bliss to be forever with him. Already the sunshine seemed more golden. Would it not be folly for her own hand to dash this cup of joy from her lips?

"O God! why am I thus tempted?" she murmured.

Her companion caught the words, and springing forward, clasped her in his arms, believing the victory won.

For one happy moment she laid her pale agitated face upon his shoulder, and then struggled to free herself from his embrace.

"Victor, I never intended to have betrayed my secret. Now let it be buried in the grave of forgetfulness. I could almost scorn myself that I have stolen the heart that was once my cousin's. I have been weak, but I will not be wicked. You belong to her. She loves you with her whole soul; if you desert her, the flowers will not wither and die quicker than she. If I have made a wretched mistake in promising to marry Mr. Bradshaw, I must abide by it. He shall not return to find his bride another's, and learn to curse the name of woman. We have erred, and our atonement must be, to make those happy whose lives are bound up in us, even though we offer our hearts upon the altar."

"But, Maud, it is terrible to have this aching longing in my soul, and know that it can never, never be satisfied. O, why did we not meet before? I cannot endure the thought that another has the right to cherish you."

She laid her hand upon his head and looked down into his face with the pitying gaze of an angel.

"Victor! God knoweth our weakness. The greater the temptation, the more sublime the victory. Duty points out our path, and we cannot travel any other without trampling human flowers beneath our feet. The thought that we had gratified our selfish passions by the immolation of those confiding ones, would poison all the sweet springs of happiness."

"Would you have me marry Eva, then, while my heart is yours?" he passionately exclaimed.

"I have come to the conclusion that your affections have never really strayed from her. You are dazzled, bewildered now, but I think the time will come, when you will look back at this hour, and wonder at your mad infatuation, and thank God that I saved you from yourself, and from the eternity of remorse that would have been your portion. Therefore, I say, make my sweet cousin your bride.

Love and cherish her with unwearied tenderness. Never give her any token by which she may know that you have ever swerved from the first allegiance that you offered her."

"Maud, you are an angel. I forgive you the implied doubt of my attachment, for how should you know but what I might, indeed, become a double traitor? I will do as you wish; but the saddest words that Memory can ever chant will be—'what might have been.'"

She held out her hand.

"Leave me now. We had better not meet again."

Her clear melodious tone rang in his ear like a death-knell.

"Shall I never see you more?" he said imploringly.

"Yes; when time has laid its healing finger on our hearts, and we can look back to this day, and thank God that he did not curse us by granting our prayer."

The next instant she was alone. The strong will that had sustained her gave way. A feeling of wild and fearful desolation swept over her soul, and with a low, smothered cry of agony, she fell *fainting to the ground*.

At last she was at home. The world wondered what had stolen the bloom from her cheek, and quenched the fire in her eye, but their conjectures fell far from the truth. She was not the woman to yield up her life in vain repinings; so turning a deaf ear to the syren song of the past, she looked resolutely into the future. The mighty woe that was pressing upon her heart was transmuted into a heavenly calmness.

When she heard of the marriage of Victor and Eva, there was one passing flush, and then no more heartfelt blessing was pronounced upon their union than that which was wafted to heaven from her lips.

Sorrow is oftentimes the key that unlocks rich treasures that lie hidden in the soul! Thus it was with Maud. The essence of bitterness had been held to her lips, but in her hand was placed the healing balm and cooling draught for others. You felt as you looked into her face, that the sun of happiness would yet dawn upon her heart, dispel the mists, and flood her life with its golden splendor of peace and joy.

Hugh Bradshaw, returning, claimed his bride. He was a noble, high-minded man, and she, standing on the heights she had so wearily ascended, gazed into his soul and saw the fountain of affection bubbling there,

and thanked God that no act of hers had caused bitter waters to flow forth.

Weeks passed, and a strange gladness filled her heart; but only when her husband was laid upon a couch of sickness, and life and death trembled in the balance, did she realize how inexpressibly dear he had become to her. Now that the prize which once she had valued so little seemed slipping from her grasp, her whole soul centred in one earnest desire, one passionate prayer for his life. Perhaps it was the strength of her love, that snatched him from the Destroyer.

They went to the seashore, and there they met Victor and Eva, and as Maud beheld the love and affection with which he regarded his wife, she knew that the past was to him but a dream; and her cousin, with her joyous, bright face, and the merry laugh leaping from her heart to her lips, needed no other record of her happiness.

Then she thought of Hugh, and no sigh of regret disturbed her peace. She knew that her love for him was as far above the wild passion that once so nearly wrecked her life, as the stars are above the earth. The plough of suffering, when it entered her soul, threw up a richer sub-soil for the flower to grow in. Truthfulness was ingrained in every fibre of her being. So one day with her head pillowed upon her husband's shoulder, she told him of her temptation.

No man could listen to such a confession as that unmoved. She expected anger, or a storm of reproaches, but he drew her closer to him, saying:

"I, too, have a story to relate—a veil to lift from the past. I once loved a being whom I deemed all purity and goodness. I should as soon have thought of doubting the angels, as to dream that guile and deceit dwelt in so fair a form. Another came with smooth words and a title, and her false, fickle heart caught at the glittering bait, and the night before the day which was appointed for our marriage she fled with him. The iron entered into my, soul, and for five years I almost hated the name of woman. Then I met you, and one day I awoke to find myself a captive to your charms. I loved you with all the strength of my manhood, but I hardly dared give it expression for fear that it might some day be cast back at my feet as a worthless thing. You gave me the same solemn pledge that she once did, and then I left you, to let time and distance test the bond. I returned and you became my wife, and every day I have

felt like thanking God for the priceless treasure he has given me in my Maud. The past has no power to cast a shadow over us, for now we live for and in each other. Is it not so, darling?"

The light that flashed over her beautiful face, lit by the joy in her heart, was his answer.

THE TRUTH.

Experience affords proof that successful imposture, provided it be supremely audacious and extravagant, is a plant of perennial growth, and one of the hardest sort. It is seen to flourish in every soil—take firm root in the minds of persons of wealth and position, and the penniless pauper—of the scholar and the unlettered dunce. It cannot be uprooted by active treatment of any kind. Reason and ridicule are powerless to subdue it; persecution but endows it with a greater vitality. It is true that the particular craze of the day, if not interfered with by authority, is sure to ultimately die out of itself; but another and another still succeeds, and there can be no doubt that when clairvoyance, table-turning, and spirit-rapping, have gone the way of all such impudent fooleries, another crop of impostures, will spring up, with any number of professional cultivators that can find or create a field for the profitable exercise of their vocation.

SCHOOL EXERCISES.

"Stokes, parse right."

"Right, sir, is a fixed noun, 'cause it belongs to an imaginary substantive, and lecturers on Psychology are the only ones able to make all the covies 'all right.'"

"Is right the highest point of excellence that man is capable of attaining?"

"No, sir; the Constitution is said to be right, but an editor is a writer."

"That'll do for you, Stokes; now tell me if there is anything rounder than a perfect globe, or ball?"

"No-sir-ee, there aint nothing rounder than a perfect ball."

"I guess I can tell, master; I guess I can tell."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, sir—please, sir, a globe is round; but a lady's dress is round *her*."

"Simon, my boy, your brain is getting ahead of your body; you must leave off taking that patent medicine."

[ORIGINAL.]

THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY MARIA J. BISHOP.

The falling leaves their glories spread,
In a soft carpet where I tread;
And the elm rustles dark and sere,
Like plumes above a warrior's bier.

Yet beautiful September's ray,
And bright October's shorted day;
While clear light leaps the arches blue
Of heaven's open casement through.

The sunset hurries down the west,
And closer folds her golden vest;
For chill winds sweep across the plain,
And dews congeal upon her train.

Yet deep the spell in earth's low sigh,
The charm of this rich starlight sky;
And letters, drawn in golden haze,
Speak the Creator's matchless praise.

These clouds that slowly float along;
That winging swallow's farewell song;
This leaflet, with its crimson hue—
Tell me I am a voyager, too.

It whispers of a home afar,
Brighter than evening's brightest star,
Where fadeless flowers shall ever bloom
Beyond the winter of the tomb.

[ORIGINAL.]

KEEPING CHRISTMAS.

BY MISS P. HAMILTON.

"WELL, Lizzy, how shall we keep Christmas, this year?" said Sam Jenkins to his wife. "Shall we go out to Cousin George's again?—we had a good time there last year—or shall we go to Walter's—or what?"

"Or stay at home?" said Lizzy.

"What—stay at home and do nothing? I should feel mean."

"I'm ashamed to go to George's and Walter's so much," said Lizzy, "we never ask them here."

"Well, let's ask them now, then, and we'll have a Christmas dinner."

"Well," was the slow and grudging answer, "I suppose we can, though I hate to; it's a great deal of trouble."

"Yes, and a great deal of fun, too," said Sam. "Never mind the trouble, I guess we'll go into it. We'll see what we can do, as well as the rest of them."

Lizzy said no more, but she was much less elated by the prospect before her than her husband. The next day, the day before Christmas, Sam inquired, "Well, Lizzy, what shall I get you for to-morrow's dinner. What'll you have?"

"Let's see," she answered, "I shall want considerable, for there's five of George's folks, if they all come, and six of Walter's. We must have a turkey, of course, and a pair of chickens, a sirloin of beef, and you may get me half a gallon of oysters. Let's see again—we shall want all kinds of vegetables, and we are about out. You'd better get a new lot, and some celery and cauliflowers; some cranberries, too. I must have some squashes for pies, and tell the butcher to send some mince-meat. That makes me think I must have a new box of raisins."

"Do stop there, Lizzy—I can't remember half you've told me now. Anybody would think, to hear you, that there wasn't anything to eat in the house, and that we never had anything to eat for ourselves."

"Be sure and send me home the things in season," the wife continued; "there's a great deal to be done. O, wait a minute! I guess I must have some money. I shall have to buy a new table-cloth—my long one has given out; and I must get a dozen tumblers, too. I should like a new castor, if you can get it for me," she added, as he was giving the money.

"We'll see," said Sam; and he buttoned up his coat, saying to himself, "I don't know about Christmas-keeping." But he was a light-hearted fellow, and added, "Never mind; it don't come but once a year, as they say."

When he came home to dinner, he did not find his wife in the sitting-room; and a hubbub, indeed, there was among the children, and scarcely a piece of furniture but what was turned into a plaything. To-morrow was Christmas, and they had commenced their Christmas-keeping. It was no place for Sam; for he did not like to scold the children, nor did he like their noise and confusion. So he popped his head into the kitchen; there was his wife, half covered with a great brown apron, her sleeves up to her elbows, her hands deep in the dough; and such an array of pans, plates, trays, and all manner of cooking materials! Such a hot range, too, and such hissing and stewing! His wife looked up—certainly not in so winning a way as she sometimes had done—and greeted him with an "O, dear, don't come here, Sam!"

"No, I won't, Lizzy; don't be afraid! But where shall I go?"

"Why, where you always go."

"Why, I always go where you are. But you don't want me to, now, and I don't know as I want to, either."

"Go away, at any rate, you tease, or you shan't have any dinner to-morrow!"

"I begin to be afraid I shan't get any to-day," said Sam; "but never mind, it's Christmas—or going to be;" and he shut the door.

Christmas morning came, clear and bright, and promising, as many another Christmas has been; and weren't they up betimes at Sam Jenkins's? But a poor beginning there, notwithstanding. Bridget had gone to keep Christmas eve, and wasn't home by daylight, as she had promised to be. Sam had to take her place in fire-building, and sundry other like occupations; and what was worse, had to hear his wife's scolding about Bridget, while the breakfast was being made ready. He heartily wished Bridget *would* come and take it herself—she was so much more used to it.

Breakfast half over, Bridget appeared, sleepy and stupefied enough; but her mistress soon waked her up. Then begun such sweeping, and dusting, and cleaning, from one end of the house to the other!

"I didn't know people cleaned house Christmas, before," said Sam. "I think I'll be off. I wonder if anybody's stirring?—*outside*, I mean, of course."

"Wait, Sam!" called out Lizzie, "you didn't get me half the things I want. I must have some almonds, and other nuts—get a variety. Some Malaga grapes, too; and, if you can find sweet ones, some oranges. I forgot to order cake for tea; I suppose they'll stay to tea, and spend the evening."

"I hope so—the evening is always the best part of Christmas." Hopeful Sam! The morning certainly wasn't the best part.

"What about the cake, Lizzy?"

"Can't you buy me some at the confectioner's? I want a variety."

"Why, I *can*, but I'm afraid I shan't suit. I never like to meddle with women's matters."

"Wait a minute," called out the wife again.

"I'm coming down—I want to whisper to you."

She went down and whispered that she had so many things to think of the day before, that she had forgotten to buy any Christmas presents for the children. They had been so disappointed to find their stockings empty that morning, that she wanted to get some-

thing pretty to please them. A sled would be good for Sammy, now that the ground was frozen, he would enjoy it so much; and he might get some dolls for the little girls—theirs were pretty nearly used up; he must get nice ones, with eyes that would open and shut. Then she supposed he would have to get something for George's and Walter's children, or they'd think it was stingy—get a little something for each.

"Well," said Sam, rousing himself to meet the case, "I'll do as well as I can. Anything more?"

"I don't think of anything now."

"Well, good-by, and a merry Christmas to you—I forgot it before."

"Come home early."

"Certainly," said Sam, closing the door.

But he had not been long on his round from shop to shop in search of a good sled—he was a judge of sleds, and his heir and namesake must have a good one—and of dolls with eyes that would open and shut, before he began to be afraid he should not be at home "early." When he did return, tired with his shopping, and afraid that his purchases would not give satisfaction, he found his wife in a great flurry.

"Why didn't you come before?" she exclaimed. "It's almost dinner-time, things aint half ready, and Bridget is so cross and slow. The children aint dressed, nor I either, and what *shall* I do? I expect the people here every minute."

"What shall I do for you?" said Sam, unloading his pockets. "I'm ready."

"Dress the children, if you can."

At sight of the parcels, such a rush as the children made—such scrambling and pulling! "Be quiet, do!" "You'll break them!" "That's not for you!" and other similar reproofs, had no effect upon them. "It's my Christmas present!" "It's my Christmas present!" was heard above everything else. It was a heavy tax on Sam's abilities to quiet them sufficiently to commence the operations of making their toilet.

"Lizzy's 'if you can' was well put in," he said, "for I *can't*. What else have you got to do?" he asked; "for I don't know much about this business."

"Can you finish setting the table for me?"

"I can set the chairs up," said Sam. "I guess that's about all I could do right."

"You never *did* know how to do anything!" said Lizzy, in a snapping tone. "I'll never bring up a boy like you!"

"I don't know as ever I heard her speak so

be 'ere," thought Sam. "But never mind—it's Christmas! She'll brighten up when the company comes."

The company came, big and little, a goodly number. Then came dinner, and the children were crazy and unmanageable, and so many of the dishes were damaged in cooking, or badly served by Bridget, that it was all Lizzy could do to retain her self-possession and entertain her guests. Sam did not care that a part of the dishes were spoiled, there were enough left that were good; but the children annoyed him, and he felt so much sympathy for Lizzy, that his Christmas dinner was the poorest in the whole year. He hoped some of the people enjoyed it, however.

There was the afternoon, always rather a dull time for visiting; but by the help of gossip and a walk, it was gone through with. The tea is always a more pleasant and social meal than the pretending dinner; and during it, Sam began to feel like himself, and to rejoice in Christmas. But this was soon over. After tea the company hurried home, the children were tired and sleepy, and they had promised "mother" and "auntie" that they wouldn't stay late. "Good-by!" and "Such a pleasant Christmas!" were said, and Sam and Lizzy were left to themselves.

"This hasn't been much of a Christmas," said Sam. "Do you think so?"

"No, I don't!" was the answer, with emphasis. "I am so tired! So much trouble—and what for, pray?"

"Never mind," said Sam. "We'll have a pleasant evening yet. We'll go round to Charles Weston's. I met him this morning, and he asked me to drop in with you; there's a family gathering there."

Lizzy hurried the children off to bed, donned her cloak and hood, ready to go, and called Bridget to give her a charge concerning the house and children.

"I'm not going to be in, ma'am!" said Bridget.

"Why not?" said Mrs. Jenkins.

"I'm going out," said Bridget.

"I can't spare you," said Mrs. Jenkins; "and you were out last night."

"I always have Christmas night. I never had to work all day Christmas before, ma'am, and I don't think I will again."

"Well, I can't spare you to-night, Bridget; I'm going out myself."

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but I must go," said she.

"If you go, you can't come back again," said the mistress, quite decidedly.

"Very well," said the maid, quite as decidedly; "I shall go!" And she went.

There was no alternative but for Mrs. Jenkins to lay aside her cloak and hood, and remain at home herself—a little disappointed, and not a little vexed. Sam, like a good fellow as he was, staid at home, too, and tried to console his wife, and talk and laugh her into good humor. But it was hard work; and he could not help thinking he had spent many pleasanter evenings with her, when he was glad, instead of sorry, that they were alone, and when it wasn't Christmas.

"It's over," he said to himself, as he went to bed, "and I'm glad it isn't Christmas to-morrow."

But however poor a day we think Christmas, when it is over, the day after Christmas is certainly a worse one. Nobody sleeps well after the Christmas dinner; and then the terrible next morning headache, dyspepsia, crossness, depression, "blue spirits and white, black spirits and gray" all about you! The next morning is commonly a balance for the merriest Christmas ever spent.

Sam thought so, when he was waked at a late hour by his wife, with "Do get up! It's almost nine o'clock, and so stinging cold, and not a fire in the house, and I've no help!"

He turned over, rubbed his eyes, and at last made out to start, grumbling, as he did so, "Dear me! what made Bridget act so? This keeping Christmas—what a fuss it makes!"

When he saw what a cross woman his pleasant Lizzy had become, and how selfish and fretful the children were with their new playthings, he thought, "I wouldn't care if there never was another Christmas!"

And the first time he had occasion to draw out his purse, and saw how nearly empty it was, he added, "It's well for me that Christmas don't come but once a year!"

A GOOD METAPHOR.

Surrounded by brave comrades, flushed with hope,
And fired by honor, 'tis an easy task,
When the commander signs, to cheer and charge,
And conquer, like the guards at Waterloo.
But 'tis a tenfold harder task to stand
Steady and stern upon the high hill-top,
Each burning impulse curbed, and no shot fired,
No footsteps stirred, save when the living move
Up to the front ranks to replace the dead.
And so the soul, which would be truly grand,
And solve the vast life-problem, must endure
As well as dare; and patient, passive, proud,
Erect its front against a warring world.

J. W. FLETCHER.

The Florist.

Yes, the summer of youth swiftly away;
 Soon the winter of age its snow on the heart;
 But the warm sun of youth that gilded youth's day
 Shall still through the clouds a soft ray impart.
 ALLSTON GIBBS.

The Flower Garden.

A commodious piece of good ground for a flower garden, situated in a convenient and well-sheltered place, and well exposed to the sun and air, ought to be allotted for the culture of the more curious and valuable flowers. The form of this ground may be either square, oblong, or somewhat circular, having the boundary embellished with a collection of the most curious flowering shrubs; the interior part should be divided into many narrow beds, either oblong, or in the manner of a parterre; but plain four feet wide beds arranged parallel, having two feet wide alleys between bed and bed, will be found most convenient, yet to some not the most fanciful. In either method a walk should be carried round the outward boundary, leaving a border to surround the whole ground, and within this, to have the various divisions or beds raising them generally in a gently rounding manner, edging such as you like with dwarf-box, some with trift, pinks, sisyrinchium, etc., by way of variety, laying the walks and alleys with the finest gravel. Some beds may be neatly edged with boards, especially such as are intended for the finer sort of bulbs, etc. In this division you may plant the finest hyacinths, tulips, polyanthus-narcissus, double jonquils, anemones, ranunculuses, bulbous-irises, tuberose, scarlet and yellow amaryllises, colchicums, fritillaries, crown imperials, snow-drops, crocuses, lilies of various sorts, and all the different kinds of bulbous and tuberous-rooted flowers, which succeed in the open ground; each sort principally in separate beds, especially the more choice kinds, being necessary both for distinction's sake and for the convenience of giving such as need it protection from inclement weather. Likewise in this division should be planted a curious collection of carnations, pinks, polyanthus, and many other beautiful sorts, arranging some of the most valuable in beds separately; others may be intermixed in different beds, forming an assemblage of various sorts. In other beds you may exhibit a variety of all sorts, both bulbous, tuberous and fibrous-rooted kinds, to keep up a succession of bloom in the same beds during the whole season.

Blowing Flowers early in Hotbeds, etc.

Many sorts of bulbous, tuberous and fibrous-rooted perennial flowers, if planted in pots, and now placed in a hot-bed, hot-house, or any forcing department at work, will shoot and flower early without much trouble, only to give occasional watering. Pots of roses, dwarf almonds, double-blossom cherry, peach, etc., may also be placed in the forcing houses for early bloom.

Work for the Month.

Prune such of your ornamental shrubs, etc., as need it, particularly the hardy deciduous kinds; all decayed, ill-placed and straggling branches ought to be cut off close to where they were produced, and such others shortened as are growing in a disorderly way, always taking great care to form the heads in a full and handsome manner, that they may appear well furnished and display the beauty of their foliage and bloom in due season. Great care should be taken at this time of the choicest kinds of flowering plants and other tender kinds in pots—they should be carefully protected from severe frosts, by giving each sort suitable covering.

Care of Carnations.

Take great care to protect your fine carnations that are in pots from hard frosts, excessive rains and snows; for notwithstanding the plants being hardy enough to stand the winter in the open air, it is advisable to defend the choicest sorts in bad weather, to preserve them in good strength for flowering in the greatest perfection. These pots should be plunged in a raised bed of dry compost, in the beginning of winter, and the bed arched over low with pliant rods or hoops at that time; this will be of great advantage to the plants, if you are careful to draw mats over the arches when the weather is severe.

Auriculas.

The best auriculas in pots should be well protected from excessive rains, snow or sharp frosts, which will preserve them in strength to flower in great perfection. The choicest varieties of these plants should always be removed in their pots, about the beginning of November, and placed in frames, or in a bed arched with hoops, in a warm, dry situation in the full sun, where they can be occasionally covered when the weather is unfavorable; but let the covers be kept constantly off in the daytime when the weather is mild and dry.

Ranunculuses and Anemones.

Plant ranunculuses and anemones in mild, dry, open weather, if you have any now out of the ground, and the frost will admit of your working it; these now planted will succeed those which were put into the ground in October or November.

Grass and Gravel Walks.

The grass and gravel walks should all be kept in decent order, especially in the principal parts of the garden and pleasure-ground; suffer no leaves of trees or other litter to remain thereon, for such would give them an unbecoming appearance.

Planting Tulips.

Tulips, if you have any out of the ground, should now be planted the first settled open weather, to blow late, and to succeed those planted late in autumn.

The Housewife.

White Soup.

Take a knuckle of veal, separated into three or four pieces, a slice of ham as lean as possible, a few onions, thyme, cloves and mace; stew twelve or fourteen hours until the stock is as rich as the ingredients can make it; an old fowl will make it much richer, if added. This soup must be made the day before it is required. When removed from the fire, after being sufficiently stewed, let it cool, and then remove the fat; add to it four ounces of pounded blanched almonds, let it boil slowly, thicken it with half a pint of cream and an egg; it should boil slowly for half an hour, and then be served.

Pork Cutlets.

Cut them from a small, delicate loin of pork, bone and trim them neatly, fry them a light brown, put into a small stewpan a little vinegar, and onion chopped very fine, two tablespoonsful of tomato sauce, and sufficient brown gravy to make it tasty; stew the cutlets in the sauce five minutes, and send them to table dished handsomely; if the cutlets are broiled, they may be dipped in yolk of egg and bread crumbs, and broiled over a clear fire, and served with tomato sauce.

Tomato Ketchup.

Take tomatoes when full ripe, and bake them in a jar till tender; strain them and rub them through a sieve. To every pound of juice, add a pint of vinegar, half an ounce of garlic, sliced, a quarter of an ounce of salt, and a quarter of an ounce of white pepper finely powdered; boil the whole till every ingredient is soft; rub it again through the sieve; to every pound add the juice of three lemons; boil it again to the consistence of cream; when cold, bottle it, put a small quantity of sweet oil on each, tie bladders over and keep in a dry place.

Lemon Candy.

Take three pounds of brown sugar and three tea-cupsful of water, and set it over a slow fire for half an hour; add a little gum Arabic, dissolved in hot water; skim it as long as any rises. When perfectly clear, try it by taking a spoonful of it into a saucer; if it is done, it will snap like glass. Flavor with essence of lemon, and cut it into sticks. Peppermint or hoarhound candy may be made in the same way by substituting the essence, or finely powdered hoarhound, for lemon.

Boiling Potatoes.

This is a formula:—Let each mess be of equal size; let the water boil before putting the potatoes in. When done, pour off the water and scatter three or four tablespoonsful of salt, cover the pot with a coarse cloth, and return it to the fire for a short time. Watery potatoes are made mealy by this process. How simple is the process, yet how few understand it.

Fillet of Beef, roasted.

If unaccustomed to the use of the knife, the butcher's aid may be obtained. Cut the fillet which comes from the inside of the sirloin; it may be larded or roasted plain. For dinners it is larded; baste with fresh butter. It must be a large fillet which takes longer than an hour and twenty minutes; serve with tomato sauce, garnish with horseradish, unless served with currant jelly.

Sausages.

Take three pounds of fresh pork, fat and lean together, without skin or gristle, chop it fine as possible, season it with a teaspoonful of black and cayenne pepper mixed, three of salt, three or four spoonsful of sage; mix it well together; have the skins very nicely cleaned, and fill them, or lay the meat down in a pot. Beef makes good sausages.

A Fillet of Pork to resemble Veal.

The fillet should be cut from the leg of a very large pig; remove the bone and fill the orifice with veal stuffing, roast it until it is more than half done, then take some thin broth and put it in the stewpan; put in the pork, stew until it is thoroughly done, then thicken the gravy and send it to table with force meat balls and lemon cut in slices.

Quincoes, to pickle.

Pare and cut half a dozen quinces into small pieces, and put them with a gallon of water and two pounds of honey into a large saucepan, mix them together well, and set them on a slow fire for half an hour; strain the liquor into a jar; when quite cold wipe the quinces perfectly dry, and put them into it; cover them very close.

Colored Sugars for ornamenting.

Pound some sugar, and sift it through a coarse sieve; lay a little upon a plate; pour into it a few drops of carmine, or prepared cochineal, mixing it well in; then put it into your screen to dry, stirring it frequently; keep it dry in a canister for use when required.

Chine of Pork.

This joint is usually sent to table with turkey; it should be salted for about sixty or seventy hours previous to cooking, and then be roasted; a chine boiled is as often sent to table as roasted, but the latter is usually preferred.

Molasses Candy.

Boil a pint of common molasses over a slow fire; stir it to prevent its running over. When it has boiled for some time, try it, by taking some in a saucer; when cold, if it is brittle and hard, it is done. Flavor with essence of lemon, or otherwise.

Sugar Paste.

One pound of flour, four ounces of sugar, four ounces of butter, a little salt, one egg; mix together with a little water. This is an excellent paste for a second course dish.

Curious Matters.

The Fire-Eater.

A celebrated French priest, the Pere Lebrun, published a recipe purporting to insure impunity against fire. It consisted of equal parts of alcohol, sulphur, ammonia, essence of rosemary, and onion juice. At the moment Pere Lebrun was devoting himself to experiments on the mysteries of combustibles, an English practitioner, named Richardson, was exhibiting the following performance:—He contrived to walk on burning embers, to place burning sulphur upon his hand, then transferring it to his tongue, allowed it to consume away without injury. He also allowed a piece of meat or an oyster to be cooked upon his tongue, the fire for the purpose being kept up in a live coal by a pair of bellows. He was also able to grasp a red-hot bar of iron, and even to seize it between his teeth, to swallow molten glass, and a mixture of burning pitch and sulphur, so that the flames burst from his mouth as from a burning furnace, just as common mount-banks emit fire from their mouths by means of a coal wrapt in tow, which has been previously steeped in spirits of wine. These experiments attracted so much attention, that scientific men considered them deserving notice, and M. Dodart, of the French Academy of Sciences, addressed a letter on the subject, to the *Journal de Science*, proving that such phenomena might be achieved by time, address and perseverance, without the intervention of chemical agency.

Sleeping in the Moonshine.

A little boy, 13 years of age, named Henry Lowry, residing near Peckhamrye, England, was one night, lately, expelled from his home by his mother for some trifling misdemeanor. He at once ran away to a cornfield close by, and on lying down in the open air fell asleep; he slept throughout the night, which was a moonlight one. Some laborers on their way to work, seeing the boy apparently asleep, aroused him; the lad opened his eyes, but declared he could not see. He was conveyed home, and from thence to an ocular institution, where medical advice was obtained. The surgeon affirmed that the loss of sight resulted from sleeping in the moonlight. The boy is totally blind, and few hopes are entertained of his ultimate recovery.

Peculiarities of Australia.

In Australia it is summer in January, and winter in July. It is noon there when it is midnight in Europe; the longest day is in December. The heat comes from the north, the cold from the south, and it is hottest on the mountain tops. The swans are black, the eagles are white; the bees do not sting, and the birds do not sing. The cherries have no stones; the trees give no shadow, for their leaves turn edgeways to the sun, and some of its quadrupeds have a beak and lay eggs!

Chinese Superstition.

A recent traveller says:—"If a house abuts upon or stands before the end of a lane or passage, the side looking towards that passage almost invariably has a small tile or slab of stone let into it, with an inscription which varies with the fancy of the owner, the opinion of the fortune-telling sage, or the locality from whence the tablet may have been procured. An inscription of this kind, on a large slab of blue slate, neatly cut and painted, as if it demanded care and attention, I saw in the wing of a brick building at the foot of a by-lane, not far from the banks of the Pelho: and curious to know its meaning, I obtained a translation of it. It was simply to the effect that 'This stone was brought from the province of Shantung, and placed here to prevent the evil influences of the lane coming near this house.'"

Thrilling Incident.

A woman, supposed to be dead, was removed to the hospital of Blidah, in Algeria, for the purpose of being subjected to a post mortem examination, her disease having appeared inexplicably to the medical men who had attended her. As the surgeon was about to make use of the scalpel and commence her dissection, the supposed corpse uttered a loud shriek and sat up. She had been in a state of lethargy and awoke only just in time. Abbe Prevost, the author of "*Manor Lescaut*," was less fortunate. It is known that he died from wounds inflicted by the dissecting knife under similar circumstances.

Singular Law Suit.

A woman in Chicago has sued a landlord of that city for damages in the loss of her husband and child under very peculiar circumstances. The family hired a house belonging to the landlord, the former occupants of which had sickened and died of small-pox. The family had only been in the house a week or two when the father and child were fatally attacked by the disease. No measures had been taken to remove the infection, and for this neglect and its fatal results the law of Illinois holds the landlord liable to action.

A curious Fact.

A wreath of flowers which was laid upon a coffin buried in a Gloucester (Mass.) cemetery, eight years ago, was recently disinterred and found in a remarkable state of preservation; the stems of the flowers were found to be green, and had sprouted to a considerable size. They have been carefully planted, and are now in a thriving condition, with the prospect of making healthy plants.

An Amazon.

Our provincial exchanges give an account of a young woman in Nova Scotia, seventeen years of age, who is seven feet two inches in height. She measures 43 inches round the waist, 33 inches from her armpit to the tip of her fingers, weighs 274 pounds, and has a foot 13 inches long.

Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Our readers' attention is called to the fact that by sending us \$2.50, they will receive either of the following publications, and the **MAGAZINE** for one year: **THE AMERICAN UNION**, **THE FLAG OF OUR UNION**, or **THE NOVELETTE**. The stories are all original in each publication, and none of them appear but in one. So those who take the **MAGAZINE** with either of the papers named above, will receive a fine, handsome two dollar paper, as distinct from the **DOLLAR MONTHLY** as though issued from a different office, and at the low price of two dollars and fifty cents for both. The whole of the foregoing publications will be sent one year for \$6.00.

Recollect that the **Magazine** is now entirely original, and not made up from matter that has appeared in either of our other publications.

Any person who has sent one dollar for the **Magazine** for 1864, by sending \$1.50 more, will receive either the **AMERICAN UNION**, **FLAG OF OUR UNION** or **NOVELETTE**, for one year.

REMEMBER THE TERMS!

AMERICAN UNION and **DOLLAR MONTHLY** one year, for \$2.50.

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GUN COTTON.

We think that it was some time during 1848 that gun cotton first made its appearance in Boston, and was sold at the gun shops as a substitute for gunpowder. One or two years before this period it was discovered and used in Europe, where, at one time, it threatened to supersede the villanous compound known as saltpetre and charcoal. An Austrian general, named Lenk, was the first military man who really investigated the power of gun cotton. He devoted many months to experimenting with it; and during those experiments, he found that it had a speed of explosion of forty feet per second, fully equal to the power of gunpowder.

But, owing to some cause which has never been satisfactorily explained, gun cotton fell into disuse. It did not enter into the last Russian, French and English war, and no mention of it is made during Napoleon's brief campaign with Austria. Suddenly, however, some one has awakened the slumbering giant, and new tests have commenced, for the purpose of aiding, if possible, our Parrott guns, which throw a ball five miles and a half, and appear to have astonished Europe by their power.

The experiments, so far, have demonstrated that one hundred rounds can be fired with gun cotton where only thirty can be fired with gunpowder, from the fact that the last heats the gun, while the former does not. One hundred rounds were fired from a six-pounder in thirty-four minutes, and the temperature was raised by gun cotton to only one hundred and twenty-two degrees Fahrenheit; while one hundred rounds with gunpowder took one hundred minutes, and raised the temperature to such a degree that water was instantly evaporated. The firing with the gunpowder was therefore discontinued; but the rapid firing with the gun cotton was continued up to one hundred and eighty rounds without any inconvenience.

The English are also experimenting with gun cotton, and a recent report of scientific men, who have investigated the powers of

gun cotton and gunpowder, states that the absence of fouling allows all the mechanism of a gun to have much more exactness than where allowance is made for fouling. The absence of smoke promotes rapid firing and exact aim. There are no poisonous gases, and the men suffer less inconvenience from firing. In a casemate, where ventilation was prevented, after fifteen rounds of powder, taking aim was impossible; and in forty-six rounds a gunner fell in convulsions, and the rest were stupefied. At fifty rounds in eighty minutes, firing was impossible with powder; while continuous firing with gun cotton was sustained for fifty rounds with perfect ease, and without any inconvenience. The fact of smaller recoil from a gun charged with gun cotton, is established by direct experiment. Its value is two-thirds of the recoil from gunpowder, the projectile effect being equal. The comparative advantage of gun cotton and gunpowder for procuring high velocities are shown in the following experiment with a Krupp's cast steel gun, six-pounder: Ordinary charge, 30 oz. powder, produced 1338 feet per second; charge of 18 1-2 oz. gun cotton produced 1563 feet. The fact of the recoil being less in the ratio of two to three, enables a less weight of gun to be employed, as well as a shorter gun. Bronze and cast-iron guns have been fired 1000 rounds without at all affecting the endurance of the gun.

Shells filled with gun cotton are broken into more than double the number of pieces than shells filled with gunpowder; and it has been noticed that the thicker and stronger the shell, the smaller and more numerous are the fragments into which it is broken. Gun cotton is a preparation produced by the action of diluted nitric acid and sulphuric acid upon cotton.

Perhaps, with the aid of gun cotton, we may be able to send a Parrott shell seven miles. Who knows? Our experiments with artillery are not yet ended.

KITCHEN GARDENS.

During the past summer and fall, the high price of vegetables has caused many people to open their eyes, look around, and estimate the value of a kitchen garden; and those who can command a few rods of land, or more, are determined, next spring, to raise as many vegetables as possible, and no longer be dependent upon middlemen, marketmen and speculators, for their usual supplies. The resolution is a good one, but we fear that it will not

be carried out; for so many months must elapse before spring, that those who are fiercest on the subject at the present time, will cool off before the ground thaws, thinking that they will give the marketmen one more trial, and see if they won't do better.

A few of our friends, however, have determined to devote some of their spare time to vegetable raising, and for this purpose they have already selected kitchen gardens, and will plant them in the spring. They may commence the work before them without a good understanding of the subject, and to such we give a little advice, taken from good authority on agricultural matters. It says that in preparing the ground, the first and an indispensable requisite, is perfect underdrainage. The ground may appear dry enough on the surface, but if on digging down two feet, water is found to settle in the bottom of the hole at a wet time, or in the spring of the year, the whole ground of this needs thorough underdraining. The drains should be at least twice as near each other as for common farming purposes, or they should be laid regularly not more than one rod apart. Those who esteem very early crops, will find this of great importance; for the soil will become warm in spring two or three weeks sooner than if filled with a surplus of cold water, which has to be slowly evaporated, carrying off a great deal of heat in the process. Manure is of little use if kept under water, and the best growth can only be secured by a warm, mellow soil, through which the air can pass.

Again, depth of soil is essential. Fine, well-grown roots cannot be raised in a shallow bed of earth with hardpan close beneath; and considerable depth is requisite for holding what would otherwise be a surplus of water in the form of natural moisture, to be furnished to roots during times of drought. The depth should not be less than eighteen inches. For common farmers, trenching by hand will be too expensive, but may be performed equally well by horse-labor, as no trees are to grow upon this land, but its whole energies given to the raising of vegetables. First plough as deep as practicable with a common plough, running the subsoil plough in the bottom of the furrow. This will not be deep enough the first time, and it may be necessary to repeat it two or three times, in order that the whole may be perfectly loosened up. Unless the subsoil is quite sterile, it will be best next to throw up the whole, or a large part, by means of trench ploughing. At the

same time, as much fine manure as can be thoroughly worked in, should be applied before each ploughing, whether it be with the common plough, the subsoiler, or the trench plough. By applying a moderate quantity at each time, it will become more perfectly intermixed than if a single heavy dressing is given, and this end will be still further facilitated by harrowing the manure before ploughing in.

Now you have full instructions. Ponder over them this winter, and in the spring stir the land, plant your seeds, and send us a specimen of your vegetables.

ENGLISH TRUFFLE HUNTERS.

Probably as soon as the harvest belonging to a truffle district is well in, and there is little to do at home, we shall see two or three of the laborers looking forward to, and preparing for a lengthened absence from home. Each man has his separate beat, which extends for long distances into the neighboring counties, and even in one instance as far as Somersetshire. On they trudge, day after day, through parks, shrubberies and woods. However privately and far from the beaten road the object of their search may grow, these truffleers have still the license to hunt, accompanied by their small well-trained truffle-dogs. For though these men are both clever and quick in fixing upon the likeliest situations for the growth of the truffle, they would never succeed in finding them unless they had the help of this peculiar breed of dogs. In order to explain how the dog is enabled to hunt for the vegetable, we must first point out its most striking peculiarity.

Reader, have you ever smelt an uncooked truffle? If you have, you will not require any description of what is so offensive; and if you have not, you may rest assured that "ignorance" is in this case "bliss."

This extraordinary odor is so powerful and so peculiar, that no imposition can be practised in providing this article of food. We can never forget, whilst living in a truffle district, the first time that three or four pounds were brought into the house. It was impossible to support their oppressive and pungent odor, which pervaded the whole house, and they had to be removed at once to a safe distance till the cook, by either boiling or stewing them into sauce, prevented its recurrence. For, strange to say, it is the raw truffles that offend in this way, and then only when ripe and fit to eat; the young ^{and}ripe

ones are hardly perceptible by smell. This peculiar *perfume*, imperceptible though it is to the human nose when growing beneath the soil, is yet scented out by the fine instinct of the truffer's dog. It is, therefore, for the purpose of hunting them out by their smell, that the truffer is accompanied everywhere by his dogs—or, rather, follows the little animals, as they generally run on before with their noses to the ground, as if after some game. Clever little dogs they are, of a peculiar breed, and trained from puppyhood to hunt the truffle out by the nose, and then to scratch it up with their long sharp claws. It is curious and interesting to watch the powers of nose possessed by these small dogs; how, directly they perceive the odor of the hidden truffle, they rush to the place straight as a dart, even at twenty yards' distance.

STRIVING AFTER YOUTH.

Women never make so great a mistake as when, in defiance of wrinkles, crow's feet, and increasing portliness of contour, they cling, as it were, to the skirts of youth, and refuse to be anything but girls of sixteen in manner, dress and position. Yet so many will do it; so very many, especially of those whom the fates ordain to remain single, think that to be admired, or even esteemed, they must keep below the charming equator of twenty, and never, on any account, own to being out of their teens. This is partly the fault of their masculine friends, who, being misled by white lies innumerable, never yet have seen any female over forty, and have a general impression that fifteen crowns woman's loveliness with perfection. Of course, to be neglected by the sterner sex is not to be thought of; and the older the frightened maiden finds herself growing, the more she thinks it necessary to trip and giggle, and the lower she has her corsage cut. At seventeen she looked grave when she felt grave, and laughed on the impulse of the moment; when weary, she walked slowly; when disposed to be silent, she held her tongue; but at thirty she simpers, lest people should think her youth fading; shivers in unsuitable costume, lest age should be supposed the cause of proper and comfortable clothing, and chatters and giggles continually, because that is her idea of juvenility.

REMEMBER.—Never listen to an infamous story handed you by a person who is known to be an enemy to the person he is delaming.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT SURNAMES.

In 1850, according to parliamentary returns, there were 415 applications made to the English House of Commons for change of names, and out of this number 398 permissions were granted. Some of these applications for change of name were on account of money, one of the conditions of inheritance being that the person who received the property of a deceased rich and proud man should assume his cognomen, for Englishmen feel more pride in their family names than Americans. Quite a number desired a change from Smith to St. John, from Brown to Percy, from Green to Howard, and, as will be seen, their wishes were granted, although it costs something to change a name by act of parliament. Some £50 are required if the change is made in compliance with a will, and £10 if the act is voluntary. This does not include the fees at the herald's office, where coats of arms are manufactured and altered. There they make a rich man bleed, and if he has pride, he has to pay for pampering it.

Some of the surnames of England are as peculiar as those found in New York and Boston; so we don't blame their owners for asking for a change. For instance, we see in a late paper, published in Great Britain, such surnames as Cutlove, Popkins, Steptoe, Gollightly, Akeinside, Twopenny, Coward, Cramp, Badham, Pudding, Shin, Bone, Bucktooth, Thunder, Sehlrome, Leatherhead, Gotobed, Going and Gone. The two latter should be auctioneers, and they would make an attractive firm.

We don't blame men, with such names as Leatherhead and Cheetum, for changing. Who would want to do business with a firm thus named? We should always entertain a lively suspicion that the dealings of Mr. Cheetum were suggestive of the name, or that Mr. Leatherhead was too much of a dunce to take an order, or give one.

We once heard of a legal firm named J. Catchem and L. Cheatem, and it is said that they did a thriving business; but we should not suppose that a man would be caught or cheated more than once, especially by lawyers.

In some parts of England, as well as in this country, people are better known by their nicknames than by their surnames. A stranger visited a certain neighborhood, in England, and asked for a Mr. Adam Green. The woman of whom he inquired didn't know any such man. She called to half a dozen persons, addressing them as Buttthead, Liabed,

Stumpy, Conke, Fuddlehead and Cockge, but none of them knew Mr. Adam Green, or ever heard of him; and just as the stranger was turning away, to pursue his investigations at another house, the woman suddenly exclaimed: "Why, dash my vig! but you must mean my feyther! You should have axed for Old Blunderhead, and then I should know who you meant."

The affection of some of the English children for their parents, is something remarkable. The above anecdote is a specimen, and with it we leave the subject of surnames.

PURCHASING COLORED GOODS.

When a purchaser has for a considerable time looked at a yellow fabric, and is then shown an orange or scarlet piece of goods, it is liable to be taken for a crimson; for there is a tendency in the retina, excited by yellow, to see violet. The left eye having seen red during a certain time, has an aptitude to see in succession green, the complementary to red. If it then looks at a yellow, it perceives an impression resulting from the mixture of green and yellow. The left eye being closed, and the right, which has not been affected by the sight of red, remaining open, it sees yellow, and it is also possible that the yellow will appear more orange than it really is.

If there is presented to a buyer, one after another, fourteen pieces of red stuff, he will consider the last six or seven less beautiful than those first seen, although the pieces be identically the same. What is the cause of this error of judgment? It is that the eyes having seen seven or eight pieces in succession, are in the same condition as if they had regarded fixedly, during the same period of time, a single piece of red stuff; they have then a tendency to see the complementary of red, that is to say, green. This tendency goes, of necessity, to enfeeble the brilliancy of the red of the pieces seen later. In order that the merchant may not be a sufferer by this fatigue of the eyes of his customers, he must take care after having shown the latter seven pieces of red, to present to him some pieces of green stuff, to restore the eyes to their normal state. If the sight of the green be sufficiently prolonged to exceed the normal state, the eyes will acquire a tendency to see red; then the last seven red pieces will appear more beautiful than the others.

A WARNING.—It is said that the people who dine on coll steak are subject to night-mare.

Facts and Fancies.

A RAW RECRUIT.

Patrick Mooney, writes an army correspondent, was conscripted; consequently, Patrick does not know as much as he should, and not as much as he would have known had he received \$300 bounty. He is up to all kinds of innocent pranks—as, for instance, in drilling, if the sergeant gives the word, "Squad, to the left face!" Mooney would immediately say, "Aizy, now, is that it?" and try some manœuvre of his own, much to the amusement of the remainder of the squad. The sergeant was an old drill-master, with a fair amount of patience, but was fairly put out by Mooney. I shall give the scene as it occurred. The squad was in open file, learning the foot-drill.

"Squad," said the sergeant, "when I say 'To the left face,' you advance the right foot to the hollow of the left."

"Aizy, now," said Mooney, "the hollow o' me left."

"Silence, sir! You must not talk in the ranks."

"Be jabbers! aint I thrying to do it?" said Mooney, looking at his feet, and shuffling them about.

"If you speak another word, I shall send you to the guard-room."

"Divil doubt yez—I don't."

"Now, squad," said the sergeant, pretending not to hear, "look to your front, and mind what I say."

"In coorse, in coorse—mind fot he sez," said Mooney.

The squad all laugh.

"I'll be hanged if I stand this any longer!" cried the sergeant. "Corporal Smith, take Mooney to the guard-room."

"Is it me? O holy Moses, listen to that!" said Mooney.

The corporal marches up two men, one on each side of Mooney, and exclaims:

"Escort and prisoner, quick march!"

The escort steps off, Mooney stands still—then the escort stops.

"Didn't you hear me give the word? Why didn't you move?" said the corporal, addressing Mooney.

"Is it me, ye mane?" cried Mooney, in astonishment.

"Yes, you are a prisoner."

"For fot?"

"Never mind; you must go to the guard-room."

"O mother o' Moses, listen to this!"

"Corporal Smith, take that man off at once!" shouted the sergeant.

"Fot'l he be after taking me for?"

"Escort, take that man, if he wont move when I give the word," said the corporal.

"Now, corporal, jewel, listen to me."

"Escort and prisoner, quick march!"

Mooney does not move, and the escort takes hold

of him. He looks first at one, then at the other, as they pull or push him along, giving utterance to such sentences as "Bad manners to yez!—what are ye at wid me?—meely murther, here's threatment!—leave go o' me, ye spalpeens!—and is it for this I come a sojerin'?" etc. At last they got him to the guard-room, and order is once more restored.

A charge is then sent to the orderly room against Mooney for talking in the ranks, and continuing to do so when repeatedly ordered not. The colonel goes to the orderly room, attended by a captain or some officer of each company, to "way the prisoners off," i. e., to award them punishment according to their offences. The prisoners are marched up from the guard-room, and Mooney is called in.

After reading the crime, the colonel looks at Mooney, and says:

"Well, sir, what do you mean by such conduct as this?"

"As fot, sir?"

"Why, talking in the ranks, and continuing to do so when told not."

"Is it me, ye mane? Well, may I niver!" said Mooney, in astonishment.

"Silence, sir! Do you think the sergeant would send in a false charge against you?" exclaimed the adjutant.

"Troth, I dare say he would."

"Silence, sir! Keep your hands back!" shouted the sergeant-major.

"Is it me hands? Och, thin, if it'll plaze yez, I'll do that same."

"Why, the fellow can't let a word pass without replying to it," said a captain, addressing the colonel.

"Troth, thin, it's none o' your bisness, anyway, and your masther sitting forminst yez," exclaimed Mooney, looking at the captain.

A roar of laughter comes from all the officers except the captain, who looks fiercely at Mooney.

"Well, sir," said the colonel, recovering himself, and addressing Mooney, "I shall send you to the black hole for twenty-four hours; then, perhaps, you'll learn to keep your tongue quiet."

"Aizy, colonel, you haven't heard me defince."

The colonel, taking no notice of him, writes on the charge.

"Right about face!" said the sergeant-major, addressing Mooney.

"And is it punishin' me, yez are, widout a chance to defend meself? Troth, thin, if that's your justis, I'll bring yez all to coort, and I'll have Father McLaughlin to defend!" said Mooney, not heeding the order.

Mooney was dragged to the guard-house again, and had to undergo his sentence, but he is as stupid as ever, or pretends to be.

A young man advertises for a place as salesman, and says he has had a great deal of experience, having been discharged from seven different stores within a year.

A CASE OF CHOLERA.

Many years ago, when the cholera made its first appearance in Boston, one Sunday morning a fat, roguish-looking man entered a barber's shop, on Washington street, and after a brief survey of the crowd who were awaiting a chance for a shave, took a seat. After remaining quiet for a moment, the fat man asked:

"How far is it to a doctor's office?"

"Just across the way," replied one of the boys.

"I feel bad," said he; and at the same time a spasm took him, and his hands clenched, and his legs drew him up in a perfect ball, and he rolled off on the floor.

"That's a cholera case!" said one, and he took his hat and left. This was the signal, and all followed suit, except those undergoing the shaving operation.

The spasm seemed to subside; the stranger's arms and legs stretched out at full length, and the patient lay prostrate on his back.

"Wipe off the lather," said the lean man, next the door, "I'll come in again. I can't stop now."

Just then another spasm took the stranger, and by some strange movement he bounced upon the sofa without any apparent effort, flat on his back, as he was laying on the floor. He rolled up in a ball again, and rolled backward and forward on the sofa in a style that would have done credit to a circus man.

This was a finisher. Those that were shaved left, and not shaved hadn't time to stay; the boys looked at each other in astonishment. The cholera subject uncoiled himself, and asked them if his time had come, when he took his seat and had a good shave.

"What's the charge?" asked the stranger.

"Nothing," said the barber, "if you will leave your name."

A CAUTIOUS NEGRO.

Last summer, when it was expected that the enemy would make a fierce demonstration upon our lines, near the Rappahannock, the army was formed in line of battle, and not a word could be heard from the soldiery; but there was a negro who kept running from one little point of hill to another, apparently in a state of great excitement. He finally laid himself flat on his face, at full-length, and commenced working himself into the soft mud with a good deal of energy. On being asked what he was about, he replied:

"I is 'fraid some ob dem ere copper balls will put a stop to my drawin' my rashuns."

"Why, then," asked the party speaking to him, "don't you get up and fight them?"

"No, sir-ee!" he said, "dat's my massa's part ob de bizness. He done been to Wes-pint, where dey makes fightin' people to learn dat, and you don't catch dis nigger meddlin' hesef wid odef people's bizness. My massa does de fightin', an' I waits on

him an' nusses him. If he gets wounded, we gets promoted."

"You get promoted! What good will his promotion do you?" inquired the individual.

"O Lor' hab mercy! Dat question is been settled long time ago in dese parts down here. A colored gemman what waits on a kurnel always outranks one dat waits on a capten; an' de way we colored gemmen reg'lars make dese volunteer niggers squat is a caution to white folks."

That contraband will take care of himself during the war.

SHIRTS VS. POLITICS.

A correspondent, who lives in the "far West," writes that a defeated candidate for a public office recently addressed a meeting, and thus refuted some of the charges which had been brought against him. He said:

"I understand my opponent spoke of me personally, and not politically—he says that he and myself were college-mates together, and goes back into particulars. He says, as I understand, that when at college, I never changed my shirts, but as one became unclean, instead of taking it off, I placed a clean one over it; and also that his recollection furnishes him with the following facts, viz., that when I returned from college, upon one occasion, my mother ordered me to unshirt myself, when, to her astonishment, I doffed at one shucking thirteen shirts, the one on the other. This calumny I deny, and challenge the gentleman to the proof."

He then confesses to wearing seven shirts at once, and gives the following explanation:

"But I will here inform the gentleman that I never had on at any one time more than seven shirts—and I adopted it as an economical way of wearing my shirts in my youthful days, to save the expense of washing, while I was off from home at college; and also I will say to the honorable gentleman who is my honorable competitor, that at the time of which he speaks, I know of my own certain knowledge that he himself was quite scarce of shirts, and I adopted the plan to preserve my own shirts from the use of other people."

As for thirteen shirts, he declares that there is not a man in the country who ever had so many.

MISERIES OF A BRIDEGROOM.

The editor of a country paper had been absent for a few weeks, and during that time a drunken compositor had been employed half a day, but he had made so many blunders, that it was not deemed advisable to endure his presence any longer. One day after the editor's return, he was seated in his office, writing a "crusher" against a political opponent, when the door was flung violently open, and a stranger rushed in, bearing in one hand a copy of the Grabbtown Clarion, and in the other a huge family umbrella, a *la* battering ram.

Stranger (ferociously)—“You’re the editor, eh?”
Editor (blandly)—“Sometimes, sir. Take a seat.”

Stranger—“I’m from Goshen—a respectable attorney, sir. Don’t stir, sir (shaking the umbrella menacingly); you shall hear me through, sir, and then (drawing himself out an inch), depend, sir, depend confidently upon a flogging! I am just married, sir—not a fortnight since—and on the happy day (here the umbrella quivered sympathetically), I forwarded you a notice of the same. Though I have hitherto been above poetry, thank Heaven, I added in a moment of weakness an humble verse of my own composition, fitting, I thought, to the occasion. Here’s the correct version, sir” (repeats from memory):

MARRIED—In Goshen, July 4th, A. Conkey, Esq., to Miss Euphemia Wiggins.

Love is the union of two hearts,
 That beat in softest melody;
 Time with its ravages imparts
 No bitter fusion to its ecstasy.

“Not much—still poetry, still rhyme. Next week I got your paper, carried it to my Euphemia; we opened it and turned our eyes together to the marriage list. Blood and thunder! what do we see? An abusive, atrocious—but no, sir, I am cool (umbrella giving the lie in every rib), I am cool, sir. Here’s your infernal sheet. Hear what it says, sir, and tremble.” (Opens the paper and reads:)

MARRIED—At Goshen, July 4th, A. Donkey, Esq., to Miss Euphemia Piggins.

Jove is an onion of two heads,
 That beet is soft and mellow;
 Time with its cabbages in carts,
 No better feedin to an extra pay.

“What do you think of that, sir? (umbrella raised.) *Donkey*, eh? *Piggins*, is it? *My* poetry, eh? It has unnerved me—driven me mad. I can’t take a walk, but that the small boys—mere infants, sir—ring the hideous chord in my ears. Some scoundrel has altered the name on my sign to suit your cursed orthography. Don’t apologize—I won’t listen to anything. My house, just painted, is scrawled over by horrid portraits and emblems, and all owing to you. You’re cornered, sir; don’t move, on your life! You, the destroyer of my happiness, my life, my Euphemia—”

With that fond name, the last string of moderation snapped. He advanced a step, struck an attitude, and then the editor—we almost had said. But no; just as the family umbrella was midway in the blow, the door opened, and some visitors entered. The injured man hesitated. Here were witnesses. Visions of an action for assault and battery, with big damages and costs, rose in his mind, and the umbrella dropped harmless to the floor. The lawyer triumphed over the man. He turned on his heel, and strode out of the room, muttering as he

went, “Failed this time—one thing left—libel law—catch it.”

Our editor, accustomed to such scenes, soon collects his thoughts, and returns with zeal freshened and scalpel whetted by the little incident, to the dissection of Hon. Jeremiah Jones, whose *disjecta membra* were, before another sunrise, to be scattered over three columns and a half of pica.

PREDESTINATION.

In flush times, when the Mississippi River was covered with steamboats, the captain of one of them asked a clergyman who happened to be travelling with him:

“Do you believe in predestination?”

“Of course I do.”

“And you also believe that what is to be will be?”

“Certainly.”

“Well, I’m glad to hear it.”

“Why?”

“Because I intend to pass that boat ahead in fifteen consecutive minutes, if there be any virtue in pine-knots and loaded safety valves. So don’t be alarmed, for if the boiler aint to burst, then it wont.”

Here the divine began putting on his hat, and looked very much like backing out, which the captain observing, he said:

“I thought you believed in predestination, and what is to be will be?”

“So I do, but I prefer being a little nearer the stern when it takes place.”

Steam was crowded on, but an explosion did not take place, although the rival was passed.

GOING THE WHOLE HOG.

Little Nannie, four years old, made her appearance in the breakfast room one morning unwashed and unkempt, and no argument could induce her to complete her toilet. Her mother expatiated on the enormity of such conduct, and forbade her coming to the table; but we gravely remarked, that it wasn’t of any consequence about Nannie’s being clean—“Kittens and nice little girls washed their faces, but pigs never did. It was just as well.” Nannie listened with “meek, attentive face,” but with eyes that did not express perfect complacency, to this porcine suggestion, took the plate which her mother handed her, carried it to a corner, placed it on a chair, and breakfasted in the most expeditious manner. Then, catching up her sun-bonnet, she hurried to the outside door, remarking, as she reached it:

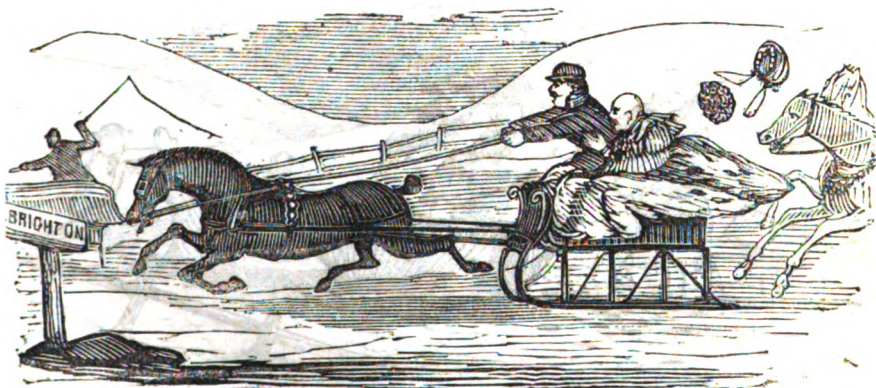
“Now, I guess I’ll go out and root a little while!”

Sometimes a girl says no to an offer, when it is as plain as the nose on her face that she means yes. The best way to judge whether she is in earnest or not, is to look straight into her eyes, and never mind her noes.

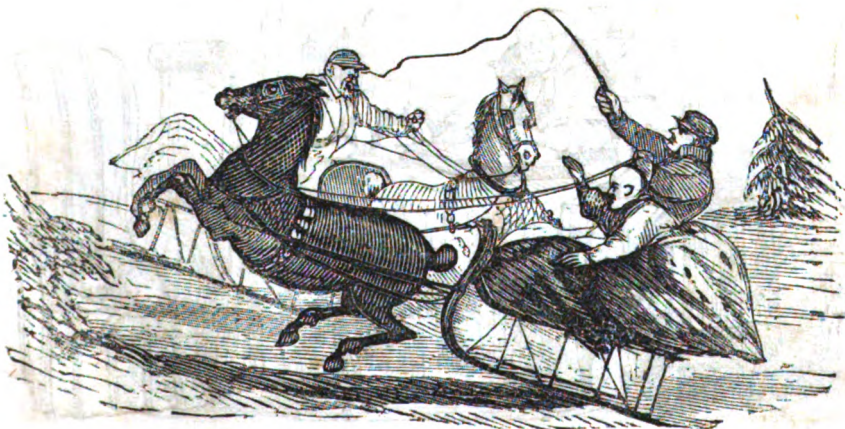
The Manner in which Young Rackett lost a Fortune.



Young Rackett invites a rich maiden aunt to take a sleigh-ride.



Scene on the Brighton road. Young Rackett bound to lead.

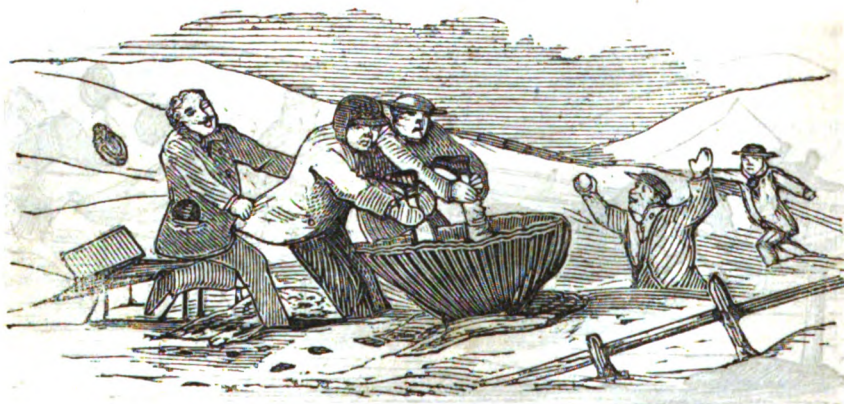


The result of *spirited* driving. A collision.

THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Extraordinary position of maiden aunt after the collision.



Young Rackett lends his feeble aid to extricate his aunt.



Rich aunt makes a new will, and leaves all her property for the benefit of her cats. Young Rackett cut off with a shilling.

THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX.—No. 2.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1864.

WHOLE No. 110.

THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN.

The readers of the DOLLAR MONTHLY, by the aid of the excellent engraving on this page, can study the features of a young gentleman who has already created a sensation, not so much on account of the position which he now occupies, high and important as it is, but because, through the aid of that master of diplomacy, Louis Napoleon, he has been called to the throne of Mexico, and in all probability we shall have him for a near neighbor,

but for what length of time remains to be seen.

The Austrian Archduke Maximilian is no stranger to us, and, from all that we can learn, we might have a worse neighbor than he is likely to prove, for he is represented as exceedingly friendly to the United States, progressive, liberal, and anxious to give the Mexican people a constitutional government, to rule them with a spirit of kindness and compel all uneasy and revolutionary chieftains



THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN, EMPEROR ELECT OF MEXICO.

to pay obedience to the laws; but while this is admitted, we must not forget Maximilian is a stranger to the Mexicans, that the throne was offered to him through the machinations of Napoleon, and if he ever ascends it a guard of French troops will have to stand between him and the Mexican people, who contend that they can settle their own domestic quarrels without the aid of foreign interference. We recognize the same doctrine, and hurl fierce defiance at the heads of those who believe differently from ourselves. But the Mexicans are weak and we are powerful, which makes a material difference with foreign powers. But the throne of Mexico is a tempting offer enough, and a young and inexperienced prince might see in such a gift the vision of future greatness and the establishment of a powerful dynasty; the Austrian archduke might, indeed, dream of founding an empire which should give him a place in the world's history superior even to that of his brother; but he is not wanting in the experience which should come with maturity, and has the benefit of the counsels of some of the wisest old heads to guide his course. Maximilian is the brother of the Emperor of Austria, and was born on the 6th of July, 1832, so that he is now thirty-one years of age. He is a vice-admiral, a member of the admiralty council, commandant of the Austrian navy, proprietor of the 8th regiment of Austrian lancers, and head of the 3d Prussian regiment of the Neumark dragoons. He married, on the 27th of July, 1857, the daughter of the King of the Belgians. The Archduke Maximilian was governor-general of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom until 1850. A delegation of the Mexican notables has waited upon the prince, and tendered him the throne, and it was accepted upon certain conditions, none of them of such a grave nature as to prevent the French emperor from guaranteeing all that is asked for, provided Napoleon is in earnest in wishing to place the Austrian prince on the throne. The man who pins his faith upon Louis Napoleon is liable to be deceived, but time will tell its own story, and bring forth wonderful events; yet we can't help thinking Maximilian rather weak to leave his pleasant home, located about three miles from Trieste. It is on a promontory running out into the sea. The building is in Gothic style, and its proportions are immense. The archduke had the chateau built some years ago, and gave it the name it bears, which in the Spanish language signifies "Look at the sea." The

prince has there magnificent collections of natural history, which he either procured during his different voyages, or which have been brought or sent him by officers of the Austrian navy. The prince is intimately acquainted with the Spanish, and, like his brother, the Emperor of Austria, speaks seven languages. The park of Miramar is the principal promenade of the inhabitants of Trieste, and on Sundays and fete days they flock thither in crowds. The apartments, the picture galleries, and the collections of natural history are kindly opened to visitors. The prince and princess do much good in the country, where they have acquired the love and esteem of the inhabitants. The beauty of the duchess is said to be something wonderful, and the notables were amazed and entranced with it, and on leaving her presence, one of them declared that "the very sight of this incomparable princess would be worth to her august husband an army of forty thousand men, and there was not a single Juarez who, at the aspect of the Archduchess Charlotte, would not become an enthusiastic imperialist." With such a pleasant home and handsome wife, a man must be very ambitious to look for glory in a strange country, and in the midst of a sickle people.

FOOD OF THE RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

Practice and native shrewdness had long ago taught the Russian peasant the importance of large quantities of soft carbon being taken into his animal system; important against the cold of that climate, and still more important as a corrective of the large quantity of plain bread he delights to consume; three pounds a day generally, and five pounds during harvest, over and above his *kasha*, or boiled millet, eggs, milk, salted cucumber, mushrooms, cabbage, and not unfrequently supplies of beef. The sort of bread he prefers is rye, and prefers it for the same reason that the acute Scottish plowman clings to his oaten cake, and discerned long before the days of Liebig that it was chemically more strengthening to muscular fibre than expensive wheaten flour. So here, having his dear "black" bread, as well as most other articles of his food, fried up in abundance of rich linseed oil, or on high days and holidays with sunflower oil, the hardy denizen of the woods of Archangel, or the roamer over the steppes of Tamboy, is able to prosecute his work through all seasons of the year in spite of even Siberian weather.

MARKET SCENE AT VALPARAISO.

For climate, rich fruits and an easy life, commend us to the vicinity of Valparaiso, the principal city of Chili, a republic that

main so. The engraving on this page was sketched from life, and faithfully represents some of the peculiar dresses of the Chilian, male and female. The distinguishing feature

MARKET SCENE AT VALPARAISO, CHILI.



was established where much blood had been shed, and after witnessing many internal dissensions. At the present time, however, Chili is happy and prosperous, and long may it re-

of their apparel is the poncho, or short cloak. It is common to men and women of all classes. The two men in our picture both wear the poncho. The word in Spanish signifies "idle."

The poncho is square, three ells long and two ells wide, with a hole in the centre large enough to put the head through. It is all of a piece, and has neither sleeves nor button-holes. Designed to come over the shoulders and the upper part of the body, it serves as a cloak during the day, and a coverlet at night. The Araucanian ponchos are considered the best. The women make them, the wool of the guanaco furnishing the material. The manufacture of a stylish poncho occupies a woman two years, and will bring a hundred dollars. One of the Chillians in our engraving holds a lasso in his right hand. On his head he wears, like his comrade, a kerchief, negligently tied, and both have hats in which the form of the Spanish *sombrero* is blended with that of an Araucanian sugar-loaf. The other parts of their costume exhibit the same mixture; short breeches, or rather drawers (*calzoneras*), of white stuff, gaiters, or leggings of serge, hide sandals (*ajotes*), and a spur with an enormous rowel on the heel. The man with the long stick in his right hand, is undoubtedly a peon. Descended from the old Spanish shepherds, the peons have charge of numberless flocks in the desert plains of Chili, Tucuman and Paraguay. They sleep on an ox hide, feed only on half raw beef, and drink out of a horse's skull, or a bull's horn. They serve also as guides to travellers crossing the Andes. Nothing is more curious than to see them descend from the mountains. Seated on an ox hide, of which they grasp the lower extremity, they slide with the speed of arrows down the snowy slopes of the Cordilleras, and have no other means of steering but their long canes. The scene of our engraving is of a pacific character—a market scene. Of the three seated women, two sell shoes; the third is listening to the gossip of the two Chilian men opposite to her, and leaning against the wall for their support; and she does not despair to see them interrupt their chat to make acquaintance with certain bottles, the long necks of which seem to invite the hand of the toper. The Chilian wines are generally sugared, and leave a roughness in the palate. The best is that which is made from the vines grown along the Itala River. A great quantity of this is exported to Peru. In the middle distance are two young girls, whose costumes, at once simple and elegant, scarcely remind you of the little ponchos, the black hats adorned with feathers, and the close fitting skirts worn by women in other parts of Chili.

THE STAG-BEETLE.

The stag-beetle is in color a dark chestnut shading into black; the males are two inches long, longer and with larger mandibles than the females—in direct contrast to birds of prey, where the female is generally the finer animal. On the ground their movements are sluggish; but when they open their *clytra*, or wing-cases, and spread out the wings of fine tissue so neatly folded under them, to the span of a couple of inches or more, they can fly very strongly. Several of them seen thus hovering over a bunch of foliage are sufficiently impressive, and help us to realize what must be the appearance of such tropical monsters as the grotesque but rare "*Goliathus magnus*" beetle, a specimen of which, found floating dead in the Gaboon River, may be seen in the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow.

If captured and kindly treated, stag-beetles are said to become tame in a very short time, and to display amusing traits of destructiveness on anything which falls in their way. Their mandibles are very powerful, strong enough to raise up a tumbler when placed under it. As the habits of larger animals are discerned by a glance at their teeth, the huge jaws of the stag-beetle direct us at once to his manner of life. By their aid they pierce and tear leaves or the bark of trees, and so get at the sap and juices underneath. The damage this causes to plantations is not so extensive as might at first sight be imagined. At the approach of cold weather they dig a hole in the earth, and pass the winter in seclusion; thus their ravages are not continuous, unlike those of the *Scolytus destructor*, which have proved so fatal to the trees of the Boulevards at Paris, and the elms at St. Giles's at Oxford. Owls also keep down the numbers of the stag-beetle, and they form the favorite food of the great shrike.

MARTYRDOM.

He that dies a martyr, proves that he was not a knave, but by no means that he was not a fool; since the most absurd doctrines are not without such evidence as martyrdom can produce. A martyr, therefore, by a mere act of suffering, can prove nothing but his own faith. If, as was the case with the primitive Christian martyrs, it should clearly appear that the sufferer could not have been himself deceived, then, indeed, the evidence rises high, because the act of martyrdom absolves him from the charge of willfully deceiving others.

THE MOORUK.

Our natural history illustrations have proved so popular, particularly in family circles, where they aid in developing the spirit of inquiry among the young, that we shall continue

study of natural history in all its branches. This study not only stores the mind with varied and useful information, but, if properly pursued, improves the taste, elevates the affections, and brings the whole nature in con-



THE MOORUK, A NEW SPECIMEN OF BIRD.

from time to time to publish pictures of rare animals and birds, whenever we can obtain authentic drawings of them. For young persons, we know of no branch of science so instructive and elevating in its tendencies as the

tact with healthful influences, which prove a safeguard amidst the many temptations incident to youth. The only specimen of the "Mooruk," of which a correct representation is published on this page, to be found in Eu-

rope, has recently been added to the collection of birds in the famous Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, London. Sometime ago a small schooner, commanded by Captain Devlin, who makes annual trips to New Britain from Sydney, brought into port a bird of the ostrich family, which created a sensation there, and was ultimately purchased by Dr. Bennett, well known for his scientific attainments, and the liberal assistance which he has always afforded towards the progress of natural science in Australia. The natives of New Britain distinguish this bird by the name of "mooruk," derived, as native names frequently are, from its note. The "mooruk" had been known to Captain Devlin as an inhabitant of New Britain for three or four years, and he has made two previous attempts to bring a living specimen of it to Sydney without success. Dr. Bennett, having become the possessor of this bird, and well knowing the attention it would excite in England, determined to present it to the Zoological Society, with which he has long been connected as a corresponding member. Hundreds of persons now visit the park daily to get a sight of this rare bird.

A RUSSIAN BATH.

Having heard in England and Germany no end of yarns about the Russian mode of bathing—which, by the way, I had always looked upon as a sort of traveller's story—and being told that, as this was Saturday, I might see this bathing with my own eyes, I determined to do so; so having enlisted the gentlemen for the interesting expedition and exhibition, we betook ourselves in the evening to a sunny spot on the river's side to see what was to be seen. Four wooden huts were pointed out on the opposite side of the river, about two hundred yards up its bank, distinguishable from the other houses of the village principally by the marks of smoke over their entrance doors. Three of these huts were used by the men, and the other by the women. In them they lie down on a sort of wooden platform, close to, and some part of it over a large oven, which is made nearly red hot, and upon and into which pails of cold water are from time to time thrown. The steam is thus got up to a considerable extent, and the heat of course becomes very great. I subsequently tried one of these affairs, and found it impossible to remain much more than a minute. The peasants, however, endure the process for some twelve or fifteen minutes, striking themselves

all the time with small branches of trees or shrubs, and rubbing, or rather scrubbing, their bodies with what they call *Machalka*. This is made from the inner bark of the birch trees, cut up and shredded, and looking not unlike so much string; not that it feels like it, however, for its firmer quality gives it a scratching power, which effectually cleans the skin, and makes it tingle again. Having used this for a time, they pass their hands over their limbs, peeling away, as it was described to me, the outer skin, by which I suppose is meant the accumulated impurities. After they had been in these huts some twenty minutes, we saw the men, and the women too, running down the bank of the river, into which they threw themselves, remaining in the water about three minutes.

MORAL STATISTICS OF LONDON.

The city of London now covers an area of 120 square miles, and contains a population of about three million souls. It is stated in a late report of the Registrar General that its population has increased since 1860, at the rate of 1000 per week. It far surpasses any other city on the face of the earth in wealth, and, alas—it must also be added—in human misery also. The Registrar-General records the lamentable fact that one in six of those who leave the world die in the public institutions—workhouses, hospitals, asylums or prisons. Nearly one in eleven of the deaths is in the workhouse. Every sixth person dies a pauper or a criminal! And how great a number barely manage to escape this fate. The severe competition for subsistence and wealth which characterizes London life is a terrible ordeal for any human being to pass through.

Cities are centres of great temptations, in which many persons sink every year from wealth to poverty, by a love of display beyond their incomes. Others again are tempted still deeper, and forsake the paths of virtue for those of vice. It is related that of the 8000 convicts in institutions near London, 1000 were born in affluence, and had received a classical education. Allured by the vices of gambling in attending sportive scenes, they squandered their patrimony; and being tempted, committed crime, thus sinking to the degraded condition of felons. London has always been an alluring city to provincial youth. Goldsmith declared that in his day thousands died there yearly from broken hearts, stricken by poverty; and to-day similar scenes are witnessed and like sorrows experienced there.

SWISS AND ITALIAN RIFLEMEN.

The sharpshooters of Switzerland have enjoyed a reputation, from the days of William Tell to the present time, second only to our own far-famed hunters of Kentucky and Vermont, while the riflemen of Italy, not so noted, are just beginning to form companies, and practise with a weapon which, in the hands of a man with a true eye and steady nerves, can inflict most terrible punishment upon an enemy.

On this and the following page, we publish engravings representing groups of Swiss and Italian riflemen, as they appeared at the National Shooting-Match, some few weeks since, in the little town of Chaux de Fonds, near

have been disturbed, and the enthusiasm consequent on the great shooting-match has made a long holiday for the people, who felt the keenest interest in the contest.

"The present assembly of marksmen has been more important than usual, and that is saying a great deal, since these meetings are jealously preserved as national fetes, and there was a determination to uphold the Swiss reputation against the success of the competitors at the Italian shooting-match, which had only just concluded.

On the first day of the meeting, the town presented the appearance of one vast bouquet, so plentiful were the decorations of flowers, flags and ribbons, interspersed with masses of



SWISS RIFLEMEN.

Neufchatel, Switzerland, when competitors from all the neighboring towns were invited. A correspondent, who was present, but took no part in the match, writes as follows respecting it:

"The little town of Chaux de Fonds, near Neufchatel, has been completely roused, and made wildly dissipated by the National Rifle-match, of which it has been the chosen locality. Under ordinary circumstances, its 9000 inhabitants are busy enough at their great trade of watchmaking—for it is the principal seat of this manufacture in the canton; and this place, with its scattered houses dotted over that wild valley in the Jura mountains, is a complete hive of industry. For once, however, its steady-going workday pursuits

green boughs brought from the neighboring forests; and the shields bearing the arms of the twenty-two cantons, marked the occasion with an air of nationality. The meeting-ground occupied a space at the end of the street Leopold Robert (so called in compliment to the great painter of Chaux de Fonds), the shooting-stand extending in a parallel line with the canteen, the former building being ornamented with a trophy of arms suggesting the victories of the Swiss nation.

"The canteen was an immense structure, capable of accommodating about 4000 of the hardy sons of Helvetia and their friends, who went there for refreshment. The interior of this building was sufficiently imposing; for, at the north window, an immense transpa-

rency represented the monument of Winkelried, and facing this, at the other extremity of the room, stood the William Tell of the Ledeshalle, presented by the riflemen of Frankfort to their Swiss comrades. Around the walls the shields of the cantons were framed in evergreens. Outside the principal entrance was displayed a fine painting, by M. Jenny Soleure, representing the junction of Neufchatel with the Swiss Confederation. In the space between the stand and the canteen was raised the pavilion, where the prizes were displayed. A polygonal building, surrounded with windows, and containing the coveted rewards, of which the principal were a silver candelabra, a crystal carafe, ornamented with

came very near winning one of the best prizes."

Would it not be a good thing, if those who remained at home, while brave men are fighting our battles in the field, formed rifle companies, and instituted prizes for the best marksmen? We think that such a course should be adopted, and the quicker the better; for at the commencement of the present war the North lost ground, just because its men had neglected all military duties. We must awaken to the importance of discipline, and teach our children that to carry arms is honorable. The maxim of Washington was a sagacious one, "In time of peace prepare for war."



ITALIAN RIFLEMEN.

silver flowers, and a silver cup and stand, presented by the Carbineers of Frankfort; silver ingots, to the value of 2800 francs, from the Swiss residents at Shanghai, and numerous specimens of plate, arms and jewels, with a host of watches and purses of money.

"The match, which lasted during the whole week, was commenced with great ceremony, and all the neighboring villages, as far as the town of Neufchatel, were insufficient to afford accommodation for lodging the visitors, for the holiday-makers were not composed entirely of the successors of William Tell and their friends, since Germans and Italians came to the competition.

"Several ladies were amongst the competitors; and one of them, a fair German dame,

A KNOWING FATHER.

A little boy of three summers had gone to bed with his parents, tired, cross and crying, from romping of the day, and on into the night kept up his peevishness, until the father was satisfied that the difficulty had degenerated into sheer ill nature. Having exhausted moral suasion, he gave the youngster a thorough slapping. The little fellow lay sobbing a few moments, and then turning to his father and throwing his arm about his father's neck, he said, in a new found tone of cheerfulness, "Pa, you do know what's good for me, don't you?"

All we perceive, understand, will, love and practise, is our own; but nothing else.



THE SQUIRREL.

[ORIGINAL.]

It was Atle, of Vermeland,
In winter used to go
A-hunting up in the pine forest,
With snow-shoes, sledge and bow.

Soon his sledge with the soft fine furs
Was heaped up heavily,
Enough to warm Old Winter with:
And a wealthy man was he.

Just as he was going back home,
He looked up into a tree;
There sat a merry brown squirrel, that seemed
To say, "You can't shoot me."

He twinkled all over temptingly,
To the tip of his tail a-curl;
His humor was arch as the look may be
Of some would-be-wood sweet girl

That makes the lover follow her, follow her
With his heart up-caught,
Until it floats on sleeping wings,
High in the heaven of thought.

Atle left his sledge and his furs,
All day his arrows sung,
But the squirrel leapt from bough to bough,
Only himself they stung.

He hunted far in the dark forest
Till died the last day-gleams,
Then wearily laid him down to rest,
And hunted it through his dreams.

All night long the snow covered fast
His sledge and its snug fur store;
Long, long did he strain his eyes,
But never found them more.

Home came Atle, of Vermeland—
No squirrel, no furs for the mart;
Empty head, brought empty hand,
Both, a very full heart.

Many a one hunts the squirrel
For merry or mournful truth,
Until the gathering snows of age
Cover the treasures of youth.

Deeper into the forest dark
The squirrel will dance all day,
Till eyes grow blind and miss their mark,
And hearts will lose their way.

My darling, should you ever espy
This squirrel in the tree,
With a dancing devil in its eye,
Just let the squirrel be!

JAPANESE SPORTING.

We begin to understand the Japanese, and to comprehend some of the peculiar laws which govern that land, where every other man is a spy, and the princes and the tycoon are ever at variance, jealous of each other and of foreigners, quick-witted, treacherous, but brave as compared to the Chinese, whom they resemble in some respects.

But as far as pleasures are concerned, man is the same in all countries; therefore it is nothing surprising to find that the Japanese princes, when outside of the capital, where they live in honorable captivity six months in the year, follow the sports of the field with as much zeal as any civilized Christian, as the engraving on page 99 represents in a striking manner. Unfortunately for them, however, the opportunities are wanting for following them up to the same extent, for the islands are nearly destitute of four-footed game, and the sport there is confined to birds. The Japanese sportsman is debarred the use of a fowling-piece, and compelled to resort to the primitive bow and arrows. However, though these weapons might excite as much scorn in a well-equipped Yankee sportsman as the same weapons in the hands of the Highlanders did in those of the redoubtable Captain Dugald Dongetty, yet their execution is not to be despised, as we learn they have attained such proficiency with them as seldom to miss their aim. A representation of a party of sportsmen with their beaters in the jungle, will convey to our readers a lively idea of the zeal with which the chase is pursued by them. They enter into the sport with hearty gusto. Fun and amusement are inherent in no particular people, and each nation of the world has its own characteristic modes of following them out, though sometimes in ways and methods not especially captivating to refined tastes.

If war should ensue with the great powers, the Japanese may find some amusement in hunting glory-seeking Englishmen and Frenchmen, for there is no doubt that an army will be landed in Japan, unless hostilities are averted.

A woman should be amiable, benevolent, charitable, domestic, economical, forgiving, generous, honest, industrious, judicious, kind, loving, modest, neat, obedient, pleasant, quiet, reflecting, sober, tender, urbane, virtuous, se, exemplary and zealous.

A SULKY GENIUS.

About a century ago, a farmer of Haarlem, in Holland, had an apprentice so stupid that he brought him before the burgomasters, to have his indentures cancelled. The incapable youth, on being questioned, boasted that the vulgar art of bleeding and shoeing horses was below his abilities, and that if he was furnished with means he would drain Haarlem Lake. Some capable persons, having first examined him in private, pronounced him to be possessed of a strong engineering turn; and the upshot was, that he constructed engines and considerably reduced the volume of water. Coming to the end of his money, he requested an advance, but the pound-foolish corporation refused. The offended engineer at once dismissed his workmen, disabled the chief engine, which he alone was capable of setting in motion; pulled out an odd peg in some of the others, and withdrew to Antwerp, then in the possession of the Spaniards. When the burghers found the waters resuming their old level, the engines spoiled, and the engineer among their enemies, they relented, and besought him to return. No, he would not gratify them at the first entreaty, notwithstanding their liberal offers and their repentance. Then was the Spanish governor applied to, and, as an honorable foeman, he was disposed to send back the fugitive; but the ex-farrier so wrought on his sense of justice, by representing the niggardly conduct of Messrs. Tenbroek and Co., that he declined to interfere. Hereupon such offers were made to the sulky man of skill as no one but an idiot would refuse. He set out on his return, was seized with a fever on the way, and died. No artist was found capable of repairing the engines, and the Haarlem Lake reflected the sun's rays, and bore ships on its bosom for a hundred years longer.

 PLANE-TREE, NEAR SMYRNA.

One of the most singular formed trees known to travellers, is represented on page 100. It is called the Plane-Tree, and is near Smyrna, in Asia Minor. Smyrna is one of the largest cities on the Asiatic coast, and situated on a beautiful bay, surrounded by lofty mountains. It has always been a point of much interest. A vast plain extends from the eastern limits of the city to lofty hills covered with rich villages on the opposite side to the sea. Traversed by the Melos, a pretty river which bathes the walls of Smyrna, it is of rare

JAPANESE SPORTING.



fertility; poplars, cypress and plane-trees grow there very vigorously, as well as all kinds of nutritious vegetables. About the middle of this plain, on the side of the road from Smyrna to Bournabat (a village where a grotto is shown in which it is said Homer

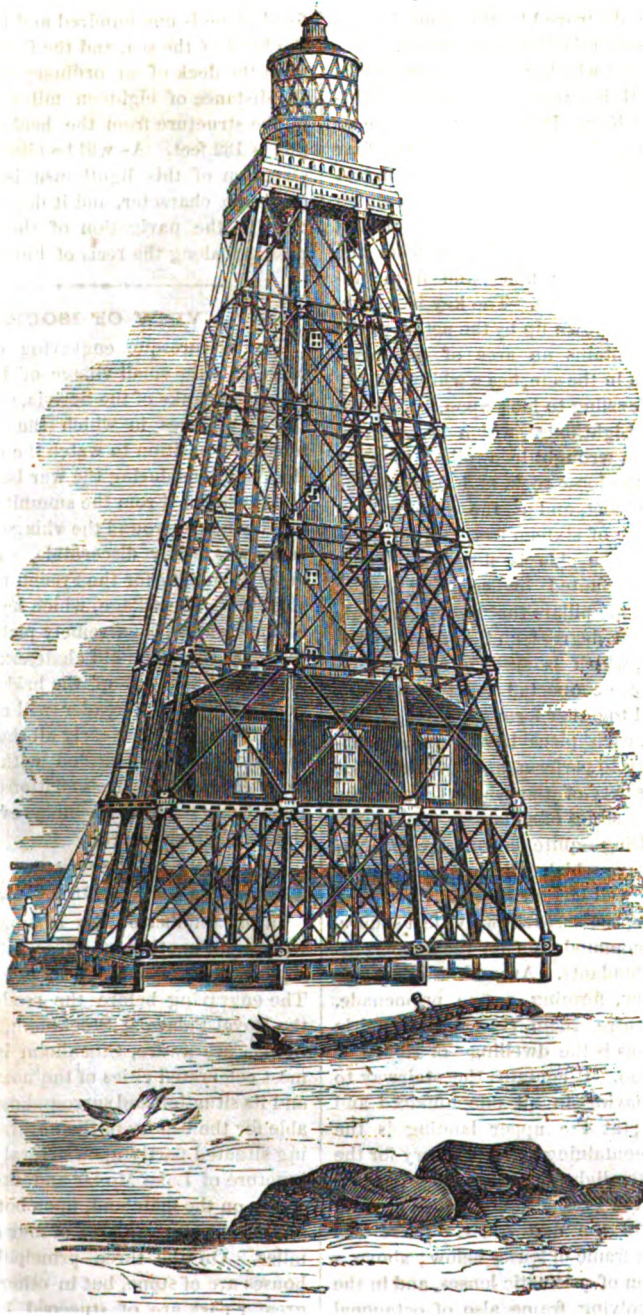
height, form a species of arch, through which the people of the neighborhood often pass, the place being frequented, because the rich city merchants generally have their country-seats at Bournabat. The tree does not grow precisely in the middle of the road; it would



PLANE-TREE, NEAR SMYRNA, IN ASIA MINOR.

wrote his *Iliad*), stands an aged plane-tree, remarkable for its dimensions, and yet more so for its singular form. The trunk is separated into two parts, strong enough, in spite of their division, to support the mass of the tree. These two stocks, uniting at a great

be an impediment to carriages, the space between the stems not being large enough to admit them, but foot passengers, and sometimes people on horseback, take a path parallel and contiguous to the road which traverses the curious vegetable gateway.



THE SAND KEY LIGHTHOUSE, FLORIDA.

SAND KEY LIGHTHOUSE.

As dangerous navigation as can be found on our coast, is among the sand keys, off the

southwestern part of Florida. It is there that the United States Government has expended many thousand dollars for the construction of

lighthouses, and some of them, we are sorry to state, were destroyed by the confederates when the present rebellion commenced.

The engraving which we present our readers on page 101, is a representation of a lighthouse on Sand Key. It is constructed almost wholly of iron, of which material over four hundred and fifty tons were used, and it cost the sum of \$100,000. The island upon which it is built, is the most southern point of land in the United States, and distant from the city of Key West nine miles, and from Havana, Cuba, eighty miles. The key is a barren sand-bank, thrown up by the action of the waves, and contains an area of one acre. The sand, seen in the sun, has a white, glaring appearance, dazzling to look upon. Near the centre is the Lighthouse, which is mounted upon seventeen wrought iron piles; they are screwed into the loose rock, and stand at the distance of ten feet, and at the surface form an inner square of sixteen feet, and an exterior square whose side is fifty feet. These piles are surmounted by coupling boxes, which receive the pillars that rise at an angle of seventy-eight degrees, and extend to the lantern deck, which is sixteen feet square. These pillars are connected together by rods or braces, and together form a complete network of iron, each piece having its own appropriate duty to perform, and necessary for the perfect safety of the whole. Upon the top of the first series of pillars is placed the keeper's dwelling—quite beyond the reach of the highest wave which can break about it. It is large, well arranged and ventilated. There are nine rooms, each twelve feet square, with good accommodation for the keeper, his family and attendants. Around the dwelling runs a gallery, forming a fine promenade. From the centre room rises the cylindric tower, built—as is the dwelling—of ribbed or corrugated iron. It contains the stairway to the lantern, having in all one hundred and twelve steps; at the upper landing is the watch-room, containing the machinery for the revolving of the light, the spare lamp, oil, etc., and above is the Fresnel illuminating apparatus, which is of the first order. There is a fixed octagon frame of lenses below; above, a conical section of prismatic lenses, and in the centre a revolving frame, also of octagonal shape, having in each alternate side a lens of great magnifying power, which exhibits a flash of intense brilliancy for ten seconds every two minutes, preceded and followed by a partial eclipse of twenty-five seconds' duration,

and a bright light of one minute. The focal plane is one hundred and ten feet above the level of the sea, and the light can be seen from the deck of an ordinary sized vessel at the distance of eighteen miles. The height of the structure from the heel of the centre pile is 132 feet. As will be observed, the construction of this lighthouse is of the most thorough character, and it does effective service in the navigation of those dangerous passages along the reefs of Florida.

VIEW OF ISOURA.

The picturesque engraving on page 103 represents the small village of Isoura, situated on the banks of the Scrivia, and was one of the first places in which the French army took up a position to watch the movements of the Austrians during the war between France and Austria. From the summit of the mountains which surround the village the Austrian camp was easily discernible, so that it was quite impossible for the French to be taken by surprise. The village, which has an antiquated appearance, is extremely picturesque; and there are some fine old chateaux in the immediate neighborhood of the bridges across the Scrivia, which the reader will observe in the annexed picture. Nearly all the localities of the late war are identified with other days, from their historical associations, and some of them bring back to memory events of olden time with fresh interest.

THE ROYAL PALACE AT STOCKHOLM.

In this number of the DOLLAR MONTHLY we present another of those interesting European views which all love to look upon. The engraving before the reader represents the Royal Palace at Stockholm, and, as our friends are aware, Stockholm is one of the most celebrated cities of the north of Europe, and its situation and surroundings are remarkable for the beauty of the natural scenery, being situated partly upon several islands at the juncture of Lake Mejar and the Baltic, and partly on the mainland, upon both sides of the straits, covering an area of four or five square miles. On the three principal islands the houses are of stone, but in other portions the greater part are of stuccoed brick, painted white, yellow, or saint blue. Stockholm has few notable public buildings or churches. The palace, however, is an immense and most imposing structure, begun during the reign of Charles XII. The lower part is of polished

VIEW OF ISOURA, ON THE SCRIVIA, NORTHERN ITALY.



granite, the upper of brick covered with cement. It contains a museum of antiquities and sculpture, with several good works by Swedish artists, a royal library, etc. The approach to the palace on the north side is adorned by two immense lions, standing on blocks of granite; on the eastern side two wings extend, between which are hedges and beds of flowers. This side looks down upon

the harbor (see engraving). The south façade, which is the most beautiful of all, is adorned by several fine trophies. On an open space before this side, stands an obelisk of granite raised by Gustaf IV. Adolf to the burgesses of Stockholm, an acknowledgement of their zeal and fidelity during the war of 1788. The west side of the palace is adorned with some beautiful medallions representing

Swedish kings. And there are pointed out also within the walls of the court-yard, two cannons taken from the Russians by King

Gustaf III., during his command in the Finnish war. The interior of the palace is gorgeous in the extreme.



VIEW OF THE ROYAL PALACE, AT STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.

[ORIGINAL.]

UNDER THE ROSES.

BY ROSE STANDISH.

Under the roses sweet Mary lies—
 Roses, and lilies, and pansies blue;
 Under the roses sweet Mary lies—
 Under the roses my heart lies, too.

I remember well when my sweet love died,
 Many and many a year ago;
 I clung to her side in bitter despair,
 As if I could never let her go.

'Twas the goldenest day of autumn-time,
 But cruelly dark it looked to me;
 The clouds went sailing lazily by,
 Like white-sailed ships on a summer sea.

Down in the orchard the apples lay,
 Royally ripe and rosy red;
 And the flowers a-bloom—what matter to me?
 Ere the morrow's sun my love would be dead!

"Now raise me up in your arms," she said,
 "And let me see the glorious sky,
 The sweet green fields, and blossoming flowers,
 Once more—once more before that I die!"

Up in my arms I raised my love,
 Lower and lower drooped her head;
 One look at the glorious, glorious sky,
 And the sweetest love of my heart was dead!

[ORIGINAL.]

MY FIRST CASE.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

BY JOHN HALIFAX.

JOHN WINTHROP'S

LAW OFFICE.

THIS was my sign. It was hung out one pleasant October morning from a corner of the village hotel. Shall I confess it? I walked across the street, and paced up and down the opposite pavement, that I might see its effect. It looked exceedingly well. The gilding was not too bright, nor the black too intense and deep. There was nothing new or *parvenu* in its character. It might have hung there for years, representing an old and experienced practitioner instead of a neophyte like myself. I did not protract my survey. I was aware that my act had an element in it, which might easily degenerate into the absurd. I re-entered my office, took down a huge

tome, and seated myself in an arm-chair for the purpose of reading. It was likely that I should soon have so much business on my hands that I should find no time to devote to the authorities in general, and it behooved me to be industrious.

Yet I fell to musing, and let the book lie unopened. This was entering the world, setting up for one's self. It was a strange contrast to the years of preparation that had preceded it. I had gone through the ordinary course of study, spent a year in the office of an eminent lawyer, applied myself with untiring assiduity, and, finally, invested all the remainder of my scanty capital in the purchase of a library, hired an office, and awaited with calm excitement the moment of my debut. It had come. It had disappointed me.

The extreme facility with which I had entered upon my new course, had surprised me. I had forgotten that in the years of my preparation I had taken so many steps that the last one was easily and quickly made. I passed from the junior to the senior class in college.

Nobody took any notice of it. The waiters in the hotel spoke of me as Number Fourteen. The newsboys cried the Daily Times under my window precisely as they did under any other.

If I had been of a large family and had a host of friends, I dare say I should not have felt just as I did; but I was the only soul left of a numerous household, and of a shy, reticent temperament.

It grew to be rather dull—sitting there with the bright sunshine blinking at me, a few superannuated flies, left over from August, buzzing upon the panes; the morning sounds dying away gradually, and the house growing still and deserted.

I wished some one would come in. But as no one did, I bethought myself of going out. I went to the bar, and told the clerk to say I would be back in half an hour, in case any one called—though, of course, I said to myself, I shall not expect any one the first day. Yet I would not have missed leaving the message. I fancied the clerk smiled, half contemptuously, as I walked away, and I did not get over a certain uncomfortable feeling until I had been out five minutes. Suggestions of that overvaulting ambition that leaps at stars and fastens in the mud, haunted me, and I caught myself wondering if I had not better have adhered to the family acres, and lived and died a grub.

But the October air was inspiring—a most exhilarating “tipple,” as my hero namesake would say—and I was not long in becoming intoxicated with it. My way led me toward the more aristocratic portion of the town. I looked at the fine dwellings, each with its pretty garden and orcharding, and its miniature lawn, and wondered if I should ever become the fortunate owner of such an one.

One residence in particular attracted me. It was not so pretentious as several others. It had no fanciful ornamentation about it. Square and huge and massive, it stood gravely under the shadow of a sweeping elm, looking as if it was as really a growth of time as the tree itself, as indeed it was. The storms of many winters had darkened it; the sunshine of many summers had cherished the vines that clung about it. There were dormer windows—cozy and antique; quaint balconies, fenced with iron; bronze lions guarded the entrance, and a queer figure of Bacchus presided over a fountain in the garden.

The house was quite shut up now. Mr. Buckingham, the owner, lay ill. In the cheerful sunshine of that morning the house looked particularly sombre.

I thought gravely of the strange scenes the walls of the old house had beheld. The story of the Buckinghams was one of the often repeated romances of the town. The gossip related that the mansion was built in the old colonial times, and had sheltered, in its day, a governor and more than one lesser magistrate of the province; the family had given its blood to the country, not grudgingly, but always heroically; it had grown poorer in the lapse of years, but had abated nothing of its pride; one and all the Buckinghams were honored and respected, holding their “name high to keep it from the mud;” yet a dark stain had fallen upon it.

Ralph Buckingham, the son of the present proprietor, a young man of high spirit, had become lost to the family under somewhat singular circumstances. What these were, no one could precisely tell.

Here was a mystery which held the hearts of the villagers. This was why Mrs. Buckingham, a stately lady some twenty years younger than the judge, was held in so much awe.

Ralph Buckingham disappeared within a year after her marriage to the judge, and some whispered that she had involved him in crime, by a certain magical art, and spirited him away, in order that her own son, a babe a

month old, at the time of Ralph's disappearance, might become the heir of the family wealth and name.

If this were so, the accomplishment of her aims was not far distant. Judge Buckingham was lying on the borders of the other life. I was thinking of these things as I passed the house, and went to the head of the street. Then I turned back, and glancing up once more at the windows, I saw a young face peep out where a shutter was half drawn—a young face and fair, but with an indefinable shadow resting upon it. In a moment the face vanished, and the shutter was again closed.

It was Agnes Buckingham. I knew her slightly. I often heard others speak of her. It was always in terms of admiration and pity—but the admiration was well-defined, the pity was vague, though real. If she suffered, it was clear that no one knew her sorrow.

The closing of the shutter had awakened me from something like a reverie—“very unprofessional, but very delightful.” But I was awake now, and walked briskly back to my hotel. In five minutes the Buckinghams were quite forgotten. John Winthrop and his affairs took a prominent place in my mind.

My spirits had risen, and myself and my affairs did not seem quite so insignificant as when I went out, and so I walked boldly up to the clerk, and demanded whether any one had called in my absence. What had come over the man? Whence had he received this new access of respect and deference?

He handed me a note with an obsequious bow, “Mrs. Buckingham's servant brought it, sir.”

I hastened to my office, and broke the seal in a fever of surprise and curiosity. It was only two lines. Mrs. Buckingham wished to consult Mr. Winthrop upon important business, and desired him to call at her residence immediately.

This was a windfall. What did it mean? Why did she not consult Squire Folio, who had been the legal adviser of the family for years? Why come to an inexperienced young fellow like me? It was very strange. The more I thought about it, the less I could make it out.

The dinner bell rang just here, and I decided that the quickest way to the solution of the mystery would be, to eat my dinner as quickly as possible, and call at once on Mrs. Buckingham. I followed this suggestion.

A grave-looking man-servant opened the door.

"Mrs. Buckingham will see you immediately, sir."

He led the way into the library, his slippered feet making no noise. He shut the door softly, and withdrew.

It was a fine old room—antique, rich and dark; the summer day just peeped through the vine leaves that half shut in the window, and looked in at the parted curtain.

A garden lay beneath this window, and I had looked at the rows of sweet, old-fashioned flowers, perhaps half a minute, when Mrs. Buckingham entered.

A stately woman, in heavy, lustreless black silk; her clear dark complexion still smooth and fair—the folds of lace shading a throat as round and beautiful as that of youth; her black hair not needing the half-mourning cap to conceal any stray threads of silver. Her manner could have been haughty—to me she made it cordial and kind.

She came at once to the business in hand. I was wanted to draw up a will. Would I come up stairs to Judge Buckingham's room? Not a word in explanation of why she had sent for me. Perhaps she thought, that, in my delight at the extraordinary condescension, I should overlook its singularity.

She led me through a long, lofty passage, and into a large room whose deep twilight was only relieved by a curtain partially drawn at the window most remote from the bed. As we entered, she said, in a low voice:

"You will excuse me for not presenting you formally to Judge Buckingham. He is—it pains me to say—often in a peculiar mood, which prevents him from being so courteous as it is his nature to be; besides, he is quite deaf."

We stepped into the room. The curtains around the bed were partly put away, and I saw a man lying there; a pair of white, cadaverous hands lay upon the counterpane, and the face was turned from us to the wall.

"My husband cannot bear the light. I am afraid you will find it difficult to do your work."

She began to draw a small table to the one partly-lighted window. I hastened to assist her, and said that the light was quite sufficient for my purpose. She brought me writing materials, and then going to the bedside, said, tenderly:

"The lawyer is come, my dear."

A feeble, inarticulate moan, half lost as it floated over the wide space to me, was the only reply.

"The lawyer is come, my dear," repeated Mrs. Buckingham now quite loudly, but still gently.

"O, ah! well—it is well! I have but a little time left."

The voice was quite peculiar. It affected me singularly. It had, so to speak, no soul in it. It might have come from an automaton.

"Let him draw off the will at once," it said.

I took my pen, and the sick man began to dictate. The terms were very brief, but comprehensive. It bequeathed a handsome legacy to his daughter. The remainder of the property was to be held in trust by his wife for their only living son, Edwin Buckingham.

I wrote off the document hastily, and then read it over. It was remarkably terse and business-like. When I had looked it over I read it aloud. Mr. Buckingham expressed his satisfaction. Two or three times when I addressed a question to him he did not appear to hear. Mrs. Buckingham repeated it, bending down her head close to his lips, as she did so. The necessary witnesses were called in—a grim, dark-looking man whom the lady called her brother, and the grave servant who opened the door for me. The servant sat down far from the bed, and in a dark corner, upon a seat indicated by his mistress. Her brother took the paper to the bedside for the invalid's signature, and brought it back to the table, when he had added his own. I said he was grim-looking. He was that, and more. He had a set, unflinching face. Something bold and firm was about his thin lips and closely shut mouth. He was a man who would push on to his end, and, I fancied, would not be hampered by principle in his choice of means.

This done, it was courteously signified to me that I could go. The servant opened the door, and passed into the hall after me, leaving the brother-in-law alone in the sick chamber. Mrs. Buckingham detained me a moment in the library in conversation about her husband.

She dwelt, rather ostentatiously I thought, upon her affection for him, and said, what was exceedingly painful to her was, the fact that he had lately taken a dislike to some of his oldest friends, to Squire Folio for instance, whom he positively refused to see. And yet, the physician assured her he was entirely sane. Did I think so?

"As well as I could judge, madam. The expressions contained in the will indicated perfect soundness of mind."

A flush of gratification rose to her fine face. Presently she released me, saying courteously:

"I regret, Mr. Winthrop, not to have made your acquaintance before. You will excuse us if we have not been hospitable. Judge Buckingham's state has made it impossible to see company, but, if it improves, as I am encouraged to hope it may, we shall be most happy to welcome you."

With these polite words in my ear, I passed out of Mrs. Buckingham's presence, assuring her, as I took leave, that I would have the will engrossed, and perfect the remaining legal forms before I slept.

I went back to the office, and thought the whole matter over. It interested me greatly. I feared all was not right. What underhand maneuvering I suspected I hardly knew. Probably my suspicions did not go beyond a dim belief that undue influence had been used upon Judge Buckingham.

There was something doubtful about that beautiful woman—something sinister about her grim brother. The remembrance of those pale, cadaverous hands almost made me shudder.

I could not keep the subject out of my mind the rest of the day. I went to bed early, telling myself that I was ridiculously nervous. But in shutting my eyes I could not shut out those white, awful hands. They were with me all night, in my fevered dream and restless waking moments. They only disappeared as the loud rap of the waiter at my door called me into full waking and the pleasant light of morning.

I was glad to throw off the nightmare which had oppressed me so long, and rose immediately. Presently the waiter came to bring hot water.

"Sudden death, that of last night," he said, as he lingered over the commode.

"Whose?" I asked.

"Judge Buckingham's!"

My exclamation of surprise made him start.

"How was it?" I asked.

"You know the judge has been ailing a long time—"

"Yes, yes," I said, impatiently.

"But they thought he might live some weeks," continued the man, with provoking slowness, "but last night he dropped away, all at once, while his wife sat in the easy chair in the room. Nobody knew he was going till 'twas all over. But 'twas all natural enough. He was always queer, and had a way of his own to die in."

I went down to breakfast. This sudden removal of one of the foremost citizens of the town created a small sensation. Many of the boarders were old residents, and had characteristic stories to tell of the judge. We went out upon the piazza after breakfast, one or two still discussing the subject.

"Halloa! There's King Richard now!" exclaimed one of the gentlemen. "What happened up at your house last night?"

One or two laughed. One said:

"Don't, Draper! Don't you suppose that poor fellow has any feeling?"

The figure, which they seemed to indicate, came shuffling up the steps.

A strange, uncouth creature, with matted black beard and a face like a tombstone. A crowd gathered around, some for sport and some out of mere curiosity.

"What's the news, sire," said one, laughing.

He stared around vacantly—then burst into a childish laugh.

"King held audience—gold ring—from Sultan," and he pointed to a pinchbeck ring on his little finger.

"How was it, old fellow?"

A transitory gleam of intelligence came into the strange face.

"Man in black—write—write."

Then accidentally catching my eye, he uttered a series of short, chuckling laughs, between every one of which was interposed the word "write." All the while, he was looking at me.

Suddenly he raised his hand—it was white and ghastly looking, and recalled the spectre of my dreams—and waved it with much real dignity.

"What does he mean? Here, Tom! Bring a cup of coffee, will you? That will brighten up his wits."

But just at this moment, an individual made his way through the crowd, and laid his hand upon King Richard's shoulder.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," he said, and walked the king away very quietly.

"Who is this poor fellow?" I inquired of a gentleman, as the knot of idlers dispersed.

"A half crazy, half foolish creature—a relative and dependant of the Buckinghams. He studied law in the judge's office, and it was then thought he had ability which would make him distinguished, but he was always a dissipated fellow, and what between rum and opium he lost his wits."

"Is he always so incapable?" I asked.

"O, no! A little wine, or even coffee will

make him quite a man again for a little while. But, after all, his mind is gone irrevocably."

The gentleman walked away, and left me to myself. I went to my office in deep thought. No one coming in in the course of the forenoon—my practice was not yet extensive—I walked around to Squire Folio's office. The old gentleman was in, and received me benignly. He was too rich to be jealous.

"A very sad thing—Judge Buckingham's sudden death!" I said.

"Sad, indeed?"

Squire Folio looked very grave.

"We have been intimate from boyhood. It is taking away one of the oldest friends of my life. It seems but yesterday since he sat there in that very chair you are sitting in, and read over his will to me. I assisted him—though that wasn't necessary—and he left it in my care. He was the kindest-hearted man with all his eccentricities, and wouldn't, on any account, leave out his scapegrace son; so he bequeathed the property to his three children in equal shares, after providing handsomely for his wife, of course."

"You made his will?" I echoed, when Squire Folio had completed his speech.

"Yes! of course." The squire looked at me in surprise.

"How do you know there is not another of later date?" I asked.

"How do I know?" repeated the old gentleman, testily. "Because he told me he had not made another, early in his sickness—and, indeed, why should he? I haven't seen him often of late, for Mrs. Buckingham never took very kindly to her husband's old friends. But I have the document safe in my desk there, and shall be ready to produce it at the proper time."

I am aware that a lawyer's dealings with his clients should be held confidential, but this case was materially modified by the circumstances. I had no idea of making my debut in the profession as the upholder of a fraud. So I put Squire Folio in possession of all the particulars of my visit to the Buckingham residence. He listened with undisguised astonishment. After I had completed my story, he went to his desk and took a will from a secret drawer.

"Is the handwriting of the signature to the document, which you drew up, the same as that?"

I examined it a moment.

"I cannot say whether it is the same. It resembles it."

Squire Folio went with me to my office, and we compared the two papers together. There was a great similarity between the two signatures, but there were obvious differences. Were the differences only those which might naturally occur, considering the lapse of time since the first was put upon paper, or, was one an ingenious counterfeit of the other?

"It's a perplexing business," said Squire Folio. "Tell me your story again."

I did so. He struck the volume of Blackstone, on the table, a tremendous blow.

"It's my opinion there's a devilish fraud, but I can't see through it."

"I think I have a clue," I said, hesitatingly.

"What is it?"

"A mere conjecture. I may be all wrong, but I'll test it."

"Do so. If you succeed, it will be a feather in your cap, Mr. Winthrop. And if I can be of any service, let me know."

"I shall certainly need your help," I replied, and Squire Folio took leave.

I was sitting in my office after tea, that evening, and some unusual merriment on the sidewalk below attracted me to the window.

"Just the thing," I exclaimed, when I recognized the queer gestures and shaggy beard of the man who was the centre of a laughing group of boys. I rang the bell.

"Tom," I said, to the waiter who appeared, putting a silver coin into his hand. "See if you can't coax King Richard up here, with the promise of some coffee and fruit, or whatever he likes best. I have a fancy for amusing myself with him."

"Then you'd best order some oysters, sir."

"Very well! whatever you please."

In half an hour I had the half crazed fellow chattering like a magpie, under the potent influence of the coffee. Ordinarily, not only his mental faculties but his organs of speech were partially paralyzed, so that he spoke in a singular tone, and as if slowly repeating by rote what had been learned with difficulty.

As the nervous excitement became greater, what was my astonishment to hear him go over, in that strange, automaton-like way, the very words which I had written at Judge Buckingham's house the day before. When I dismissed him, after two hours, the whole scheme was plain to me, and I saw my way clear.

I went round to Squire Folio's office in the morning, and developed my plan. He told me that his wife had seen Agnes Buckingham, and found the poor girl quite stunned by the

suddenness of her father's death, and the mystery which enveloped it. She had not been allowed to see him for a week previous to his decease, and never, for many months, alone, under the pretext of his aversion to every one except her step-mother. She believed her father's mind was greatly impaired, or else he had been kept under the influence of drugs.

"But the physician," I suggested.

"A rapid fellow, just fledged, whom Mrs. Buckingham could blindfold at her will," said Squire Folio.

We agreed upon a plan of operations. In the course of the day, I received a note from Mrs. Buckingham, requesting me to attend at the meeting of the relatives after the return from the funeral, when, according to an old-fashioned usage, the will was to be read. Squire Folio and I were busy in making our arrangements until the hour appointed. When it arrived, we both went to Mrs. Buckingham's house.

The large parlor was not half full, only a few distant relatives of the judge being there. Near friends, I found, he had none, out of his own immediate family.

Agnes was there, her mourning dress setting off the fairness of her sweet face. Mrs. Buckingham was stately and beautiful, in her widow's crape. Her brother leaned upon the corner of the mantel-piece, like a grim Caryatides. The grave servant sat at a respectful distance, admitted, I suppose, by special favor. Near Mrs. Buckingham, and constantly claiming her attention, was her son, a childish-looking, half-spoiled boy of ten or eleven.

It was a singular looking picture—the softly-lighted room and its rich furnishing; the swaying maple boughs, dropping crimson leaves which floated in at the window; the warm October sunshine, glancing in at the open door, and the faces of the persons within, all full of character, and some rich in beauty.

As the waiting silence grew deeper and deeper, a man glided through the hall past the door. No one saw him, I think, except myself. At length Mrs. Buckingham gave me a sign. I took no notice of it, but Squire Folio, rising with much parade, drew the will from his pocket, cleared his throat, and began to read.

"Squire Folio!"

Mrs. Buckingham had risen from her seat, and, flushing crimson, hastened to interpose; but only those two words were uttered when,

her brother's hand was on her shoulder, his grim eyebrows contracted, his evil eye dark and shining, and a hissing whisper on his lips. Mrs. Buckingham sank into her seat, and the squire went on.

I watched her. Her lips were apart, and she drew short, quick breaths. But as the reading proceeded, her self-possession returned, and I even saw a smile of triumph flit across her face. As the squire pronounced the last words, and wound off the concluding paragraph with a flourish, Mrs. Buckingham's large, black eyes grew bright.

"Squire Folio," she said, with great composure, and in that peculiarly sweet tone which she knew how to make her own, "no one here will question the genuineness of the paper which you have just read, but perhaps you are not aware that there is a will of later date—quite recent, in fact—which changes entirely the disposal of the property. Mr. Winthrop, will you explain?"

"Madam," said Squire Folio, "I am aware that there is a fictitious paper in existence—"

I interposed. I pitied that proud lady's shame.

"Pardon me, sir. Will it not be best that Mrs. Buckingham should request all except her immediate friends to retire?"

She grew deadly white when I spoke, but her courage never faltered.

"I do not know what you mean, sir," she said, haughtily. "I desire all my friends to remain."

"As you will, madam!" Squire Folio resumed. "I am aware, Mrs. Buckingham," his voice rising in his honest indignation, "that there is a fictitious paper in existence, which you propose to foist upon us as the will of my late dear friend. I warn you to desist. I am prepared to prove—"

"What, sir?" she interrupted, her red lips curled in scornful contempt.

"This, madam! that you systematically secluded your husband from all his friends—even from his own daughter—by whatever ingenious pretexts you could devise. That you did this to obtain complete control of him, and for the furtherance of your ultimate designs. Also, that your husband died the tenth of October, and that you, in concert with others, kept his death a secret until the twelfth. That in the interval, you taught your poor tool and dupe—the wretched, crazy creature whom we all know—to personate your dead husband, and, stimulating his wandering wits, made him able to go

through the farce. We are prepared to prove that you did all this in order to secure the much greater portion of the inheritance for your son and yourself, thus half disinheriting the daughter, and wholly defrauding the exiled son, whom your dislike and unkindness drove into profligacy. I say we are prepared to prove all this, but, for the sake of the family reputation, we are willing to make terms."

The squire paused, quite out of breath. Mrs. Buckingham burst into a low, malicious laugh.

"You hear this probable story, my dear friends. Laughable, is it not? Squire Folio turned romancer!"

"Mr. Western, you have heard me," said the squire, calmly. "It is for you to propose a withdrawal."

"I propose that we have the new will read," said Mr. Western, defiantly.

The squire motioned to me. I read the paper.

"There are those here who are familiar with Judge Buckingham's signature. Let them examine that document."

It was passed around. A low murmur of assent followed.

"I think," said Mrs. Buckingham, "you will find that you have a formidable task upon your hands. A maundering idiot! I wish you joy of your witness, Squire Folio."

"I am prepared to prove it, madam, and also that you did, at various times, administer poisonous drugs to your late husband, which first paralyzed his faculties, and then terminated his life. I am prepared to prove this by the person who aided you in your crime."

Every face turned horror-stricken towards Mrs. Buckingham. She was as white as any snow, and her eyes glistened like diamonds. She pointed her finger to the grave servant, and hissed a sentence from within her ashy lips.

"Devil! Hound! The fiends devour you!" The man shrunk, terrified, behind me.

I, to whom this last revelation was new, still gazed upon Mrs. Buckingham. While I looked, a red stream crimsoned her lips, and she fell, prone and senseless.

Mr. Western sprang to the door, but his flight was checked by the officer who waited in the hall. Agnes came to her step-mother's assistance, horror and pity contending in her face.

Mr. Draper Western was put under temporary restraint. It was found necessary to proceed against him at law, since he had ob-

tained control of a large part of the property, which he refused to surrender. I conducted the case, and had the satisfaction of putting Agnes Buckingham in possession of her inheritance unimpaired.

Mrs. Buckingham recovered her consciousness in a little while, and was humble and professedly penitent. I did not see her, but I think that her piteous entreaties were too much for the tender heart of Squire Folio, since she mysteriously disappeared in the ensuing night, thus shunning the public consequences of her crimes. I know that Agnes, pitying her in her shame, urged that the inevitable punishment was bitter and lasting enough.

Within a year, I have heard of that grave-faced servant in Australia. He made some amends by taking pains to follow out a clue which fell in his way, accidentally, and which, finally, led to the discovery of Ralph Buckingham, living rich and respected in his foreign home, and only grieving over the obduracy of his father. But a few letters from home set that right.

King Richard—poor, foolish creature—growing more foolish every day, wears his paper crown, hunts birds' nests for the children, and laughs with pleasure when any one calls him *Cœur de Lion*.

The bustling village has grown into a thriving city. The wooden hotel has given place to vast walls of brick. My sign hangs from its front, but its form is changed. It now reads:

"FOLIO AND WINTHROP."

But every day the squire protests he is getting too old for business. I think his long speeches have worn him out before his time. I sit in my office five or six hours a day, or follow our migratory court, as it journeys from county to county.

The old Buckingham house is my home, and I find Agnes waiting on the steps for me, every night when I return. In the unalloyed happiness of her wedded life, I try to make her forget her sorrowful youth.

THE SECOND MORNING.

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather!

'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—

Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh or tear;

Then steal away, give little warning,

Choose thine own time;

Say not good night—but in some happier clime

Bid me good morning!

[ORIGINAL.]

TIME'S CHANGES.

BY J. H. B.

I came when gentle Spring had trod
The garden and the dell,
I saw how her young fairy hand
Had formed the flower's bell!
Just waked to life, its blossoms hung
Above the melting snow,
Sweet emblem of young innocence,
Unstained by sin or woe.
Arrayed in robes of brightest green,
The hyacinth was there,
Gazing on heaven with eyes of blue,
And beauty rich and rare.

Again I came—but they were not,
Those bright ones of a day,
Like human joy, had ceased to be,
And passed from earth away;
The spring had ripened into bloom,
And summer's kindling breath
Had summoned thousands of bright flowers
Up from the trance of death.

It whispered through the garden walks,
And o'er the shady dell—
Then rose the swelling buds to life,
As if by magic spell!
The woods assumed their cheerful robes,
Beneath the sky of June,
And living melody gushed forth
From birds of various tune.

I trod the deep woods in their maze—
I drank the wild birds' lay;
Again I came with autumn's breath,
But they had passed away;
The gentle flowers had faded from
The garden's scented bed,
The woods were bare, and from their boughs
The choristers had fled.

A blooming maiden trod the halls
Of mirth and revelry;
Her hair was as the golden thread,
Her eyes of violet dye.
There came a change—those eyes grew dim,
Those sunny locks were gray;
For time had spread his viewless wings,
And youth had passed away.

I saw a lovely little child,
With cheeks of morning's hue,
Like a young rosebud opening fair,
To sip the silver dew.
A few short years had hurried by,
And on their restless wing
Wafted that bright boy's youth away,
Swift as the dawn of spring.

I stood where Europe's kingly pride
Sits on the golden throne;
I saw the knights of noble line,
Who rich in purple shone;
Anon, I saw the abbey's aisles
Another scene display;
Where, on the sculptured marble tomb,
The prostrate warrior lay.

Above his empty armor hung,
His buckler dim with rust,
His idle sword was in its sheath,
Its master's hand was dust.
His castle walls were ivy-bound;
Their chambers, once so bright,
Were desolate and silent now,
Save to the birds of night.

The hands who reared, the birds who sang,
The ladies fair and gay,
The conquerors in the tournament,
All, all had passed away.
I saw that universal change
The wide earth must endure;
I felt that glory, pride and fame,
Alike are insecure!

The stream is passing to the sea,
The temple to decay;
Life is but hastening on to death—
The world shall pass away!
But the Great Spirit, who did fling
Creation's flag abroad,
Hath changeless worlds, where he will prove
Our Father and our God!

[ORIGINAL.]

AT THE WINDOW.

I HAVE been an invalid for some time, I do not remember the day on which I took to my bed, but perhaps it was about the time that our people began to talk of the probability of a draft.

However, I was not lucky enough to draw a prize in that lottery; and strange as it may seem, my health began to improve from that day. In the course of a few weeks I was able to spend a few hours every day in the open air.

I was in the habit of walking the whole length of C— street and back after breakfast. Why I chose that street I do not know. It is very quiet. The houses are all of brick, and the people generally live in the rear.

The second morning that I walked that way, I noticed that Madam De Gwin, who rents the fourth brick house on the right hand side as you go towards the "Eagle," was a dress-maker. I knew that by her sign, for at that time I had never seen the lady.

The third morning I walked up on the opposite side of the street from Madam De Gwin's. I cast my eyes up at her windows. I had no particular reason for doing so. Of course I did not care to see Madam De Gwin, for I have very little curiosity about my neighbors. She was doubtless a very plain looking woman, of perhaps thirty or forty summers.

But as I said before, I looked up at her windows (she occupies the second floor) and beheld a lady—I knew that by her rich dress—and she was looking tenderly down at me. I blushed, hung my head, and passed on.

Was it Madam De Gwin that I had seen? I did not know. Quite probable that it was a visitor. She was very beautiful I thought, though I had only caught a glimpse of her face.

As I returned home that morning I longed to look once more at Madam's windows, but hardly dared. There was just a narrow strip of blue sky between the two rows of brick houses. I gazed long at that streak of blue, and then brought my eyes down to the roofs of the houses, then a little lower, till I saw that face, still at the window, looking so tenderly at me. I looked again and I thought she bowed. I did not think how improper it was for her to do so, for I was too happy to think of that. I bowed in return, taking off my hat to the fair lady.

My landlady, when I came into the parlor, after my walk that morning, noticed that I looked much better than I had for a long time. There was a tinge of color in my face and a joyous light in my eyes, such as health alone imparts.

"You are better this morning, Mr. Dunlap," said she.

"Why, yes, I feel much better than I did a few weeks ago. But I have a question or two to ask; do you know Madam De Gwin?"

"Of C—— street? the dressmaker?"

"Yes."

"Why, she does all my work for me."

"Well, what sort of a woman is she?"

"I'm sure, I know very little about her, except that she understands her business."

"Is she young and good-looking?"

"Why, she's not over twenty-five, and is quite handsome, I think. She's a widow," replied my landlady, her fair round face expressing some curiosity.

"A widow?"

"Yes."

Here I began to pace the room. I did not doubt then, that the beautiful lady I had seen was Madam De Gwin.

"I suppose that Madam generally sits at her front window when she is in her shop," I said, taking a chair by the fire.

"I believe so, though I do not remember. I hope Mr. Dunlap is not in love," said my landlady, with a smile.

"And why not? 'Tis the lot of mortals to fall in love."

"I know that; but Madam De Gwin is a French woman, and they say a great coquette. She might make your heart sore."

"Well, I'm not in love, though I may be soon. Madam is a very beautiful woman," and I thought how tenderly she had looked down upon me that morning.

Being told that Madam was a coquette had no effect upon me whatever. I do not suppose that it ever did upon any man. Though a hundred had failed to win Madam's affections, I should not have doubted my own success. At that time, though, it was not my intention to enter the lists as one of Madam's lovers. I had seen her and thought her beautiful, and that was all.

It would not have been at all like me to walk upon another street the next morning. No, I strolled along C—— street at my usual hour. I glanced carelessly at Madam's window. She sat there as I had seen her the day before, and her beautiful dark eyes were surely fixed upon my face. Being a modest man I was quite overcome. If we can read the language of the eyes, Madam loved me as much as I admired her. I felt that very sensibly. Would it be wrong for me to throw a kiss? I did not stop to think, but kissed my hand; but as I did so, I saw another lady looking over Madam's shoulder, and I slipped my hand into my pocket and passed on as if nothing had happened.

Days and weeks passed on and my admiration of Madam's beauty was fast ripening into love for the "lone widow." Every morning I saw her sitting at her window, waiting, I did not doubt, till I should pass. I generally bowed, and I think that she did the same, though I hardly ever glanced back after bowing, fearing that Madam's workwomen would notice me; and it was my desire that no one but my love should know of my passion.

As the time passed on, I came to think that we who had nursed our love in secret so long, should know each other better. We should meet face to face and speak heart to heart; but for a long time no opportunity offered. I could call upon Madam at her home, but I hardly felt like doing that as I had no positive

proof that Madam wished to make my acquaintance. Her conduct, I thought, to be sure, had been such as to justify me in calling upon her; but I rather chose to let our meeting be where and how fate should determine. I knew that we should meet some time. I was sure of that. We belonged to each other, and I felt that nothing save death could keep us asunder.

I had never spoken to my landlady about Madam De Gwin since the morning when I had first seen her; and I thought that she had forgotten all about it, but that was not the case.

"Would Mr. Dunlap like to call upon Madam De Gwin this afternoon?" she asked, one morning, as I stood in the hall.

To tell the truth I was thinking about Madam at that very moment, and so was rather startled at the sound of her name; but recovering at once I told my landlady how pleased I should be.

"Then you have not forgotten her?" queried my landlady.

"No; and I never shall," I answered, with some spirit.

"She has spoken of you."

"Of me? and—"

"I did not ask her questions. If she loves you she will tell you so, I presume, if you ask her," replied my landlady with a little laugh, and walking away.

I went and sat down in the parlor, feeling too happy to speak. I could not make it seem possible that the time I had longed for was so near at hand. In a few hours I was to be one of the happiest of mortals. To be in the same room, to breathe the same air, to look into her eyes, to speak to her I loved better than all else on earth!—could it be possible? I could not believe it. However, by afternoon I began to realize that it was a fact. My landlady stood before me ready to go.

I took my coat and hat with a trembling hand. My landlady noticed my agitation and hurried away to get me some brandy and water. That revived me. You know that I was an invalid. I am not fully recovered yet, though I hope to be soon.

After drinking the brandy I felt equal to the task before me; and so we sallied out into the street and made for Madam De Gwin's rooms. The distance never seemed so short before. Almost before I knew it we stood at the door.

We ascended the stairs and for the first time I stood in Madam De Gwin's rooms.

A lady with a very pleasing countenance, whom I thought I had seen before, came forward. I was introduced. Imagine my surprise to learn that this was Madam De Gwin!

I could not understand it for a moment; but looking up I saw my love sitting at her window at the far end of the room as usual. Her face was turned from me. Why did she not look up and greet me?

"You employ some one to help you, I suppose, Madam," I said, glancing at the young lady, and hoping to attract her attention.

"Yes, but my girls are not in this afternoon."

"But she cannot be a visitor, I have seen her here often."

"Who?" asked Madam De Gwin, looking up. My landlady looked at the same time. They both smiled when they saw my eyes fixed upon the occupant of the further window. Then my landlady placed her lips down to my ear and whispered very distinctly—

"Nothing but Wax!"

LADIES' HAIR.

We wish some one would write a good treatise on hair-dressing. How often do we see a really good face made quite ugly by a total inattention to lines. Sometimes the hair is pushed into the cheeks, and squared at the forehead, so as to give a most extraordinary pinched shape to the face. Let the oval, where it exists, be always preserved; where it does not, let the hair be so humored that the deficiency shall not be perceived. Nothing is more common than to see a face, which is somewhat too large below, made to look grossly large and coarse, by contracting the hair on the forehead and cheeks, and there bringing it to an abrupt check; whereas such a face should enlarge the forehead and the cheek, and let the hair fall partially over, so as to shade and soften off the lower exuberance. A good treatise, with examples in outline of the defects, would be of some value upon a lady's toilet who would wish to preserve her great privilege—the supremacy of beauty. Some press the hair down close to the face, which is to lose the very characteristic of hair—ease and freedom. Let her locks, says Anacreon, lie as they like; the Greek gives them life and a will. Some ladies wear the hair like blinkers; you always suspect they will shy if you approach them.

Philosophy is properly a home-sickness, longing to be everywhere at home.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE OCEAN GRAVE.

BY P. S. LEWIS.

Far down in the deep, where the sea-flowers weep,
They mournfully laid the dead;
'Neath the billow dark, where the gallant bark
Flew swift o'er her ocean-bed.
Softly and mournfully buried they there,
Beneath the white sea-foam, the brow of the fair.

O, tears were shed for the lovely dead,
As they lingered to gaze on that brow
Pure as snow, while a softened glow
Of sunshine kissed it now;
And touched with a hue almost of earth,
Those pale lips, once ringing with gladness and mirth.

Down in the sea-cave, with the murmuring wave,
Gently they laid her there;
Softly she slept where the sea-nymphs wept,
And braided her golden hair.
Low, mournful dirges were sung in her bed,
And in sorrow they left her to rest with the dead.

The pale stars shine on the foaming brine
That sparkles above her grave,
And murmurs low, with a dirge-like flow,
Of the loved in an ocean-cave.
Lightly and silently sleepeth she there,
Death's dreamless slumbers, the loved and the fair

[ORIGINAL.]

HOW ROBERT WAS WON.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

"I HAD a letter from your Aunt Newton this morning," said the Widow Green to her son and daughter, Harry and Susan, as they took their seats at the tea-table. "She says that Robert is getting to be a confirmed old bachelor."

"I never saw such a fellow!" exclaimed Harry; "he is a perfect bookworm! And with such a fine estate as Willow Brook, too. When I was down there last summer, it was as much as I could do to get him out a gunning or fishing; and then he was forever stopping to search after some 'geological,' or 'botanical specimens,' as he called them!"

"I am really sorry on your aunt's account," said Mrs. Green, "for I know she has set her heart on his marriage. The old house must seem very lonely to her since Carrie's marriage; Robert is in his study nearly all the time, and so is no company for her."

"What kind of a looking man is he, mama?" inquired Susan, a pretty brunette. "He was away both times I was at aunt's; so I have never seen him."

"Very well-looking, indeed. That is his portrait that hangs between your father's and mine in the library."

"That?" said Susan, with a look of surprise. "Why, that is the likeness of a very handsome man!"

"And so your cousin Robert would be considered, if he dressed like other young men, and hadn't such an absent, *distract* way with him. He resembles his father, who was one of the handsomest men of his day."

"Robert needs a wife," said Harry. "If he had some pretty, lively little woman, like our Sue, for instance, he'd be a very different man. I tell you what it is," he added, playfully pinching her rosy cheek, "you had better go down to Willow Brook and lay siege to his heart."

"I have half a mind to," laughed Susan; "if it's only for the sake of Aunt Newton, whom I love dearly. Didn't she say something about my visiting her, mama?"

"Yes; she wants to know when you are going to pay that long promised visit."

"Come to think it over, you'd better not go, Sue," said Harry, shaking his head with a solemn air. "The place is too strongly fortified; you'll only waste your powder and shot. Lose your own heart, perhaps, without obtaining an equivalent, which would be a thousand pities! Still, if you do succeed, I'll engage to give you a handsome bridal outfit."

"Thank you, good brother. I can't say that I shall want his heart, should I win it; though I have no idea that I shall find it invulnerable. But I am determined on one thing, he shall pay me at least, the common courtesy that is due to any lady, and especially his cousin."

"A thing that he never did in his life. I don't believe he ever looked at any woman twice, with the exception of his mother and sisters!"

Whether Susan was really interested in her mother's and brother's descriptions of the recluse at Willow Brook, or she was actuated by a spirit of mischief and adventure, she immediately commenced preparations for her long promised visit to her aunt. But it was a noticeable fact that she selected her wardrobe with great care, taking with her her prettiest and most becoming dresses.

Her aunt, with whom she was a great favorite,

ite, received her with many demonstrations of joy and affection. Robert was as usual, in his study, but though Mrs. Newton sent a servant to tell him of his cousin's arrival, he did not make his appearance till tea-time.

When he came in, he glanced absently at Susan for a moment, extending frigidly the two digits of his right hand, and then taking a seat, took from his pocket a small edition of one of the ancient classics, and laying it open beside his plate, commenced the joint process of eating and reading, keeping his eyes fixed intently either upon his book or plate.

Mrs. Newton was too well used to her son's ways and habits to feel at all surprised at this; but our heroine was not accustomed to have her claims to attention thus ignored by one of the sterner sex, and so watched him with mingled feelings of amusement and vexation.

She had a good opportunity for observing him closely. Not even that faded, ill-fitting dressing-gown could conceal the manly grace of his form. The curls that were brushed back from the ample forehead, though they needed sadly a brush and comb, were brown and silky; the blue eyes were clear and bright, and the beard luxuriant, though untrimmed and neglected, and shaded a mouth remarkable for its spiritedness of outline and sweetness of expression.

As soon as tea was over, he left the room, and Susan did not see him again until the next morning, at the breakfast-table.

Thus some days passed, the two cousins meeting only at meal-time. It was in vain, at these times, that Susan tried to draw him into conversation; he replied absently and at random, scarcely ever looking at her, and when he did, with a grave, preoccupied expression in his eyes, as if he was thinking of anything but the pretty face upon which they rested.

Susan did not lose the use of her tongue, however; she laughed and chatted gayly with her aunt, and even talked to the pet kitten and canary when he was present, seemingly determined, that if her cousin did not think of her, it should not be because he did not hear the sound of her voice.

One morning Susan chanced to catch him on the back piazza.

"Can't I have a ride this morning?" she said, coaxingly.

"Certainly, of course; any and all of my horses are at your disposal. Tom," he added, addressing a serving-man who was just passing, "bring up the horses for Miss Green."

"You will go with me, wont you?" said Susan, with a frank and winning smile.

Robert looked astonished.

"I?" he stammered. "I—I—couldn't possibly. Got important letters to write before the mail closes." And up stairs he shot, as if he was afraid of being carried off bodily by storm; leaving Susan to take her ride "solitary and alone," and highly provoked at his want of gallantry.

Robert and Susan had rooms on the same flight, and so occasionally met in passing to and from them. True to her determination to force him to speak to her whenever they met, Susan would pause suddenly, saying:

"Eh! what's that you said, cousin?"

To which he would invariably reply:

"I didn't say anything."

Speaking with such an innocent tone and air that she could scarcely help laughing in his face.

Thus matters continued until Susan's visit drew to a close; bringing her no nearer to its professed object than she was the day she arrived.

One morning, at the breakfast table, she announced her intention of starting for home in the afternoon train. Her aunt received it with loud expressions of sorrow and regret, but if Robert heard it, it made no visible impression upon him; he did not even lift his eyes from the book he was reading.

Thoroughly out of patience with him, Susan arose from the table and proceeded up stairs, and Robert followed. Just as he was about to enter his room, she preferred her usual question:

"What's that you said, cousin?"

"I didn't say anything," he replied.

Susan's eyes flashed, and the bright color in her cheeks grew brighter.

"Well, I think it's high time you did!" she exclaimed. And opening the door of her room, she went in, closing it with considerable emphasis.

For some seconds Robert stood motionless with astonishment, then he turned slowly and entered his study.

"Time I did!" he muttered to himself. "What does the girl mean?"

Then he fell into a brown study; and this time it was not on any of the abstruse themes that usually occupied his thoughts.

When they met at the dinner table, he looked curiously at Susan, taking into his mind for the first time, the general contour of her face, and its expression. What pretty eyes

she had, and what a fresh, bright color in the cheeks! And how cunningly the dimples gathered around the rose-red lips when she smiled! And as he gazed, he felt what he had never before experienced for any woman, a strong inclination to touch the soft, peachy cheeks and red lips.

Susan's feelings did not at all soften towards her cousin, and so, when the hour of her departure came, she refused to let her aunt call him down, but went off without bidding him good-by. Her heart might have relented had she known that he was standing at the head of the stairs, listening to her adieux, and endeavoring to muster courage to come down.

The supper table that night had a blank, cheerless look. He missed the bright smile, sweet laugh and merry words that had had such a transforming influence upon it, and which, in spite of his apparent pre-occupation, he had heard and seen with that vague feeling of pleasure with which we often listen to the song of birds, or gaze upon the blue summer sky, hardly conscious of the source of our enjoyment.

"You will miss Susan," he remarked to his mother, whose countenance had a very woe-begone expression.

"I shall, indeed. It seems as if the very light and sunshine of the house had gone with her!"

"Why didn't you invite her to stay longer?"

Now Mrs. Newton felt personally aggrieved at her son's discourteous neglect of her favorite niece, so she said, rather tartly:

"So I did, as a matter of course, which you couldn't have helped hearing if you had had your wits about you, like other people! And if you had taken any pains to make her visit agreeable, she might have done so; but it isn't at all likely that she wanted to stay in this dull place, without a person to speak to, except an old woman like me!"

Robert winced a little at these words, and immediately fell into another brown study.

The next morning he electrified his mother by coming down stairs dressed in a neat, well-fitting suit of black, and with his beard and hair newly trimmed.

Mrs. Newton looked at his handsome face and manly form with a glow of motherly pride.

"I am going to the city," he said, "and shall probably call at Aunt Green's. Have you any errand or message for her?"

The old lady shrewdly conjectured the nature of the attraction that drew him thither,

so she took care to provide him with a number, in order that he might not be without an excuse for doing as he proposed.

Harry Green was seated near one of the windows of the front parlor, quizzing his sister unmercifully upon the unsatisfactory result of her visit to Willow Brook, when Robert's handsome carriage and well-matched grays drew up to the door.

"What a splendid turnout!" he exclaimed, in a tone of admiration. "Cousin Robert, by all that's handsome!" he added, a moment later, as the gentleman, in alighting, presented a front view of his face.

The reader will not blame our heroine if she received the attentions that Robert now lavished upon her, rather shyly, at first, and was at some pains to convince him that, in spite of her cousinly advances, she was not to be lightly won, but this soon wore away.

Under the transforming influence of the new hopes and happiness that were springing up in his heart, Robert seemed little like the shy and silent student of other days. He remained at his aunt's a couple of weeks, and when he returned, Susan went with him, to pass another and much longer visit to Willow Brook.

Upon her return, she directed her brother's attention, with an air of triumph, to a sparkling brilliant that adorned one of her pretty hands, saying, demurely:

"I will thank you to order the bridal touseau you promised me."

This Harry did without delay; though he always insisted that she owed not only her outfit but her husband to his shrewd suggestion.

YOUNG LOBSTERS.

The reproduction of the lobster, enormous as it is, would be far greater were not the young destined to become in myriads the prey of various other fish. Many fishermen assert that they have frequently seen during the season, the old lobsters with their young around them. Some of the young have been noticed at six inches long, the old lobster with her head peeping from under a rock, the young ones playing around her. She appeared to rattle her claws on the approach of the fishermen, when herself and young family took refuge under the rock; the rattling was, no doubt, to give the alarm.

Love is a butterfly that from his wings shakes dust in mortal eyes.

[ORIGINAL.]
CHANGE.

~~~~~  
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.  
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I remember when the sunrise thrilled
My soul with grandest bliss,
And when I sat ecstatic 'neath
The morning's sacred kiss;
When rarely gorgeous seemed the skies,
As those we see in dreams;
When gold and emerald lean above
Soft-gliding, crystal streams.

At sunset—ah, sometimes it seemed
The sundering veil was rent,
That hides from mortal eyes the land
Beyond the firmament;
For when around the sunset hills
The crimson clouds were rolled,
In dim, weird distance stretched afar
The streets of living gold.

There is a change. Are those rare skies
Less radiant than of old?
The vivid crimson, has it failed?
Grown tarnished is the gold?
I cannot tell—there seems a lack:
Vague—something undefined;
For all earth's varied glories are
With sadness underlined.

Change, solemn change! thy stern, cold hand
Is laid alike on all;
Beneath thy touch all living things
Wither, and faint, and fall.
But ah! the saddest change of all,
That tangles the earth with gloom,
Has crept within my own sad heart,
And gives no sunshine room.

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[ORIGINAL.]  
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CELEBRATING BIRTHDAYS.

~~~~~  
BY AMANDA M. HALE.  
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"THAT will do, Auguste; you've done yourself credit. Nothing could look nicer than the celery, and the flowers are very tastefully arranged."

Mrs. Leigh looked very complacently at the handsomely set table, with its glittering silver and china, its bouquets of rare flowers, and dazzling white linen. All the appointments of the room were exquisite, and in perfect keeping with the climate—its chairs of light, graceful bamboo, its tables of rare West Indian woods, and its richly lacquered Japanese and Turkish ornaments.

The windows towards the river were open, and the air came in warm and fragrant with blossoming shrubs, though it was the month of January—for this was Louisiana.

"You had better go up to Warwick's room now, and see if he wants anything," continued the lady.

"Yes, missis!" and the young man disappeared.

He went through the flight, pleasant entry, and coming abreast of a window that looked into the garden, suddenly paused.

"Lettice!" The word was uttered in a low whisper.

A young girl, who was at work in the garden, started up, looked around hastily, and then ran toward the open window.

"Auguste!" Standing under the window, she tossed up a spray of myrtle. Auguste caught it, and fastened it in his button-hole, smiling the while.

"What are you doing there, Lettice?"

"Tying up missis' rose-bushes."

"Ah—you'll never see them blossom again."

The young girl's face clouded.

"Are you sorry you've promised?" asked Auguste.

"O, no; you know I am not. But missis is good to me, and I love her so much," said Lettice.

"Good? She will let you be sold to that cursed Byers."

"Is it true?" asked Lettice, growing pale.

"True? The trader was with master last night, and I heard them talk it over while I was listening on the verandah."

"Then there is only one way left for me," replied Lettice, clasping her hands together.

"Don't be afraid, Lettice," said Auguste, looking at her as if he feared she would falter.

"Can't you trust me?"

Lettice looked up, her sweet face full of faith and love, and Auguste felt himself twice a man, as he thought that he was the one on whom she relied for protection. He felt the pulsations of a noble and manly ambition; he was inspired to do his utmost, and nothing seemed too difficult. So, in all ages, has a loving, womanly dependence developed the man's best powers.

As they stood there, in stolen intercourse, all the sweeter for being tasted secretly—the breath of spring, its sunshine and fragrance and music about them—it was a pretty picture of young love, though the blood of the subject race ran in the veins of both. Both bore its traces in their persons.

Auguste was tall and straight and athletic—had black hair, that curled handsomely, a clear though mulatto complexion, and bright, intelligent eyes; but his nose was the least bit in the world depressed. And Lettice, with her lustrous waves of black hair sweeping away from a low, fair forehead; her deep, limpid eyes, and sweet smile, would have been very beautiful, but for the slight sallowness on her smooth, round cheek.

You would not have taken either of them for American. Perhaps you would have thought of some of the southern nations of Europe—and I am quite sure that their style of beauty would not have altogether pleased you; but, since the finest gentry in the land, the purest Southern chivalry, take no offence at this style, and do not deny it their love and caresses, I do not know why we plebeians need be fastidious.

But as Auguste and Lettice stood there, talking in whispered tones, they were not thinking of their looks, or discussing ethnological differences. Something much more vital was at stake. It was a question that appertained to the soul, and they forgot they were not white—forgot the body, as we all do, in mortal extremity.

"Auguste!" called Mrs. Leigh, from the other end of the entry.

"Run, Lettice; but remember—on the river-bank at twelve!"

"Yes, missis;" and now Auguste was all attention.

"What are you doing there? Did I not tell you to go to Master Warwick's room?"

"I beg pardon, missis; I was going, but Lettice wanted me to tell her how to tie up the rose-bushes, and I stopped a minute. Didn't mean any harm, missis."

Mrs. Leigh looked at Auguste, and Auguste looked at Mrs. Leigh, precisely as if they were both children of a common Father.

"Go now, then, Auguste; but next time try and do my bidding at once," said the lady.

Auguste bowed, and was off. Mrs. Leigh came to the window, and looked out. Lettice was very busy among the rose-bushes—so much so that she did not notice her mistress was watching her. Auguste's excuse was plausible enough, but—and Mrs. Leigh sighed as she admitted the fact—you never knew what to believe. Servants are always untruthful, which, considering everything, is not perhaps to be wondered at. She had particular reasons for wishing to keep Auguste and Lettice apart. She knew her husband was

thinking of parting with Lettice, and she was too much attached to them both to be willing to see them form an intimacy which must be broken. Auguste tapped at Master Warwick's door, and then walked in.

"Heigho! you, Auguste? It's time for me to dress, I suppose. I say, old fellow, I think birthdays are a bore," said Warwick, throwing down a newspaper, and yawning. "And for that matter, so are all holidays. I shall be glad when this furlough is over. Catch me coming home again when I get winged. The army is the place for fun."

"But Master Warwick might get a worse hurt," said Auguste, as he dressed Master Warwick's handsome beard.

"Pshaw! There isn't half so much danger of that as folks imagine, and at any rate, a man must die when his time comes." There was a silence for a little while, during which Auguste went on brushing and oiling and curling. After a time Warwick said, "So all these people are coming here to do honor to my birthday? I'm my own man, now—as good as an emperor. I say, Auguste, there's something jolly in that, isn't there? I can go and come as I like, and not be tied to anybody's apron-string. To be sure, the governor's well enough—lavish of spare cash, and not too sharp; and mother's goodness itself. But 'after all, there's something fine in thinking nobody has any right to order you about; that's the glory of it;" and Warwick looked with great satisfaction at the reflection of young manhood in the mirror before him. And Auguste brushed and oiled and curled, and his heart uttered an emphatic ay to every word his young master said.

"What are you so glum about, Auguste?" broke out Warwick, presently.

"I? Beg pardon, Master Warwick. I've got a—headache."

Servants are so untruthful!

"Ah! I'm sorry. Ask cook to make you some coffee," said Warwick, kindly. "All done—eh?" and Warwick surveyed himself in the glass. "Pretty well, isn't it?"

"Master looks very handsome," said Auguste.

Warwick laughed lightly. "I'll go down now."

"Master Warwick—" said Auguste, hesitatingly.

"Well, what is it?"

"It is my birthday to-day!" and Auguste confronted his young master.

"O!" and Warwick put his hand in his pocket.

"No—I didn't mean that," said Auguste, shrinking back.

"What did you mean, then?"

"I was thinking!"

"Thinking? O yes; we are the same age, and we had jolly times when we were boys—but there's jollier ahead. Here;" and he held out a handful of silver. "Take it, Auguste. I'd give you more, only silver is so confounded scarce. And see here—you needn't wait at table, as your head aches. I'll beg you off. Go down to the river, and see if the boats are ready. We shall want to row;" and Warwick left the room. Auguste went down to the river, and stepping into one of the boats, sat down.

"Yes, it's my birthday, and I'll keep it—I'll keep it!" he muttered. Auguste was thinking again.

He thought of the past—of his mother, sent to die among the cane-brakes; of Lettice; of the look which he had that morning seen Warwick give her—a look which was menacing to him, and inspired him with hate against the young man, kind as he was. Then he thought of those words—"There's jollier times ahead." Yes, there should be. If there was a God, he would help them now.

And he took out the shining pieces of silver, and dropped them one by one into the gleaming water. *If there is a God!* The poor fellow looked up at the sky, intense and blue above him; at the fresh beauty of the trees and fields; at the onward rolling river, broad and grand. Perhaps some feeling of its infinite peace found its way to the dwarfed soul. The tumult within him grew still. Hope sprang afresh. At any rate, there should be a brave fight for freedom. To-night, at twelve!

Up in the dining-room of the house, after the master and mistress had retired, Warwick and his gay young friends were drinking toasts and singing songs.

"Come, Warwick, give us a toast. You've played shy long enough," cried one.

Warwick colored, hesitated.

"All between friends, you know," said one, who was evidently on a familiar footing.

Warwick took up his glass.

"I give you—Lettice!"

"Bravo! Warwick's pet flame. Does she show herself as coy as ever?"

"I can't say she doesn't," said Warwick.

"Well—faint heart never won fair lady, you know."

It was a royally kept birthday.

"Maria, if you would be reasonable!" and Mr. Leigh ceased to walk the floor, and sat down opposite his wife. Mrs. Leigh was too judicious to make any reply.

"You see the necessity of parting with some of the servants, as plainly as I do, and you admit that Lettice is the one whom we can spare best," continued Mr. Leigh.

"I know that is all true, Madison, and if you had sold her to some friend or neighbor, I wouldn't have said a word; but it goes to my heart to have her put into the hands of a trader."

"There it is again. That's the impracticability of women. Do you know of anybody who wants to buy an ornamental article like Lettice, in such times, as these?"

There was no answer to be made to this, and Mrs. Leigh put the affair in a new light.

"I dread to think what will be the effect upon Auguste. He has always liked Lettice, and I think has always looked forward to her being his wife."

"I'm sorry, then, but I can't help it. Auguste must console himself with Lizzy or Sue, or some of the rest of them. I don't know but I'll consent to his marrying off the plantation, for once, if that will make it up to him."

"Poor Auguste!" sighed Mrs. Leigh.

"Now, Maria, why will you be so childish? I must say that you show more solicitude for Auguste than you do for your own son. Haven't you said over and over again, that Warwick and Lettice must be kept apart? and now, when I propose a way that will do that effectually, you object to it. Indeed, now that I consider the subject, I am sure that it would be my duty to part with Lettice, for Warwick's sake;" and Mr. Leigh went on, until he convinced himself that he was acting from the highest convictions of duty, and entirely independently of any mercenary consideration.

"I beg you'll not mention it to Warwick. Time enough after she is gone." Mr. Leigh looked at his watch. "That man should have been here by ten. Ah! that must be he now. Maria, you had better retire, and see that we are not disturbed." Mrs. Leigh went away, and Mr. Byers was shown in.

A tall, good-looking man, in fine animal condition, and not at all brutal or repulsive in aspect, as you might expect a slave-trader to be. Indeed, that was an epithet which he declined to apply to himself, as well as the more euphuistic one of speculator. He was

merely the agent in certain little domestic interchanges, such as might be supposed necessary in gentlemen's families, where society is patriarchally constituted.

"I assure you, Colonel Leigh—or should I say General—"

"I have no claim to any military title," answered Mr. Leigh, yet evidently flattered.

"Ah! I beg pardon—natural mistake—you have a remarkably military air. I assure you, sir, that you've sold her at a high figure. That is more money than I would have paid any other man of my acquaintance, but I don't like to higgie about prices with gentlemen. If I'm dealing with a low, sharp fellow, I don't allow myself to be outwitted; but in my transactions with gentlemen, I don't stand for a few hundreds. Mr. Leigh, I hope we shall trade again."

"I hope not, sir," said Mr. Leigh, decidedly.

"The truth is, Mr. Byers, this whole matter of disposing of servants is painful to me, as well as to Mrs. Leigh; and, as I told you before, nothing but extreme necessity would have driven me to it."

"Exactly, sir. Circumstances will arise to make these little changes necessary. Like death, you know, hard but inevitable. I sympathize with you, sir, and honor your humanity. If there's anything I pride myself upon, it's my humanity. Some folks go for whip-pin' and drivin'; but I tell 'em, what's the use? Nature is nature. I go on the humane principle. I give 'em enough to eat and drink, and if they're down in the mouth, there's no man freer with his whiskey than I am. I talk to 'em, and make 'em dance and sing, and try to cheer 'em up. I tell you, Mr. Leigh the humane principle pays best in the long run."

"I hope you'll be kind to Lettice. She's a great favorite with my wife."

"I'll treat her well, sir. As I intimated, I think I know where I can dispose of her. If I didn't, I shouldn't have liked to make that investment. That kind is like a china teacup—pretty to look at, but easily broken, and poor property in these times. Yes, sir; ornamental niggers aint worth fifty per cent., because, you see, they're too expensive to keep, don't bring in anything, and are mighty uncertain. Why, sir, I know scores and scores of families, that used to live like princes, who cook their own victuals, now, and earn it, too. Tell you what, sir, secession leads to glory—there aint no doubt about that—but it's a mighty hard road to travel."

Mr. Leigh did not endorse this sentiment, but simply said:

"I hope you'll try to get Lettice off quietly, so as not to make any sensation. Mrs. Leigh is very much attached to her, and—"

"Exactly—I understand. Women are delightful creatures, but a little impracticable. Yes, I'll get her off quietly. I'm up to that kind of thing. Nothing would please me better, sir, than to say, keep your girl—for I'm a humane man; but I cannot indulge my feelings. I owe a duty to my wife and children, Mr. Leigh."

Mr. Leigh at last bowed the gentleman out, and returned to his library thoughtfully.

"Well," he exclaimed, rubbing his hands "I'm glad it's off my mind. It's a bad affair all around, but what can't be cured must be endured. There's one comfort, at any rate—I've done my duty!"

It wanted a few minutes of twelve, when Lettice glided stealthily out of the house. The front part was still brightly lighted—Warwick and his companions had not yet abandoned their revelries—but the light in her mistress's room was extinguished, and Lettice knew that Mr. and Mrs. Leigh had retired.

Lettice stole softly through the shrubbery, down along the paths lined with fragrant rhododendrons, past the beds of hyacinths and tulips which she had helped tend, and so on to the gate. Here she paused a moment, and looked regretfully back. It was home, and she was leaving it forever. The walls of the house had sheltered her ever since she could remember, and within she had received nothing but kindness. And now she was stealing away, like a thief in the night. She knew that she was already sold, and that the trader was coming on the morrow to take her away.

Nevertheless, her heart accused her of ingratitude—of treason to her mistress, whom she loved so well. I doubt if Lettice was fleeing, from a longing to be free. If Auguste had not lured her on, it is questionable whether she would have done anything heroic in order to escape from the slave-dealer.

She bade the house good-by over and over again, kissed the senseless stone gateway, and went slowly away, crying bitterly, and accusing herself of black ingratitude. You see she had not a logical mind; she could not reason from premises to conclusions; her moral ideas were rather an odd jumble; the chief axiom among them was that you were to be good to

them who were good to you—and had not Mrs. Leigh fed and clothed her, brought her trinkets from town, taught her to read, and made gruel for her when she was sick? Lettice wasn't educated up to the appreciation of any higher good.

She came at last in sight of the river; the black waters, gloomy and dark by the light of the fast setting moon, swept steadily on, with a sullen, muffled sound.

Here was the great pine tree which overhanging the landing. Was Auguste crouching in its shadow, or what was that dark shape?

She stopped timidly.

The shape moved, came out into the dim moonlight.

"Is it you, Auguste?"

"Lettice? Thank God, you've come! I was afraid something had happened. Is all quiet at the house?"

"Yes; only Master Warwick and his friends are in the parlors."

"They'll stay a hour more. We shall be off before half that time is gone—just as soon as the moon drops out of sight. We must wait for that, else Colonel Stirling's patrols will see us, and so will the sentries at the fort, half a dozen miles down."

"O, Auguste—I'm afraid!"

"There's no danger. Once past the fort, and we're safe. 'Tisn't more than twenty miles to the Union lines; and you know, Lettice, I'm the best rower anywhere around."

"But if they should fire at us, Auguste?"

"They can't see us in the dark; and it's a hundred chances to one if a random shot hits. And then—"

"Hist, August! what is that?"

"O, that's Uncle Joe. He's going to see us off, and undertake to cover up our tracks. Come and speak to the old fellow."

They went down to the pine tree.

"How do you do, Uncle Joe?" said Lettice.

"Dat you, honey? I'se pretty well—spects to lib long enough to get out o' dis wilderness. You tell 'em down riber, chile, dat Uncle Joe is a coming. He's only a waitin' for the lead-in' of the Lord, and a few more shiners, 'fore he comes. And he's goin' to bring a lot wid him, too. De Lord has opened de way, and he's a sayin' to de niggers, 'Walk ye in it.' An' I'm goin' to 'bey. Dere aint much left ob dis ole feller, but what dere is, he's goin' to own hissef. Dat's so?"

"Hush, Uncle Joe—don't talk so loud! What was that?"

They all listened eagerly.

"I didn't hear anything," said Auguste.

"I did," insisted Lettice. "It was a tramping like."

Auguste listened again intently.

"It must have been a noise at the house or the quarters," said Auguste.

"I wish we could go," exclaimed Lettice, fearfully. "I don't like waiting."

"In a few minutes—fifteen or twenty minutes, it will be quite safe;" and Auguste tenderly encouraged her.

It happened that Mr. Byers had business at a plantation a mile or two further up the river. It also happened that, having met with a congenial spirit, he had prolonged his stay till quite late—till nearly midnight, in fact, and was now making the best of his way to his lodgings in the town below, in a slightly intoxicated state.

"This is a confounded dark night, anyhow," he muttered, as his horse picked his way carefully along; "and seems to me the moon is dreadful slow in rising. It don't look any further up than it did when I started, if it does as far. There's the river, now, and it's going the wrong way, by jingo! Let's see—I've been up the river, and now I'm going down. No, I've been down, and now I'm going up. No! Well, hang it—I'm either going up or down! If I should meet any Yankees, now, or, what's worse, any guerillas, —'em, they'd have a nice haul. There' over two thousand dollars in my wallet. Hallo! what's that? I hear 'em talking now. I'll fight! No, I won't—I'll give up my money. Hallo—aint that a man? Whoa!"

He stopped his horse just in the edge of a thicket, which ran along the roadside. Beyond this narrow belt of undergrowth the height sloped abruptly and quickly to the river.

"What's this? Why, if this aint Leigh's place, and that's— Hallo! I wonder what's in the wind now?" Instinct, or long practice, sharpened his torpid senses. The transition from Mr. Byers drunk, to Mr. Byers sober, was made in an instant. He peered carefully through an opening in the thicket, then softly dismounted. "Here's mischief brewing. No guerillas, but niggers going to run away. What if it should be that girl of mine? I've had more'n one such trick played on me. Now what's to be done? If I go up to the house by the road, they'll see me as quick as I get into the open road, and cut. I must go back."

By a circuitous path he soon reached the house.

"Hallo! they're up yet. O, I remember—your young man's birthday. Perhaps I can get something to drink. Riding in the night makes a man terrible thirsty."

His powerful rap brought some of Warwick's friends to the door. Everybody spoke at once.

"Niggers running away? Hallo, Warwick—here's fun! Going to try the river? That's capital! Come on, all of you?"

"Stop! see to your pistols."

"Poh! there wont be any shooting."

"That depends—who is it, anyhow?"

The uproar had brought the whole household to the spot, Mr. Leigh among the rest. In a minute Mrs. Leigh came running in.

"Auguste and Lettice are missing," she cried.

"The devil!" This was Mr. Byers.

"Lettice?" exclaimed Warwick.

"Come on, then, all of you!" shouted one.

"Stop—don't make a noise!" said Mr. Byers. "You must come upon them unawares, or they'll take to the boats. And you want lanterns."

A little delay ensued.

"Now, then, we're ready. Where's Warwick?"

"Gone."

"Gone? What did he start off so for?"

"O, I hope they wont catch them," said Mrs. Leigh.

"Nonsense, Maria! Don't be a fool," said Mr. Leigh, adding, "Don't fire, gentlemen, if you can help it. That boy is worth a thousand dollars."

"And don't aim at the girl, anyway. You might damage her five hundred dollars' worth. Never offered me a drop of anything," muttered Mr. Byers, discontentedly, as he plodded along after the party.

Warwick crept stealthily along. He could master that fellow Auguste, if he came up with him. He would teach him to run away with Lettice. This was where it hurt Warwick.

Auguste was just putting Lettice into the boat.

"Now, then, good-by, Uncle Joe."

At that instant a light flashed upon them; a loud report crashed through the air, and Auguste's right arm dropped to his side.

"Good Heaven! we are discovered. In with you, Uncle Joe. You can't go back now."

Joe scrambled into the boat, and Auguste was on the point of stepping in, when Warwick rushed upon him.

"Not so fast. Give up, Auguste, or I'll shoot you;" and Warwick aimed his revolver. It was struck from his hand, and the young man found himself lying on the ground, held there by Auguste's one strong arm.

"I have pistols, too, Master Warwick; but I don't want to shoot you. Say you wont hinder us."

"Never! Do your worst. Run away with Lettice, will you?"

"What would you have? Your father has sold her to the trader," said Auguste.

"It's false!" shouted Warwick.

"I swear it's true. Hadn't you rather I'd have her? O, Master Warwick, think of the old times!"

Warwick struggled ineffectually a few minutes.

"Well, Auguste, let me up. I suppose you could shoot me if you liked. Be off, for all me!"

Auguste sprang into the boat, just as the rest of the party came in sight.

"Confound 'em! What did you let 'em go for?" said Mr. Byers to Warwick.

"I'm under no obligation to hunt your property," answered Warwick, sulkily.

Half a dozen shots were sent after the boat.

"Aint there anybody here that can row?" raged Mr. Byers.

"Not against that fellow. You'd best reconcile yourself to your loss, Mr. Byers. We couldn't see them, either. It's growing dark, and is going to rain."

Great was Mr. Byers' wrath, but in vain.

"Let me take one oar, Auguste. I can row with you better than Uncle Joe—you taught me, you know," said Lettice.

They made twenty miles in darkness and rain, coming abreast of the Federal batteries just at daybreak.

"Well, I wish my ole woman was here," said Uncle Joe. "Spect I'll hab to go arter her one ob dese days. I come sooner I meant to, captain; but p'raps I kin pick up some shiners round here."

The next day there was a wedding at headquarters of the chaplain of the post, and Auguste related how he had celebrated his birthday.

• Delay in punishment is no privilege of pardon.

[ORIGINAL.]

AT SEA.

BY WILLIAM LEIGHTON, JR.

Hark to the rippling waters,
 As they lave our vessel's prow,
 Glance lightly along her sides,
 Glean far behind her now.
 List to the breeze as it speeds
 Swift o'er the watery way;
 Filling our swelling sails
 Throughout the livelong day;
 The ocean is around us
 A plain outstretching wide;
 The blue arched sky above us:
 Water on every side.
 Then hail to the realm of waves,
 That owns old Neptune's sway!
 And hail to the old sea-god,
 May he speed us on our way!

The face of Nature is changed—
 Changed in a few short hours;
 The light of the sun is hid,
 The sky above us lowers.
 Now sweeping along in gusts,
 Bending the sailless mast,
 The rough wind hurries on,
 Driving the dark sea fast.
 The waves wear a threatening look,
 As higher and higher they rise;
 They borrow a darker hue,
 Thrown down from blackening skies.
 I can hear the sullen sound,
 As they beat against our side,
 A flood of gurgling waters,
 A dark and angry tide.
 The tempest spirit hovers,
 Flitting on sable wing,
 Darkly above the plain,
 Weaving a mystic ring.
 The loosened winds are rushing
 Forth from their rocky cells,
 Where, bound by King Æolus,
 They own his potent spells.
 Rejoicing in their power,
 They sweep above the main,
 Rolling the swelling billows
 Along the watery plain.

Hark! from the dark clouds pealing,
 As Jove's imperial car,
 Along the arch of heaven,
 On golden wheels sped far;
 Resounds the crash of thunder,
 A sullen, ponderous sound;
 Shaking the ocean's bed,
 Startling the waves around.
 The vivid lightning gleams
 Over the stormy scene;

Still blacker the skies appear,
 Each fitful flash between.
 Darkness closes around us,
 A deep and ebon night;
 The winds and billows raging,
 The world devoid of light.

[ORIGINAL.]

MARGARET DE VALOIS:

—OR—

A DAY AND NIGHT AT NAMUR.

BY JOHN CHURCHILL.

NAMUR—the sweetest gem of the Netherlands—lies at the confluence of the rivers Sombre and Meuse, at the foot of beautiful, overshadowing hills, that enclose their waters as in a deep basin. The valley teems with vegetating life, and not a spot in it but speaks of beauty and richness. Vineyards, whose vines hang purple with matted clusters of the finest grapes; broad fields, golden with grain; trees, whose ripe fruit drops melting at your feet; meadows, where the cattle stand almost embedded in the luscious pasturage—all these remind one of the sweet vale of which Moore sings so deliciously that we have only to shut our eyes, and lo! Avoca lies in all its bewildering beauty before us.

A bright September day, nearly three centuries ago, saw a party of horsemen were beneath the clear, unclouded sky that beamed that day over Namur. They were courtly knights—those horsemen—arrayed in the elaborate costume of the times; and they rode handsome and powerful horses, whose gilded armor flashed, bright and dazzling, in the sunbeams. The party was not a gay one, however, for he who led it wore a haughty, repellant air, that overshadowed them with a vague feeling, that, if not awe, was nearly akin to it. His face was one which, once seen, could never be forgotten. Its mingling of nobleness and sensuality, of pride and some softer passion, made it at once a pain and a pleasure to look upon it. This was Don John of Austria, whose father was the Emperor Charles V., of Germany, and whose mother was Barbara Bromberg, the washerwoman. The kingly and the plebeian qualities were alike developed. The boy's ambition had triumphed over the disadvantages of his birth, and lifted him to a level with royalty itself; but the sting of that birth made itself felt, and its owner retaliated the venom upon men whose parentage was untainted.

"Ride on, gentlemen! ride for your lives! The queen is approaching. She must not find us laggards."

Almost the next minute found Don John and the half dozen who rode nearest him, stooping beside a gilded litter, in which lay the voluptuous form and winning face of Margaret Valois, queen of Navarre, who was this day hastening from the presence of a husband whom she hated—hastening to meet the son of Barbara Bromberg!

There she lay—"a beautiful fallen angel," as some called her—her white arms gleaming up from the deep-green velvet that lined her oriental-looking litter. The rich lining and curtains, the heavy gold fringe and tassels, the superb robes that enveloped her, all showed her passion for magnificence; but it was no vulgar taste for mere display. It was a true love of the beautiful. Pity that one so faultless in taste, should not have been purer in character.

The recreant queen's train was increased by the presence of a large number of beautiful ladies, on palfreys, and an efficient guard, both in front and rear. The cavalcade moved onward, until it came to the shade of a clump of superb trees, where it was met by the horsemen. Beneath these trees, a little white pavilion was built, and hung with cloth of gold. Here a luxurious banquet was prepared, at which Don John sat at the right hand of Margaret of Valois. At this, the two were served with wine, by the young Ottavio Gonzaga, upon his knees! The son of a low-born, low-bred, bad and wicked woman, whose vices he inherited, and the frail, false wife, fleeing to his arms, from those of her husband, were meet companions for each other. But it was not meet that a pure and virtuous gentleman, like Ottavio Gonzaga, should kneel to such as they. On this day, however, a glimpse of the wretched truth fastened itself upon Gonzaga's mind, and soon deepened into a stronger light. One thing troubled him. He could not divine, if the queen was what he now suspected, how such ladies as the Princess de la Roche came in her train. He had looked at this beautiful lady, until his eyes and soul were completely dazzled by her beauty—a beauty, beside which that of Margaret of Valois faded into mere painted flesh and blood. No sweeter lady had graced the court of Navarre; none had a deeper reverence for the mistress she thought so pure and good.

Marie de la Roche looked into her own true

and honest heart, and straightway all the virtues she found there, were instantly mirrored in the false, frail queen.

Ottavio Gonzaga soon found out what were the princess's sentiments for her mistress. She believed her the purest and best of earthly beings. It righted her in his eyes, and he long debated with himself whether he should undeceive her.

The open air, the excitement of new scenes, and, more than all, the consciousness that the handsome knight, Gonzaga, was more attentive to her than to the other ladies of the queen's train, enhanced the beauty of Marie de la Roche. She grew resplendent under the influence of all these—resplendent, yet with a veil of tenderness and softness, as a thin, transparent mist softens, while it does not conceal, the glory of the sun. He had found many opportunities for a whispered word in the young beauty's ear—partly of sympathy and friendliness, but latterly, as the day waned, of open, undisguised admiration and interest, bordering on love itself. Bright blushes dyed her cheeks, yet they were not called forth by any unpleasant feeling; for the young knight was as delicate in his admiration, and as fearful of wounding her modesty, as she could have desired him to be. Their eyes had spoken eloquently, and their language was unmistakable. Even the queen, wrapt as she was in her own beauty, had the meanness to watch Marie, and to feel jealous of Gonzaga's apparent admiration. "What if that girl should attract Don John also?" was her inward question. And when the girl, in the lightness of her heart, rode up to the litter, after the cavalcade had moved on toward Liege, and addressed a playful word to the queen, Margaret was sullen, and answered the word with a sharp and shrill response, that struck the amiable Marie to the heart, and made her burst into tears.

It was in this mood that Gonzaga found her, when he rode beside her, and laid his hand upon the bridle of her beautiful palfrey. Alarmed at the traces of tears, which still showed upon her cheek, he begged her confidence; and she tearfully told him that the queen must have been displeased with her, although the cause was perfectly unknown to her.

If she expected sympathy, she must have been sorely disappointed. Only a glad light beamed in the eyes of her listener. He was thinking that there was some hope that he might be able to disentangle this pure being

from the meshes which Margaret of Valois had thrown around her. And, as a preliminary to this, he then and there offered his heart to her acceptance.

A fresh burst of tears was her answer, and, interrupted in his efforts to soothe her, by the announcement of their near approach to the end of their journey, he let her hasten on toward the queen.

That night, Margaret rated the princess soundly, for accepting attentions from a stranger. Had she been the most virtuous of queens, she could not have shown greater indignation than she now did toward the suffering maiden, who really began, under her displeasure, to think she had committed some great impropriety of conduct.

Determined to ascertain if Don John had also expressed admiration of the princess, she asked her opinion of him. Too artless to conceal her sentiments, Marie expressed herself ill pleased with his appearance. This angered the queen.

"How now?" she exclaimed; "has Don John been making love to you?"

"To me, my queen? He, a married man, speak of love to me?"

"Hush, Marie! it was but a sorry jest, which I recall willingly. You may go now, little maiden. I shall not need you to-night."

Marie escaped gladly, but was strangely moved, when, almost at the moment of her arrival at the end of the gallery, she looked back, and saw Don John softly admitted to the queen's apartment. It was not the first thing that had appeared strange to the unsophisticated girl, since she had commenced this journey. She clasped her hands involuntarily, and exclaimed, forgetting that she might be overheard, "O, that I were far from here, in a quiet, virtuous home!"

"Amen!" said a voice close to her ear. She looked up, and saw Gonzaga, who had witnessed the same that she had done.

"Do you see now, princess, that this is no place for an innocent woman? Do you see that yonder queen is false, and that the man who courts her favor is one of her own kind? Are these the surroundings for a being like yourself? Trust me, lady, they are not. Give me but the right to sever you from associations so unfitted to your youth and innocence, and I will do it this night."

She looked up in his face, as if mutely asking if he himself were a true man. No one could doubt that open, manly face, and she

seemed satisfied with her scrutiny. Then he went on to tell her of Don John. When he had described his character, a sudden rustle made them both start. Don John stood before them! He had delayed to enter the queen's apartment, until he had discovered why Gonzaga was lingering in the corridor, and if it were to meet the beautiful princess. In the most rageful mood, he accused Gonzaga of slandering him to the lady, and called to his men to arrest him. They carried him away, boiling with indignation at Don John's injustice. Even at that moment, when the tyrant had turned speciously toward her with a few insulting words, she had presence of mind to note the situation of the room in which her lover was placed.

"Unhand me, sir!" she said to Don John, whose hand was already upon her shoulder. "Unhand me! I am going to the queen, who shall hear of this."

When she went to the queen, she found her asleep. Marie felt sick from agitation, and she eagerly poured out a goblet of wine, and drank it off. It gave her strength and courage. She passed through the little room that led from the queen's apartment to her own, carefully locking the doors leading into the gallery. In her own room, her little waiting-maid stood ready to undress her mistress. She hastily parted with the rich dress she had worn, and assumed a plain linen one that the girl had brought her from her own store. A shawl and bonnet, suitable for one in humble life, completed her costume. To the maid, who idolized her young mistress, she confided the fact of Gonzaga's confinement. She bade her follow her along the long colonnade that ran around the building. They trod softly past the room where Don John lay, and Gonzaga's was far beyond, fastened with slight bars upon the outside. The low sound brought the prisoner to the window, just as the last bar was removed, and he stood face to face with her whom he had begun to think he should see no more. In a transport of joy at beholding the sweet face so unexpectedly, he was about to utter an exclamation which might have proved his ruin.

"Hush, Gonzaga! Don John threatens your life, and I come to give you the means of escape," she whispered.

"Angel!" he murmured; but she pressed his arm for silence, and the next moment saw both in the street below.

"Farewell, Gonzaga!" said the princess, as she placed a precious jewel upon his finger,

and lifted up her pale, innocent face for a parting caress.

"Surely, surely, you will not go back to that den of iniquity, Marie? O, let me call you by that dear name now. Will you put yourself again in the way of that bad man—that wicked, deceiving woman? Will you leave me now? When you have so nobly saved me, shall I not be permitted to protect you?"

"No. You must not be clogged with such a burden. Go—fly as far and as fast as you may, and hide securely from this storm."

"And you?"

"I go to claim protection from the French minister, who will take me to my home. Farewell! in less troublous times, we may meet again."

He opened his arms, and she sprang to his embrace. He held her as if they could never part; but Marie saw the necessity, and, assuring him that she and her maid were going immediately to the palace of the minister, he suffered her to leave him, while he turned away to find safety in flight.

Twenty-five years have glided on, unmindful of human hopes, deeds or aspirations. There were two to whom they had brought the peace of innocent hearts. And these two were sitting in the porch of an old-fashioned house, talking lovingly of the past. They were the two who had ridden together on that lovely September day, a quarter of a century before—the two who had parted, with a sorrowful caress, on that star-lighted night.

They had never spoken together of that strange journey. Each wished to forget it, and to live only in their own sweet happiness. But this day, in its serene beauty, brought the other to their minds, and they pronounced the name of Don John of Austria for the first time.

Some secret feeling they had, perhaps, that they were to hear of him again in the mad career that passion and ambition had wrought out for the son of Barbara Bromberg. A little child came into the porch, bringing a French newspaper, sent by her father to his neighbor Gonzaga. It was many days old, but it chronicled news to them.

"Look here, Marie!" said the husband, as he pointed to the tidings of the death of Don John. Not a word was uttered of surprise, but a quiet, unruffled calm was spread upon their faces, at this announcement. It was not

in them to exult at the death of an enemy, and Don John had long since ceased to throw a shadow over the sweet home that had grown up for them, near the spot where they had first met. For it was beside the softly-flowing Meuse that they dwelt, and in sight of Namur—the lovely city that, if it sometimes awakened unpleasant remembrances, was still far more prolific of dear and hallowed memories.

Don John of Austria was dead! That name had no longer power to make their blood quicken into fear. His shadow would never again cross their path; and they talked of their past life with the composure that it deserved, and blessed God that he had saved them from the snares that were set for their youth. That night, they lingered longer than usual in the vine-covered porch. The voice that warned them of approaching damps, was that of her who had helped to save them both, on a night of Long Ago.

SCOTTISH PLUCK.

The Earl of Buchan, brother of Lord Chancellor Erskine, himself an accomplished scholar and man of letters, came into possession of his title whilst quite a young man. At that period it was the practice for the ministry of the day, at each new election, to forward to every Scottish peer a list of the names of sixteen of his fellow peers who should be chosen to represent the nobles of Scotland in the House of Lords; and for nearly a century the descendants of some of the most illustrious members of the Scottish peerage had tamely submitted. The Earl of Buchan regarded this submission as an insult to his order; and being a man of strong feelings, and apt to use great plainness of speech, he took an early opportunity of declaring in public, that any secretary of state who should insult him with such an application, should wash out the affront with his blood. Duels were at that date in the height of fashion; and doubtless this was the reason why the practice was at once discontinued, the ministers being obliged thenceforth to find out some other less offensive way of exercising their influence over the elections of the Scotch Representative Peers. Lord Buchan was an eccentric being, and after having asserted and secured this amount of freedom for his brethren, he took no further part in the matter, and to the end of his long life never again troubled himself to give his vote in the elections at Holyrood.

[ORIGINAL]

HUSH, MY HEART!

BY PETER PEPPER.

Hush, my heart, thy bitter wailings!
 Let thy murmurs all be stilled!
 Tears at least are unavailing,
 Since the fate you've met was willed.
 See it, read it in each action,
 And O, ponder o'er it well;
 This great truth, unmixed with fiction,
 Hollow hearts with coquettes dwell.

Yet, my heart, I'll not upbraid thee,
 If thy murmurs still should flow
 Against one who did betray thee,
 While she claimed thee for her beau;
 For there is a tender sadness
 In the heart when tears do flow,
 That will heal its wounds in gladness,
 And give triumph o'er the foe.

[ORIGINAL]

PERSIS ALLEN'S FIRST LOVE.

BY EMMA M. BABSON.

CHAPTER I.

"Little Ellie in her smile
 Chooseth—'I will have a lover;
 Riding on a steed of steeds!
 He shall love me without guile;
 And to him I will discover
 That man's nest among the reeds.'"

A MAY morning. Persis Allen stood upon the hillside, looking down at the over-flowed spring meadows, full of yellow cowslips. They dotted them all over, like little, gold stars.

She watched them with still, shining eyes. She was a quiet, little thing, with eyes that often shone but never sparkled—great, liquid, dark eyes which made her only beauty. I do not mean that Persis Allen was a child. Slight and small though she was, she looked all her eighteen years—having a smile that was far beyond them. But the little, brown hands clasped behind her were as tiny as a child's, and the short, dark hair tossing about her forehead, as she stood with her sun-bonnet hanging by its strings from her neck, decided the young man pausing on horseback at the foot of the hill, to call out:

"Here, little girl!—how far is it to Captain Allen's house?"

Persis was startled, but she looked around

quietly; then finding that she could not answer without calling very loudly, she walked down the hillside, and, leaning on the stone wall, pointed up the road.

"Do you see that brown house by the pines?"

"Yes," replied the young man, giving one glance at the house and two at her.

"Just beyond that is a cross road. You cannot see it from here for the trees. Take the left hand turning, and Captain Allen's house is the third, about quarter of a mile on."

"Thank you."

Persis looked up, met gravely the stranger's eyes, and turned away. The traveller rode on.

"Zounds!" he said. "I thought she was a child. What an odd, little thing! She looks like one of the elves who stole little Bridget, and never brought her back for seven long years! What is she doing up on that hill, I wonder? Can those flowers in the bog be buttercups? But I've forgotten all about country flowers, with a good many other things. Heigh-ho! Get up, Circe! There isn't much more of this detestable road, it seems."

He dashed down the muddy road like a Centaure. Persis watched him, watched him with admiring, absorbed, dreamy eyes.

"My lover shall ride like that," she said, softly. "But," with a little, light laugh, "I hope when he comes that he won't find me with my sun-bonnet hanging on my back, and my shoes muddy."

CHAPTER II.

"But my lover will not prize
 All the glory that he rides in,
 When he gazes in my face!
 He will say, 'O, love!—thine eyes
 Build the shrine my soul abides in;
 And I kneel here for thy grace.'"

THE little white May flowers were growing all along the roadsides, as Persis went home. Down at the crossing an apple tree was all in blossom. She put up her little hands towards it, in a kind of ecstasy—then went on quietly, singing lowly, and swinging a willow wand.

She looked more then ever like a fairy, to Vincent Lord, as she came winding among the lilacs up the path to her father's door, where Vincent Lord, the traveller, stood, talking to old Captain Allen within; while before the door was Phil, the hired man, try-

ing to manage Circe, the horse, who was vicious, and pranced dangerously about.

At sight of the horse, Persis paused—whereupon Vincent Lord sprang forward, and catching the mare by the bridle, cut her severely about the legs with his whip, and sent her to the stables, prancing and foaming. He went back to the door, and Persis came up—just bending her head to him, as she went in.

Her father was in his arm-chair by the door.

"Persis, dear—Mr. Lord has come to stay with us for awhile. He's old Cap'n Lord's youngest son, Persis—one of the boys that I never saw—but he's welcome for his father's sake. Any kith or kin of my old messmate is welcome here. Just tell Joan to lay the cloth for dinner, daughter. It's our dinner hour, Vincent—twelve o'clock. I s'pose you aint used to such early hours for dining—eh?"

Vincent Lord, who breakfasted at eleven, dined at four, and supped at twelve—laughed, and said something about doing in Rome as the Romans did. Persis went out, thinking more of that laugh, and the coal black eyes and raven curls, than of the dinner.

After dinner she went out into the porch, and sat down on the steps, with her head on her hand, and the festoons of hop vines drooping about her. In a little while there came a leisurely step behind her. She looked up.

"What were you doing on that hillside?" asked Vincent Lord.

"Looking at my garden."

"Where was your garden?"

"In the meadows. The cowslips are all in bloom."

O smiling, treacherous, flattering eyes! Persis's white lids drooped under them.

"Little fairy! Little queen of the cowslips! Is all the wild country your garden?"

"Yes. I have gardens in the woods where the violets and arbutus grow, and in the fields where the clover and buttercups blossom."

"That is very nice. And who is your gardener?"

She pointed upwards, bright, smiling, glad and reverent. Vincent Lord looked at her in astonishment.

"What a strange, strange child you are! Will you be my cicerone while I stay here?"

"O, yes."

"You know all the secrets of the woods, I believe;—what the birds say to each other, what the flowers are thinking about—where

the little brown men of the forest leave their calumets, and where the cinque-foil grows."

She shook her head, laughing and blushing.

"I never found a cinque-foil in my life," she said.

"I shall look for one to-morrow. And when it is found I shall wish—guess what I shall wish, my little Jane Eyre."

"I do not know," she said timidly, her lids falling under the gaze of the brilliant eyes so near her own. He whispered softly:

"That you may love me."

CHAPTER III.

"Pushing through the elm tree copse
Winding by the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads—
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops!
Lo! the wild swan had deserted—
And a rat had gnawed the reeds."

PERSIS came tripping up the hill.

"O, Mr. Lord, I have found them! Across the brook, beyond the willow copse, there are hundreds of the white water lilies in the pools of the glade!"

"I am coming, Titina! Lead the way."

He sauntered after her, through the pastures of scrub oaks, up the hill and down the dale, across the brook, and to the glade. She was wild with excitement at sight of the great, creamy, floating blossoms.

"O get me some, please!" she cried.

"Titina, my head aches, the sun is so hot! I want to lie down under the trees here, and have you come and fan me with a branch."

"First, my lilies."

"Cruel Titina, I tell you that I am ill."

"Cut me a pole, then, and I will get them for myself."

He cut a pole, whistling meditatively over his work. She stood by, impatiently.

"Isn't it ready now?"

"Yes. Away with you!"

He lay down under the trees, his arm under his head, his sinuous black eyes watching the girl's small, lithe figure as she reached for the lilies and drew them ashore. There was a great perfumed pile of them lying on the grass, before she was satisfied, and came to him, kneeling down beside him.

"I don't care for your lilies," he said, pushing them slightly away in mock offence. "You are not kind to me."

"You are not kind to me; you would not get them for me," she answered.

"But I'm ill, and I love you. So you ought

to forgive me. But you are always cruel to me."

"Am I?" wistfully.

"Yes. Kiss me now."

She bent over him, half laughing, blushing, her white lids falling sweetly.

He did not give her back her pure kiss, though he kissed her. She shrank back—white with a deathly shame—and then rose up, disengaging her dress from his hand, when he would have detained her.

"Don't! I am going home."

"Wait, I do not want to go yet."

She did not answer, but turned away, and went across the brook, leaving her lilies strewn over him. Out of his sight, hidden in the willow copse, she stopped; a little sharp cry broke from her lips—the death cry of her outraged love. She was sick and giddy—her brow burning—her soul struck down from happy heights, to shudder fainting within her. Her love, pure as the lily at her belt, had blossomed in mire that could give it only foul odors.

She was a strange little thing, with her wild, woodland instincts. She wandered about the fields, looking wistfully at the grasses and flowers and at the June sky over head, and wondering if there was any treachery in them. She plucked a wild rose, and a bee hidden in it stung her. She flung it down with a bitter cry.

CHAPTER IV.

"Ellie went home sad and slow!
If she found the lover, ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not! but I know
She could show him never—never,
That man's nest among the reeds."

THROUGH pine groves of thick undergrowth the road wound. In one of the groves the girl stopped and crouched down among the underbrush, for a carriage was coming down the road, and her face was wet with crying.

When the carriage was nearly opposite her, the horses were reined in, and the driver called suddenly: "Hillo!"

Persis thought she must be seen by him, but she did not move. She was undeceived, the next moment, however. Vincent Lord appeared, making his way through the undergrowth of pines, and paused quite close to Persis, without seeing her, in his eagerness. He leapt the stone wall, and sprang to the

carriage, grasping the hand of the man inside.

"Downing, how are you?"

"Hearty. Have you got tired, lying low?"

"Yes, mighty tired."

"Well the coast is clear."

"How?"

"The child is dead, and I've bribed the girl to go back to Ireland. So there's the last of your Killarney beauty, Vin. But if you get into such a scrape again, I'll see you sent up a dozen times over, before I'll bother myself to clear you."

"Hurrah! But are you sure that Miss Dane hasn't heard a whisper?"

"Sure as guns. She's at the St. Nicholas with her father. I saw her yesterday. The little beauty hoped Mr. Lord would not take his mother's death hard. I told her that I had heard you were very much overcome. The little thing looked as grave as a sexton. Put on plenty of crape and an air of affliction, my boy, and come home with me; a little sadness will become your style of beauty. I tell you the heiress is safe enough. She hasn't looked at a man since you have been gone."

"Well, drive on to the second crossing. I shall have to go up to the house and tell them some stuff about a telegraphic despatch from New York. I'll join you in a minute."

The carriage drove on. Vincent Lord went up to the house. In about fifteen minutes he appeared on horseback, and galloped up the road after the carriage. Persis Allen never saw him again.

Years afterwards she may have married wisely and happily, but to her husband she never gave the sweet, trusting, innocent heart which Vincent Lord had found, for

"The wild swan had deserted,
And a rat had gnawed the reeds."

A LEGAL PILL.

The late Mr. Peter Burrows, an eminent Irish barrister, was on one occasion, while defending a prisoner, oppressed with a cough, which he sought to soften occasionally by the use of lozenges. The client, whom he was defending, was indicted for murder, and it was deemed important, in his defence, to produce the bullet with which it was alleged the deed was done. This he was about to do, and held the bullet in one hand and a lozenge in the other, when, in the ardor of advocacy, he forgot which was which, and, instead of the lozenge, swallowed the bullet.

[ORIGINAL.]
OUR UNION.

BY HELEN.

The old man sat beneath a tree,
While he recounted tales to me
Of war, dread war, and victory;
He told me of the horrid spell
Oppression cast o'er hill and dell
Of my loved native land.

He told me, too, how broke that spell,
And how the friends he loved so well
Fought on the battle-field, and fell;
And how their precious blood but cast
O'er the remaining ones new zest,
And they resolved to win!

And they did win—the noble band!
Who risked their all to save their land
From vile oppression's withering hand.
A tear stole down the old man's face;
He said, "I have outlived my race—
'Tis time for me to die!

"But I will not forgotten be;
Sacred will be my memory—
For gratitude dwells with the free."
A smile of joy shot o'er his face,
In it I could deep feeling trace—
He breathed a sigh, and died.

I weep, I weep—I scarce can speak;
The tears are trickling down my cheek:
Alas, alas! that wrong so deep,
So fatal to our country's good,
Wrong that may be atoned by blood,
Should stain our scathless name.

O, noble champions of our cause!
Defenders of our country's laws!
In this wild, whirling tempest pause—
O, think for us the true in heart,
Let not war's tumult on us dart,
Like thunderbolts of wrath!

O, think ye, think ye, of the dead,
Our ancestors who fought and bled,
Who were to our dear interests wed:
O, pray, and may the prayer be heard,
That our fair Union be preserved—
Pray to our fathers' God!

Perchance our God will hear the prayer,
Perchance will save us from the snare
Spread by the wily men, whose care
Should be to strengthen freedom's height,
To watch our land, preserve our right—
Heaven's vengeance on them fall!

[ORIGINAL.]
THE WITCH'S PROPHECY.

A TALE OF SHIPWRECK.

BY OWEN PERCY.

"Look, look, John! Have you ever seen
such a mass of clouds as those now hanging
over the bay? It will be the equinoctial gale
that blows next."

"What are you croaking about a gale for,
when those young chaps are to sail so soon?"
asked the person addressed. "God knows
their fate will come soon enough if it is one
of old Marquand's crazy vessels they are go-
ing in. Don't frighten them to death before
they get off."

"Nay, if you know that the Clyde is un-
seaworthy, it is your duty to tell them before
she sets sail. Otherwise, it seems to me that
you are devoting three young and active lives
to an untimely end."

"How serious you are, Nathan. If I were
to tell them this, they would laugh at me.
Young sailors dare everything; and nothing
that is said to them will ever turn them from
danger. They are afraid of nothing but to be
called cowards."

"Well, I shall wash my hands of any impli-
cation in their deaths," answered the other,
beckoning to three young men, scarcely more
than boys, in sailor's garb, who were walking
the beach, just beside them. "Here, young
men, this sailor, old and experienced, has ex-
pressed the opinion that the craft you are go-
ing to sea in is unsafe. I think it right to
warn you."

There was a merry twinkle in the eyes
of each as they received this warning; yet
each bowed, and thanked the man for his
caution. They had engaged to go, one of
them said:

"A sailor knows no fear, sir. We may as
well die in one vessel as another. We know
where a sailor is most likely to meet death."

Of course there was nothing more to be
said, if they were bent upon facing danger.
Nathan's eyes were therefore turned once
more to the sunny west, where the rich hues
of sunset were painted. As far off, the woods
showed a sprinkling of rich crimson and gold
lying among the sober brown and green. To
Nathan's eye and mind, this scene was the
more beautiful because it came from the hand
of the divine Painter; but there were others
walking upon the beach, to whom it present-

ed no thought of beauty—no type of him who spread the rich picture before their unobservant eyes. These were three rough-looking seamen who were approaching an old building, formerly a fish house, and which still retained its "ancient and fish-like" scent. It was inhabited, for the long volume of curling smoke was rolling upward from the chimney; and, mingled with the smell of fish, was another odor, fresh and appetising, of cookery, far more delicate. Spices, rich and strong, came on the breeze.

"Old Rhoda is cooking a rare supper to-night," said one of them. "My mouth waters for some of it."

"Well, you'll not get it," said a second, "for never yet was Rhoda Judkin known to ask any one to eat under her roof. I wonder what she does with her money. It is a lonely place here. Shouldn't wonder if old Rhoda gets killed some night, just for her riches."

"Pooh! who would murder a woman?" was the rejoinder.

"Who? why, the bloody rogues that took the chain off the dead woman's neck when the pirates boarded us off the West Indies."

"Ugh, Jack Day! Talking of pirates when we are just going to sea. It is bad enough to talk of witches; and here we are, close to her door."

"Jem Rust is always a coward," said Jack. "Do you remember, Alf, when Jem saw a ghost, and it proved to be Captain Low's old white cow?"

Jem uttered an angry oath; but just then, a cry came from the hut they were about entering.

"The old witch is at her devil's work again," whispered Jack.

"Before a storm, she makes this howling. We shall have the line gale before long."

Only one of the party—he who last spoke—had ever seen the reputed witch. The two, who had not seen her, expected to find a woman, scarcely human, old, withered and deformed—certainly ugly—with a diabolical-looking cat beside her, as assistant in her incantations. Judge their surprise as they entered and beheld a small, slight woman, with soft blue eyes, and pale brown hair folded around her head in a graceful and becoming manner. She was dressed in close mourning. A plain gold ring shone upon her marriage finger; an equally plain brooch confined her high collar. She did not come up to the ideas of the sailors as a witch. She was too short and too handsome. But then, as Jem Rust whispered

to his companion, "witches, like mermaids, assume any form they choose, perhaps."

Although the exterior of the hut presented a view so untidy, the inside was spotlessly clean. The tables and floors were white as snow. A sea-chest was also scoured to the whitest hue possible. Sea-shells were in every place; on shelves, on tables, in the corners—everywhere. Immense branches of coral stood up like trees against the wall. The wings of a flying fish, those of a flamingo—bright crimson, tipped with black—and a shark's jaw were also visible.

A huge fire burned in the fire-place, lighting up the room, and casting grotesque shadows upon the white-washed beams overhead. A kettle stood upon the hearth, from whence issued the spiciest odors. The men waited her pleasure to address them. She took no notice for some time, when suddenly, in a loud voice, she spoke to one of them by name without looking up from the small book she held.

"John Day, do you know in what vessel you are risking your life? Do you know that it is one sent out with a leak below, like the one sent before when I was made desolate? Beware of trusting your life to the tender mercies of John Marquand. The lives of a hundred sailors are not of as much value to him as the gold which the insurance assures.

"You have come to me, a poor widow, to know if you shall return safe; you and your companions. I tell you, there is punishment in store for yonder avaricious old man. Do you think He will withhold his hand because men dare to trust their lives in John Marquand's worm-eaten vessels? The Lord is mighty, John Day. He has a rod in pickle for such as John Marquand; and terrible will be its infliction. Could not some one have warned him of it when he sent out my husband, and four other women's husbands in a vessel that was insured beyond its worth, and all perished, as he might have known they would? God! if I had that man's heart in my hand! but no! what says the holy book? 'Vengeance is mine. I will repay,' saith the Lord. He will repay, in his own good time."

"Don't, Aunt Rhoda! you make my blood chill when you talk so. Now, be good, and prophesy a good voyage to us all. Remember, these two are hoping to get home safe to their families, and I to my sweetheart. Don't discourage our hopes."

"You need not wheedle me out of my opinion, John Day. I tell you, Elinor Fryer will

be weeping like a baby next Friday—yes, that is the twenty-first—when the storm—”

“O, how can you, Aunt Rhoda!” said the young man, turning pale in spite of his assumed bravado; while the other two sank into their seats, unable to bear what seemed to them almost a death-warrant. Rhoda saw their perturbation, and smiled. Such a ghastly smile, it was!

“O, well, John Day knows a good deal, boys. Why don’t you have him tell your fortunes? Perhaps he will make all smooth sailing for ye! John, take the cup here. Why, man, you are not going to faint, are ye?”

The young man was deadly pale, with a dark blue ring around his mouth. Rhoda stepped to a cupboard above the fire-place, and took down a small, black bottle.

“Here, hearts of oak!” she cried. “Here is brandy older than ye are. Take a single swallow, mind, no more, each of ye. Good as a cordial, but bad as a drink.”

She turned a little into a spoon, for the three men seemed incapable of the slightest effort. Then, setting aside the cup of coffee-grounds, which she had prepared, with an ostentatious mummary, to make it seem more imposing, to “tell their fortunes,” she resumed her seat more calmly, when she found that the men were restored to their usual careless manner.

“Well, auntie,” said John Day, “don’t you mean to say anything to us?”

“What’s the use? You won’t bear the truth, and I’m not going to tell lies to dying men.”

“There it is again! Come, boys, she is bent upon scaring us to death. Let us go.”

But the others seemed bent upon urging her to reverse the decree, and offered her money to look again at the cup, and consult her oracle.

“No! I never speak but once. Avoid the fate, by staying at home, but remember, what is decreed is not to be turned aside by mortals. You are free agents. If you go, you tempt the fate you dread, and you will deserve it too.”

Nothing more would she say to them, and they departed, feeling a sense of overshadowing evil, which, however, the merry companionship at the “corner store” soon dispelled. By the time the grog had passed around two or three times, they were as full of jokes and braggadocio as ever. One of them, however, John Day, kept aloof from the glass. He had promised Elinor Fryer to abstain from it, and

he kept his word. He colored a little when urged to give his reasons for not joining in the general mirth; and at last he said, manfully:

“I would as lief you knew it, boys, as not. When I come home from the voyage, I shall be married to the best and prettiest girl in Plymouth; and she shall never have it to say that she has a drunkard for a husband.”

He expected jeers and laughter for this acknowledgement; but, to his surprise, the half-intoxicated fellows behaved very well, considering that his words were a reflection on themselves.

“Hurrah for John Day!” exclaimed Jem Rust. “He is the best one amongst us. Give me a cup of strong coffee, Bill; I will never go home to my wife drunk again. She is as good as Elinor Fryer, John, say what you will, and as pretty too; and, by the piper that played before Moses, she shall have as good a husband, if keeping away from liquor will make her more like John.”

The drunken group were thunderstruck at this sally from one whom they had often stigmatized as a coward. Now they found that he had strength beyond their own, for they could not follow such a noble example. But Jem stood to his noble resolution, and left the store immediately, to prove that he was in earnest.

There was a bright fire in Master Fryer’s broad fire-place, although it was only September; and Elinor sat beside it with her knitting. The strong glow pervaded every corner of the large, low-ceiled room, bringing into view the pretty carpet, manufactured by Elinor and her mother. It was composed of squares of dark woolen cloth, lined with duck to make the carpet lie without wrinkling; and, in the centre of every square, was a pretty, ornamental figure, cut from bright red broad-cloth and sewed neatly around the edges. This carpet had been admired for its enormous size, as well as for its nicety of material and execution; there being only a few floors covered in the town, and those quite inferior. True, there were one or two houses, in which carpets, brought from England by some Puritan ancestor, were preserved as relics of the past; but these were sacred to the unopened parlor that never saw the light, save at the regular fall and spring cleanings.

Besides the carpet, the glow illumined a high clock in the corner, a mahogany desk, a walnut dining table and a set of leather-bot-

tomed chairs, too heavy to be moved save by a strong hand.

It was a pretty picture, especially when John Day entered, and took his seat opposite the fair girl. The firelight painted itself on his rough but handsome face, and showed his best suit of blue to the best advantage. There was an unusual thoughtfulness in the young sailor's countenance. Away from his gay companions at the store, he thought of Rhoda's prophecy; and the bitterness of death seemed to settle upon his heart. How could he die and leave the dear girl opposite, looking now so like an angel?

His wooing had not been an easy matter; for Master Fryer, the pedagogue of the village, was averse to the idea of his daughter married to a sailor. Of John Day, too, he had heard as being a wild youth—and Elinor was a darling child, and must not be sacrificed. Long was the conflict; but Elinor's heart and life were bound up in John, and the old master was finally brought around.

How pretty she looked that night, with her smoothly combed hair and her tight-fitting, striped dress; plain and neat as a Quaker; with no other ornament than a little ring, John's present.

"You are dull to-night, John," she said, after casting anxious looks at his unusually sad face. "When do you sail?"

"To-morrow, dear."

"For how long?"

John smothered a sigh that was coming up like a sob from his broad chest.

"God knows, Elinor! Perhaps for always. Who knows?"

"Why, John?"

"Well, Elinor, is not life always uncertain? You will always keep this little ring, dear, even if some other should be your husband."

The girl struggled to keep back the cry from her lips, but it would come. Her little brother, Azariah, heard it, from another room, and ran in to see what was the matter with sister. The child's face was full of concentrated rage, when he looked at John Day, as if he thought he had been pinching his darling Elinor; but the girl's assurance to the contrary, and a handful of sugar-plums from John's pocket, appeased his anger, and sent him back to his mother's room, happy and content.

"It was cruel of you, John, to make me feel so bad; but it was a foolish word, and meant nothing. Say, did it?"

John colored, and fidgeted about, and at

length confessed that he had been silly enough to consult Rhoda, the fortune-teller, and that she had hinted of wreck and death.

"Rhoda!" exclaimed the girl, half laughing. "Why, John, she is a poor, half-crazed thing, always talking of those things. Her husband died in the Twin Brothers, Mr. Marquand's brig; and, since that, she had taken to fortune-telling."

The cloud cleared from John's brow, as his beloved Elinor spoke these words.

"True enough, I was silly to mind her."

"Well, but, John—"

"Well, what?"

"Suppose that her misfortunes *should* have given her a new and deeper sense of the future? Suppose, that, after all, she may be wiser than we think? O, John, dear, I wish you were not going?"

He kissed the cheek, now pale with fast coming fears, until it was crimsoned over once more.

"Elinor, dear, I have engaged to go—*promised*. If I go not, they will brand me as a coward and a liar. I will never be such a husband as that to you. Dear, you must make up your mind that God knows best. I shall escape nothing by doing wrong—depend upon that."

"I know it, John," she answered, sorrowfully. She had never seen him thus before—never heard him utter such earnest thoughts. For his sake, she forbore to pursue the subject further. She saw that it pained him to the heart; but that night after he left her, she threw herself down upon the bright carpet, and had a real woman's cry, that lasted till far into the night. Then the girl prayed, long and earnestly. She was a Puritan's daughter, and had been strictly trained to know that God doth not despise the fervent prayer of the righteous.

The day following was like summer; soft and beautiful—a day to linger in one's memory for years. The men were all on board the brig, and she was all ready to sail. There was a hush in the air; a still repose over all nature; with so little stir in the atmosphere as scarcely to warrant the captain in sailing; but old Marquand was anxious to get the brig off, and every sail was set and she went slowly out into the outer bay. She did not make much progress. All the afternoon, people were on the highest points, watching the brig. The sun went down in a cloud; the west was one dull red glow, like smothered

flame. The shortening twilight came on. Some one who had a good glass, reported that the brig had put back. Old Marquand would not believe it. It would make the voyage, perhaps, a week longer, he said. The captain would have known better.

One man said, boldly: "You should have known better, Mr. Marquand, than to have risked the lives of your men, by sending out a vessel at such a time as this. You must have known that the equinoctial is near at hand. But," he continued, half aloud, "*the insurance is safe enough*, and that will content you."

The old man heard, but did not refute the charge. It came too near the truth to be relished. But Marquand was doomed to a worse vexation, before the day was over. He still lingered around, with a fretful, dissatisfied look upon his countenance; and, at last, dropped to a seat upon a rock, just below where he had been standing. A hand was laid heavily upon his shoulder. He turned almost fiercely upon the intruder, and saw that it was a woman.

"Ha!" said Rhoda, for she it was, "how are you feeling now, Mr. Marquand? Do you hear the thunder-storm coming? Do you hear the waves boiling, and see the great, black clouds? Little it matters to you; but much to the poor wives that have husbands in your crazy old brig."

"Who are you, woman?"

"O, you would like to know, would you? I am the widow of one of the men whom you sent out in the last old hulk that foundered at sea. Many widows were made that night; but, no matter! The insurance people paid in your gold punctually. To-night the same scene will be witnessed, nearer shore. The brig yonder has put back. The storm will overtake her before she can near the harbor. She will be driven on shore, and more widows will have to thank you for making them so."

"Peace, woman! I will have no more of this. Leave my presence!"

"Easier commanded than obeyed," she said, scornfully. "I shall stay here Mr. Marquand, as long as you do. Why shouldn't I like the storm as well as you? Our tastes are alike, it seems; though I have gained no gold by it, and you have lost no husband."

Marquand groaned aloud.

"Will no one take away this crazy woman and confine her?" he asked.

Nobody answered his question; but the woman sat down close to him, folded her

arms, and looked out upon the sea, where the vessel that rode out at noon was now plunging, pitching and tossing in her struggles to ride safely to anchor.

Alas! she was like an egg-shell upon the now boiling flood. A fierce wind had succeeded the calm, uprooting shrubs and small trees, and loosening the shingles upon the decaying roofs of the huts around the beach. Rhoda laughed and clapped her hands, as the wood flew around her head. She seemed in perfect ecstasies, whenever a gust, longer and louder than the rest, swept across the beach. All at once, it grew quite dark; and then the pouring rain blinded their eyes, and they could not see the ocean nor the land.

Marquand gathered his heavy overcoat around him, but the woman was in her thin, black garments, her head bared to the gale, and not even a shawl upon her. Just then, the man whom we have called Nathan, came in their path, with a lantern. He held it where it showed to him the two who sat there—a singularly ill-matched group.

Tearing his outer garment from his shoulders, he wrapped it about the woman, and left her so suddenly, that she had no time to refuse it. She ran after his light, and failing to find it, she struggled back, as if by instinct, to the rock where Marquand sat.

O, the mighty throes of that fated vessel! Would they ever avail to save her from the terrible enemy that assailed her! Once, she seemed as if about to conquer, when suddenly her masts creaked and quivered, her cordage, strained to the utmost, gave way, and she came pitching and tumbling to her destruction. All this could be heard and not seen; and, added to the wild cries of the seamen for help, sounded terribly in the ears of the anxious listeners. At last, she was heard as if in the inner harbor, close to the shore. The lightning began now to show her at intervals. The men could be seen on deck, apparently busy with the boats, trying to get them ready for use. Vain thought! No boat could live a moment in those boiling waves. Nearer! nearer! heading right on to destruction.

A moment more, and she struck upon the rocks with a mighty crash. She had parted amidships, and now lay, a poor, ruined thing upon the waters, just ready to sink. Where were the brave men who would go out in boats, to save that despairing crew? The poor fellows had done all they could to save the brig; but they could not battle against

the elements. Their cries came onward to the ears of some who were not insensible to the appeal; but it was a perilous thing to attempt to save them. Some of them had already thrown themselves into the sea, aware that the hulk could not float many minutes longer.

Nathan Sherwood seized a pair of oars, and called to John Underwood, his friend, to take another pair. They pushed off into the boiling flood. A cheer went up from the hundreds on the beach, but no one followed their example.

"They will never reach the wreck," said many voices. "They will be swamped before they are a half dozen yards from the shore."

But the brave fellows rowed on—now on the top of a mammoth crest, now, apparently sunk in the trough of the sea—then reappearing suddenly, further on toward the ill-fated bark.

A single shout went up from the wreck. One voice alone uttered it, and soon the lightning showed the gallant little boats returning—plunging, rocking, but still rowed by two pair of strong and willing hands. The eager groups surrounded them as they touched the beach. Each boat contained a single person, beside the oarsman. One was John Day, from whose grateful heart went up that shout. The other was the dead body of the captain. He had stayed to the last, and had exerted himself until he had broken a blood-vessel. He had fallen lifeless where he stood; but John Day had lowered his lifeless form into one of the boats; and Nathan had rowed back with the dead. Seen by the lightning, Rhoda's face was one of ghastly hue. She had sunk upon the sand, when the brig parted, and it seemed to throw her insane prophecy back upon her heart. Now, she repeated that she had cherished thoughts of revenge against Marquand. The old man had arisen, and was tottering homeward, unable to bear the reproaches that were falling from every lip. That night, whether from the effects of the storm upon his person, or from some other cause, he became palsied for life.

John Day went and stooped over the prostrate woman, and spoke to her kindly and even tenderly.

"The poor boys are all gone, then, but you, John," she answered, weeping. "I thank God that you are saved. Nathan Sherwood, I know you will see the poor old witch home. I cannot go alone, for I see those poor, ghastly faces in the water."

Nathan took her by the hand, and led her down to the hut.

"I shall never prophesy again, Nathan," she said, as he left her by her own warm fire, and went to join Day, whom he saw, by the now faint gleams of the lightning, walking slowly toward Mr. Fryer's house. Nathan saw a pale but joyous face, sitting by the fire-light, and heard the glad welcome. Elinor had known, for some minutes, that her lover was saved.

Won by the persuasions of John Day and his beautiful wife, Rhoda became humanized, abjured fortune-telling, and found a home in the pretty, new cottage which the old school-master built for his daughter's wedding gift. No longer alone and deserted, she recovered spirit enough to enjoy life, and to make others happy.

WOLF LEGENDS.

From very old times there has been a current belief that some men by the aid of magic and demons could become wolves, and return at will to their real nature. An author tells us of an Arcadian who lived some years with wolves and then returned to mankind, just as "Bonny Kilmeny" spent her time with the faeries and came back—

When seven long years had come and fled;
When grief was calm, and hope was dead.

And another Arcadian priest, while offering human sacrifices, chanced to taste "the boy he was offering up," and forthwith became a wolf for ten years; a story which must be true, for did not this very man after his restoration win a victory at the Olympic games? These "wolf-men," as they were called, curiously enough re-appear under the name of mere wolves in Gothic superstition: that gloomy people told of strange men meeting you and forthwith bounding off like wolves. In this state they used to prey on sheep and men with unusual ferocity, and were objects of great dread to all. Our word "turncoats" springs from this belief. It was also said that if a wolf once looked behind it while feeding, a sudden forgetfulness came upon it and it departed. This story can easily be traced to the indiscriminate rapacity of the animal, which forbade its ever leaving off while anything remained to eat.

What is the situation in which woman and woman's love may not be the jewel of our fate? What is the state or condition which she may not beautify, or soften, or inspire?

[ORIGINAL.]

TO-MORROW.

BY JOHN K. HOLMES.

Did we but know what lies beyond
This varied, shadowy path we tread,
How often would our souls despond,
Our eyes the tears of sorrow shed!
But God, who knows what's best to do,
Who sees us from his starry throne,
Has wisely hidden from our view
That which had best remain unknown.

We walk to day in conscious pride,
And hang the flag of hope on high;
But ah! to-morrow, by our side,
Some friend may lay him down and die;
Some early flower that won our praise,
Some altar where we laid our trust,
May fade ere dies the evening ray—
May trampled be and laid in dust.

Youth dreams of many beaming things,
As on he hies in pleasure's track;
Each day some new-born promise brings,
He turns no eye of sorrow back.
The flowery fields are all before,
His eyes on some bright star are set,
Life is to him a sunny shore,
He'll learn it has its shadows yet.

To-morrow! in thy secret shade
I little know what is for me;
I may be with my fathers laid,
Or wrecked on wild misfortune's sea!
But far beyond life's boundary lives
The everlasting army bright;
And He alone who takes or gives,
Can guide my wandering steps aright.

[ORIGINAL.]

LOVE'S DISGUISES:

—OR,—

THE FORTUNATE ACCIDENT.

BY L. AUGUSTA BEALE.

"Was there ever anybody in all this wide world like her?"

"Well, really—as I have never in my extensive travels seen two persons exactly alike, I should say, judging from analogy, there never was."

This query was addressed to Fred Thornby, my cousin fourteen times removed, as I sat on the piazza staining my fingers with the luscious juice of the strawberries we had just gathered in the garden, while he smoked his Havana,

and cut the leaves of the last Dollar Monthly. Esther Horton had just gone out of the gate to walk on the beach with Webster Hamilton, and I alluded to her, anxious to draw Fred into conversation on the exciting topic. His reply was perfectly characteristic, and quite as satisfactory as I had expected, but I made another attempt.

"Why, Fred, just think of it! Esther Horton, the magnificent, the heiress, the aristocrat, actually condescending to be civil to that fellow, a common mechanic who works by the day—nothing but a machinist!"

"I presume she has a right to please herself," was the curt and sympathetic rejoinder.

Still I was not baffled, though Fred was immersed in a long, scientific article, and I made one more trial.

"You know that you yourself scarcely dare to ask her to walk with you, and here is this country boor, a nameless, penniless adventurer, actually superseding you and all other gentlemen in the graces of our splendid queen Esther!"

I saw Fred's moustache curl as with an incipient smile; he took his cigar in his fingers, and blew an azure spiral upward, and closed his book. I had won.

"Webster Hamilton would hardly be voted boorish even in New York first circles, judging from his polished address and fine conversational talents. Esther is a girl of sound judgment and keen discrimination, as every one knows, and better qualified to judge character than some young ladies," said Fred, with marked emphasis.

"O, no doubt he is a diamond of the first water, class number 1, *genus royalis*, only I am too obtuse to discern it. But you must acknowledge, Fred, that if he bears the semblance of absolute perfection, it is very suspicious to see him aspiring to the hand and fortune of such an heiress. Some young men would be too modest to love so wisely, or at least, to be so open-hearted about it. He cannot be possessed of the finest sensibilities. Such presumption!"

Fred laughed.

"You waste ammunition enough on the poor fellow to make one suspect you of being jealous, especially when I remember who danced with you five times at the picnic ball, and escorted you home so cavalierly."

I blushed till my cheeks rivalled the strawberries, and he laughed again.

"Now if you had shown half as much spirit when that little, near-sighted, red-headed pop-

injay of a Fitzallen was trying to pay court to our queen; but Webster Hamilton—I declare it's too good! Ha, ha, ha!"

"I really hope you feel better, Mr. Thornby. Me jealous of that fellow! How aggravating you are. I wish you wouldn't sit quite so near my strawberries, Fred. I sha'n't have enough for supper."

He wheeled his chair about, and took up the magazine, with the amiable remark:

"I hope you and Esther wont have a serious quarrel about that dirty mechanic."

He was such a tease, and so intolerably sharp.

In an hour they came back, and he leaned on the gate, and fanned himself with his straw hat in the coolest manner imaginable, while the sound of their voices reached us, mingled in a gay and lively discourse, with an occasional silvery laugh from Esther. I even heard her ask him to come in and stay the evening, and he bowed so gracefully and said, to-morrow evening, if she were not engaged, then replaced his hat and went away.

Esther came to the supper table in her usual mood of dignity and self-possession, only a deeper flush on her cheek, and the faintest perceptible suspicion of a smile lay dreamily in the dimples about her mouth. She did look up once at Fred with one quick, flashing glance of her deep brown eyes, when we were gathered around the table, but not too quick for him to catch the look, and he said:

"You seem to be getting along well with Hamilton. Is it all settled? and when is the wedding?"

"Yes; we quite understand each other, and if he proposes, I think there will be one *grande affaire* about Thanksgiving."

I knew this was all farce, for she neither blushed nor faltered, and passed her glass for strawberries without a tremor, and ate them with an appetite. Was she flirting with him, or were her nerves really so masculine in strength that she could hide all traces of emotion? I could not tell. But of one thing I was certain; she must not marry him! City-bred, and highly-born, heiress of half a million, the bright, particular star at Saratoga last season, she might choose from the noblest of the land—wealth, rank, talent—and she, Esther Horton, enamored of a country swain! To be sure he was handsome and fascinating; but I felt that it was the fatal charm of the rattlesnake, which she was powerless to resist, and before I slept that night, I had formed the magnanimous resolution of rescuing Esther

Horton from the fearful maelstrom which was drawing her into an abyss of ruin.

On the next day we went to ride with Fred, took the road that went by the extensive iron works, and of course Webster Hamilton stood in the door of the counting-room, bowing to us. I merely nodded, but Esther smiled and waved her hand, and Fred raised his hat.

Our home was in New York, Esther's and mine. Esther was papa's ward. We were not wealthy, only "independent;" but Esther was very much blessed with gold and lands, and there was an uncommon attachment between us, and she always took me with her when she spent the season at Washington, or among the mountains, or at the seaside, when I could not have gone but for her affectionate kindness.

This summer, Esther had declared herself tired and sick of crowds and balls and flattery, and proposed to go to Mrs. Thornby's, in the country. Fred had studied his profession in New York, and was going into partnership with an eminent lawyer there. We had seen him a great deal. His mother lived in a small country villa in a town where she possessed much landed estate, and had often urged us to visit her. And this is the way it happened that we were at Thornby cottage, yawning the days away, with an occasional walk or ride or excursion. The glorious Fourth had been celebrated in the village of Belleville, by a picnic in the grove, sweet-meats, India crackers, white muslin and a famous swing, that closed respectably with a grand ball in the evening at the town hall, which had been adorned for the occasion with a wonderful embellishment of banners and flowers. We really enjoyed it, and for that evening, at least, I had enjoyed the society of Webster Hamilton. He was polished, educated and refined, and though he was somewhat wanting in the fulsome flattery of our city courtiers, he possessed a dignity of mien and an expression of candid truth, that made his attentions more pleasing than all the hackneyed compliments of a Saratoga ball-room. I can acknowledge now that I was fairly caught and captivated by his grace and manliness that night, but I did not forget the social bar between us, and so I neglected to ask him to call. Fred chided me for it, said I must learn country manners, and soon invited him to spend the evening. I was needlessly frigid and impolite; refused to sing or play, and even pleaded a headache, as an excuse for refusing a game of back-gammon. But Esther quite atoned for

my coldness by her sparkling cordiality. She made unusual efforts to be winning and agreeable, while the young mechanic assumed an air at once so easy and polite, so free from *mauvaise honte*, so much upon the footing of equality, that it was to me absolutely intolerable, and I retired before he left. He had called twice since, and was obviously in love with Esther, and Esther with him. It was all well enough perhaps for a summer flirtation, but Esther never flirted. Would she marry him? The idea was preposterous! I made up my mind to interest Fred in the matter, and devise some way to save her from such a fearful fate. My first attempt was unsuccessful, as you have seen.

Next evening, Esther and Hamilton went to ride on horseback. The affair was really becoming serious, and when I mentioned the subject to Fred again, he was more attentive.

"It is really too bad, Fred, for us to suffer things to go on in this way without at least making an effort to break the spell he has thrown around her. Of course, it is only a strange infatuation which she will shudder at when she is once free from his power."

"You may be right, Effie,"—my name is Effie Morse—"how blind I have been. But what can we do? Esther will have her own way, you know, especially if she thinks any one wishes to oppose her. What would you do? Women are so shrewd in such matters."

"I don't know, I'm sure. How would a little well-directed sarcasm do?"

"O, I have it now! Suppose you cut her out—make it appear as though Hamilton was suddenly taken with you—fickle-minded, you know. That would pique her vanity so that she would treat him accordingly. She can't bear neglect."

"Nonsense, Fred, you know that couldn't be done, as long as Esther is worth half a million, and beautiful as a dream, and I am poor, plain and disagreeable, unless you could make him think I was the heiress—no, he is no such fellow. That wouldn't do."

"O, of course I didn't suppose you could really turn Hamilton's affection from Esther to you, but we could manoeuvre a little to have you walk and ride together, and though I would be the real general, we could make it appear to be his preference. A few hints from me to Esther upon his sudden change would make it all right. That would be glorious. You keep quiet, and I will take charge of Esther. You can afford to be agreeable to the fellow for awhile, if he really falls

in love with you, no matter. He deserves some such punishment for his presumption."

I had some misgivings about trusting myself within the influence of his wiles, but as he was by no means a disagreeable companion, I finally consented, for Esther's sake.

Fred and I had several secret sessions on the piazzas, and our tactics were soon arranged. An excursion was planned to visit Fort Knox, ten miles distant, and Hamilton was invited. He drove up with his own horse and chaise—I wondered how he could afford to hire so smart a turnout—but I soon learned that it was his own. Fred brought his buggy round, and as Esther and I came down, he very quietly said, extending his hand:

"Shall I have the pleasure of your company, Cousin Esther?"

She half hesitated, but instantly stepped forward. The idea of forcing my society upon a young man who would wish me with Pharaoh's host, at the bottom of the sea, was excessively revolting; but Webster Hamilton's gallantry equalled his nonchalance, for he even pressed my hand cordially, at he assisted me into the vehicle, and his massive brow was placid as the untroubled lake beneath the summer moon. I even enjoyed the ride more than I would have confessed to Fred. If he had really suffered the pangs of martyrdom at Fred's cruel dispensation, he was a true stoic, for all that day he was attentive, assiduous and pleasing.

Whenever he called afterwards, Fred would manage to call Esther away, to leave me the task of entertaining him. Sometimes his eyes would follow her, as she went away, but nothing else indicated his displeasure. I began to feel the magnetic power of his dark, expressive eyes, and feared for myself. There was often a dull, painful pressure about my heart, absolutely distressing, and one night, when we had been to ride on horseback, as he lifted me down, his arm lingered about my waist, and he asked me if I would grant him a private interview in the morning; he was going away, and he had something to tell me that I must hear.

I was terribly frightened, and stammered something which he took for assent. As soon as he was gone I sought Fred, and told him my fearful dilemma.

"I cannot see him, Fred. It's no more than right, since you proposed this shameful scheme, that you should help me out of it, and I want you to see him in the morning, and tell him the whole. I cannot."

Fred showed all the consistent sympathy of his sex, and replied, coolly:

"'Pon my honor, now, I don't see what I have got to do with it. It would be confounded awkward for me to interfere. Web. and I were always good friends; but what do you care for a dirty mechanic?"

Alone in the silence of the night, with an agony of bitter tears, my proud heart bowed to the sceptre of Love. Pride and vanity and worldliness were swept away by the mighty flood of passion that rushed over my soul. Wealth and friends and social position were the merest baubles to the priceless treasure of his love, and as one by one I laid these on the altar of my new idol, a dark, cold shadow chilled back my dawning bliss. Esther! My friend, my sister—she too loved him.

It was an hour when all good impulses governed my wayward heart, and I turned from my happiness with iron determination. For Esther's sake, he should never know that I had loved him.

Pale and cold as polished marble, I sat by the window to wait his coming, and for the first time he seemed dear to me, dearer than life itself—but my sacred honor was dearer still.

Fred and Esther had gone to shoot at a target, at the further end of the garden; Mrs. Thornby was in the kitchen, and I was alone. Presently he rode into the avenue upon his mettlesome steed—a finer figure never rode—and my heart leaped into a wild tumult of pride, pleasure and pain.

He saw me, and raised his hat with a beaming smile. At that instant a pistol report frightened the fiery animal, and he reared high in the air, turned, and dashed homeward riderless. I never knew how I reached him, but I remember a still form lying on the grass, and I was clasping the dear head in my arms, laying my cheek against his brow, entreating him in the wildest terms of despair and endearment, to look up and say he was not dead. I called to Fred and Esther, but before they could reach us, the dark eyes unclosed, and strong arms encircled me.

"Effie, my precious darling, do you love me?" he asked, in low tones of the tenderest emotion.

I forgot Esther, and all my vows of renunciation, in that fearful fright, and only said:

"God knows I do, Mr. Hamilton."

He was not hurt, and was on his feet, just as Fred and Esther arrived, but I had fainted.

Returning consciousness found me reclining

on the sofa, with my head pillowed in the arms of Webster Hamilton, Esther bathing my face with cologne, Fred knocking down chairs, spilling water on the furniture, and making himself generally useful.

I tried to rise, but the encircling arms imprisoned me, and Fred and Esther suddenly left us alone. Then he told me he had loved me from the first, but I was so cold and rude that he could not tell me so, and had appealed to Fred, who suggested a flirtation with Esther, as the surest way of bringing me to my senses. He did not approve of it at all, but they had managed it all their own way.

"And you really didn't love Esther at all?" I eagerly asked.

"I really love nobody but you, and never expect to," sealing the avowal very impressively upon my lips. "And could you, city born and bred, marry a poor mechanic, Effie?"

"I think I might, if the poor mechanic happened to be Webster Hamilton."

Fred returned at this juncture, looking very pompous and satisfied, and feeling, no doubt, a sense of self-gratification similar to that of General Grant after the taking of Vicksburg.

"Fred Thornby," I began, "you perfidious, ambiguous, ridiculous, deceitful hypocrite! I will never forgive you just as long as I live. Never—if I live a thousand years!"

Fred took a turn up and down the room, shrugged his shoulders, and asked Hamilton if he had told me all.

"I believe so—nearly," laughing.

"About the dirty mechanic?"

I winced.

"No; I left that for you."

"Not all."

"What about Esther?" she asked, coming forward in all her witchery of smiles and coquetties, and going to Fred's side. He put his arm about her and said:

"There's a report afloat, Miss Horton, that you, with all your beauty and wealth and good taste, have actually thrown yourself away upon a poor mechanic. Esther, I'm ashamed of you. Your father must know of this."

"O, no; Fred dear, it isn't a mechanic at all. O no!"

She leaned her head against his shoulder, and I saw all, and my lip quivered as I turned to Esther, and said:

"*Et tu Brute.*"

Esther's arms were round me, and her evident sorrow, and Webster's sincere repentance

of his part in the masquerade, quite won me back to contentment again.

But Fred never repented. On the contrary he boasts of his superior generalship to this day. And when he told me the next day that Webster's father was sole proprietor of the iron works, he made the very elegant and ambiguous addenda:

"I used to think donkeys were the most stupid creatures in the world—but there!"

SINGING BY ELECTRICITY.

The singer is placed, say at London, the listener at Liverpool. The medium is an acoustic telegraph, by Mr. Ladd. This instrument consists essentially of two distinct pieces of apparatus. That for transmitting the signal has a small mouthpiece. On the right hand side there is a finger-key, forming part of the circuit, and an electro-magnet, with a vibrating armature and binding screw to connect with one of the line wires. Within a case, under a glass cover, is an elastic membrane, in the centre of which is fixed a platinum plate in connection with the finger-key. A light piece of angular metal resting on three pins, is so placed that the pin at the angle rests on the plate in the centre of the membrane, the other two resting in cups on its edge, so as to allow a free motion on the points. In the body of the receiver box is suspended a soft iron core, surrounded by a coil of silk-covered wire, one end of which is in connection with the finger key, and the other with a binding-screw. The method of producing sound in the receiving instrument depends upon the fact that, at the moment of magnetizing or demagnetizing a piece of iron, there is an alteration in the arrangement of the particles, which gives rise to a slight ticking noise. Having connected the transmitter by means of an insulated wire with the receiver, and the binding screws having been brought in connection with a battery of three or four elements, if the finger-key on the transmitter be pressed, the person at the receiving station hears the ticking noise; and, as all musical notes are the production of pulsations at regular intervals, we have simply to find some means of making and breaking contact a number of times equal to the pulsations of the note to be conveyed. This is done by the elastic membrane. The operator places his mouth to the tube in front of the instrument and sings a note, when immediately the membrane begins vibrating in accordance with the

note sounded, and at such vibration breaks contact between the pin and the plate in the centre. This, forming part of the circuit, causes the iron core in the receiving instrument to be magnetized and demagnetized a number of times equal to the number of vibrations of the membrane, and so conveys to the receiver an impression of a musical sound. The finger-keys and small magnet at the sides of the instruments are for the purpose of varying the methods of combination by the communication of single sounds, and can also be used with the other parts for the purpose of regulating the lengths of the notes, and dividing them into varying portions, so as to form a sound-alphabet somewhat similar to the signals written by Morse's telegraph.

USE OF EMERY.

This substance is found in shapeless granular masses, at the base of mountains, in several of the islands of the Grecian Archipelago. The chief supply is obtained from the island of Naxos, at Emery, whence its name. A considerable quantity, however, is procured from the neighborhood of Smyrna, the East Indies, and in some mines in Saxony. In Jersey and our own country, small quantities of it are occasionally found. Emery is a grayish-black, or brown, opaque mineral, with a glistening lustre and uneven fracture, and is distinguished by its extreme hardness, inferior only to that of the diamond. In order to prepare emery for use, it is first crushed under heavy iron stampers, then ground in steel mills, and mixed with water; the coarser particles having been allowed to subside, the water is poured off with the finer portions; these after a time sink, and are collected for use.

Sometimes the emery is burned or calcined for the purpose of enabling it to be reduced to powder with less labor. The use of emery depends upon its extreme hardness, which enables it, when in a state of fine powder, to be used by lapidaries for grinding and polishing precious stones; by cutlers, in finishing steel instruments; opticians for polishing glasses, etc. Sprinkled over paper or stout calico, which has been previously covered with a layer of glue, it forms emery paper or cloth; this is much employed in cleaning iron instruments and articles of domestic use. It has recently been converted into superior polishing wheels by combining it with India-rubber mixture and vulcanized.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE FIRST BORN.

BY D. GILBERT DEXTER.

Pure bud of being! on thy sinless brow
 The light of innocence and beauty lies;
 There is no shadow on thy spirit now—
 No tear to tremble on thy restless eyes!
 A spring-like semblance life doth wear to thee,
 Rich with the promises of early years;
 A sky bends o'er thee redolent with glee,
 Where not a frown is given, where not a cloud
 appears!

Hopes, embryo hopes, are thrilling in the heart,
 Thou little dreamer on thy mother's breast—
 Touched with the glow unsullied thoughts impart
 To young existence in its guileless rest;
 Like germs that tremble to the gales of spring,
 Those buds of joy within thine heart expand;
 Time lingers o'er thee on a golden wing,
 And scatters blossoms round for thy extended
 hand.

O, that this season might for aye endure!
 That life might ever wear a sunny smile;
 And thy glad spirit unalloyed and pure,
 Find in each object something to beguile!
 As when gay childhood o'er the meadow strays
 With truant steps, to grasp the butterfly:
 Where a sweet stream by mellow verdure plays,
 Wandering in silver light, and laughing at the
 sky.

How vainly may a mother's burning prayer
 Ascend to heaven, to shield thy coming years;
 Dark Fate will hang its brooding curtain there,
 The kindled eye will fade in secret tears;
 Each cherished bliss will pass full soon away,
 As crimson clouds grow dark at set of sun,
 Thy brightest buds will canker and decay,
 Thy purest dreams depart, thou loved and gentle
 one.

Yet it is sweet to think, as standing by,
 I gaze with mournful thought, pure child, on thee,
 That earth's dull cares cloud not the spirit's eye,
 Which looks beyond unto eternity.
 What though the blossoms of thy pilgrimage
 To early death and kindred dust be given?
 There is a sunbeam for the night of age—
 The soul's fond hope of peace in the repose of
 heaven.

Love can be founded upon nature only (or
 the appearance of it) for this reason—however
 a peruke may tend to soften the human fea-
 tures, it can very seldom make amends for the
 mixture of artifice which it discovers.—*Shen-
 stone.*

[ORIGINAL.]

SAVED.

BY ERLE DALLAS.

SHE was a pitiable object enough, sitting
 there crouched in the corner of a low door-
 way, with the clear morning sun making so
 plainly evident the traces of last night's dissi-
 pation. Her dress torn and muddled, her face
 pale, and her head bent forward in stupid,
 drunken slumber.

A shawl was folded partly about her form,
 which was slender and graceful, as one might
 see, in spite of the ungainly attitude she had
 fallen into. Her hair, rich and golden—it
 might once have been some fond mother's
 pride—hung in tangled, half-curled masses
 from her crushed hat. Her ungloved hands
 lay lifeless in her lap; they were small and
 white, and on one of the fingers a little cor-
 nellian ring glowed redly, but no ornament of
 value. A touching sight, indeed, she formed,
 in her forlorn and wretched state of utter
 helplessness. So young, too—scarcely eigh-
 teen, it would seem, despite the horrible life
 which had already begun to leave its youth-
 destroying traces on her face.

The street she was in was new, and little
 built upon, only a row of unfinished houses
 on the side where she sat. There were few
 people astir in the early morning hour, and
 no one had chanced to notice the drooping
 figure huddled together in a shapeless heap
 on the steps. A gentleman, out for his morn-
 ing walk, came along presently, walking slow,
 with his hands behind him, and his air one of
 pre-occupied thought.

He had passed the door where the girl sat,
 but, as if on a sudden recalling something
 that had unconsciously struck him, turned
 and came back to her a minute after. He was
 a young man, not more than twenty-five, and
 his face, without being handsome, had a good,
 true expression, which made it worthy of no-
 tice. Plain-dressed though he was, he would
 have won respect anywhere.

He stood looking down with grave eyes at
 the slender, bent form of the girl. She did
 not notice him—her drunken stupor was too
 deep; but after a moment's scrutiny, he
 reached down, and, with a gentle hand, lifted
 her head. The girl slowly opened a pair of
 vacant blue eyes, and stared up in blank stu-
 pidity into the grave, kind, pitying face bent
 over her.

"My poor girl!" he said, in a low voice; "cannot you tell me who you are, and where you belong?"

A continued stare was his only answer. Evidently her senses were too clouded for any clear idea to penetrate as yet. He saw it, and going hastily down the street, returned with a dipper of water from some place, part of which he made her drink, while with the rest he wet his handkerchief, and gently bathed her face and hands.

She gasped a little as the cold water touched her forehead, and put up one hand in an unsteady manner, as if to motion him off.

"Go away—I want to be let alone!" she murmured, in a thick, muffled voice.

He paid no attention, but continued bathing her face for some moments, until she had partially awakened to consciousness.

"Are you better now?" he said, presently.

She lifted her eyes again, a little more of the light of reason in them this time—thanks to his kind offices.

"Who are you?" she inquired, in an unsteady voice.

"Your friend, if you will let me be," he answered, putting back the hair which had fallen over her face.

"What do you want?"

"I want to do you good, if I can. And first, I want to know where you live, if you will tell me, so I may take you home."

She looked at him with a new, perceptible interest.

"You aint a policeman, are you?"

He smiled pleasantly.

"No. Do I look like one? I am only a plain citizen, but I will take you to your home, if you will tell me where that is."

She fell back into her former listless attitude, her head leaned against the doorway, with an uncertain look and manner, as if she were vainly trying to clear her brain of the mists that had gathered over it.

"I haven't got any home," she said, after a pause. "I've lost the only home I ever had, lately, and that wasn't much."

"Poor child!"

Either the pitying sympathy of his tone, or some new thought just aroused, stung her into sudden wrath.

"What is it to you?" she broke out fiercely. "You aint called upon to look out for me. Let me alone. I can take care of myself yet, I guess."

She got up hastily, and staggered along a step or two, holding on to the house. The

gentleman watched her with anxious eyes, as she groped her way blindly, in evident weakness and uncertainty. Of a sudden, she slipped, and sank feebly down on the sidewalk. He was at her side in an instant.

"You see you are not quite able to take care of yourself yet," he said, assisting her on to her feet.

"There—best sit here a few moments longer;" and he sat her down in her former resting-place.

"I am so faint!" she murmured.

"Hungry, do you mean?"

"Yes. I haven't had anything to eat since yesterday noon."

He hesitated a moment.

"Do you think if I got you something to eat, you would be able to come with me to a place I will take you to?"

"What kind of a place?"

"A good, quiet house, where you could rest and grow stronger, with no one to molest you—my home, in fact."

She looked at him still more wonderingly than at first.

"You are an honest man?"

It was less a question than an affirmation. She seemed constrained to believe it.

"I always mean to be," he answered. "I certainly am, as far as regards my intentions towards you."

"And you would take me home with you?"

Why, do you know"—breaking out into a strange, hoarse laugh—"I haven't been inside of a respectable house for these twelve months?"

"The more need you should go now. Though you were ten times as bad as you seem, I should not shrink from taking you home with me, if thereby I could do you good."

The fixed lines of her face began to soften. Her lips quivered, and her eyes grew humid. Genuine kindness—kindness rendered for its own sake, without the thought of gain—must have been strangely foreign to her of late. After thinking an instant, she said:

"Are you married?"

"No. I live by myself, with only an old servant to do my work; so you need not be afraid of meeting strange or unfriendly faces. And now I am going to get you something to eat."

"O yes. I had almost forgot."

He went off, but came back before long, bringing a cup of coffee and a buttered roll, from a saloon in a neighboring street. The

girl was busy eating the bread, when a woman, who had turned a corner near by, passed slowly along in front of them. She was bold-faced, and showily dressed, and stared rudely at the two as she flaunted by.

"Luce Mason, upon my oath!" she exclaimed, stopping short. "Taking a little refreshment, are you? Rather a queer place, it seems to me—out here in the street! Why don't you go home, and take the gentleman with you?"

The girl's eyes flashed fire. She sprang towards the woman like a wildcat, and would have struck her in the face, had she not stepped hastily back.

"Why don't I go home? Because I've got no home to go to, as you know, who turned me out of it!" she cried, in a shrill, wild tone of anger. "Curse you! how dare you speak to me, after driving me out into the street?" Then, meeting the gentleman's eyes fixed upon her in keen pain, she suddenly stopped, sat down on the steps, and buried her face in her hands. The woman turned to go, after another insolent glance at the two.

"Ah, Luce—you're a rare one! I wish the gentleman joy of his bargain. Good-by, dear! You'll be coming back to me one of these days, wanting to make friends again."

The girl made no answer. She was sobbing wildly, and all the gentleman's kindly words of soothing failed to still her.

"O, don't speak to me—don't notice me! I am too low and bad. Go away, and let me be. I'll manage to do for myself, somehow."

"Leave you? Never, till you are beyond the power of temptation!" he said, more earnestly than he had before spoken. "You are not fit to be left to yourself now."

She stopped sobbing, and looked up with almost childlike imploring.

"Will you take me home, then?"

"Yes. We will go now. Can you walk, or shall I get a carriage?"

"I can walk well enough; but"—glancing down at her torn, draggled skirts—"wont you be ashamed to be seen with me?"

"Not ashamed for myself; still it may be better we should take a carriage. I will get one when I carry back the cup."

He came back with an empty hack, into which he assisted her, and they rode in silence through several streets, stopping at length before a plain, unpretending brick house, in a quiet neighborhood.

The gentleman let himself in with a key, and showed his companion into a small, plain-

ly-furnished room, where he left her alone a few moments.

"You will find a room ready for you, upstairs," he said, re-entering; "and I advise you, if you have eaten enough for the present, to take a good sleep before dinner. I shall be waiting in the study adjoining, and will see that you are not disturbed."

She followed him in silence, entered and closed the door of the room, and then threw herself quickly down upon the floor, where she lay crying and moaning softly for many minutes, heart and brain in a chaos.

A gentleman in an open carriage, driving a span of cream-colored horses, drew up in front of one of the brown-stone mansions on B— street.

He sprang lightly out, after a hasty glance at the lower windows, ran up the broad steps, and gave the bell an imperative ring. The servant who answered it bowed respectfully.

"Miss Agnes, sir? Yes, sir; she is in her room. I will tell Adele to let her know you are here, sir."

"Tell her I am come to take her for a ride," said the gentleman, entering the spacious parlor with an air of easy familiarity.

He was a tall, splendidly-formed man, and had a certain look and manner that most women would have found hard to resist. His features were perfect, and his rich black hair and whiskers of glossy luxuriance. His eyes were black, likewise—large and brilliant, yet seeming as if they might change their expression into almost anything. A man formed for power and conquest, whether on the tented field, or in the silken bowers of fair ladies, toying in idle dalliance. He stood lightly tapping his polished boot with his silver-mounted whip, apparently somewhat disturbed in thought, judging by the occasional frown which marked his forehead. It had grown into a terrible black look of moody anger, when a young lady tripped lightly into the room, and laid her hand gently on his shoulder. She was dressed for a ride, and had a face pure and lovely as a Madonna's. Large, dove-like eyes, full of brooding tenderness, a fair, open brow, and the sweetest mouth, small and crimson, with rows of pearly teeth showing brightly when she smiled.

"Eugene!"

He turned quickly, the frown clearing from his brow.

"Ah, my little dovelet! What, all ready?"

He took her hand, and just raised it to his lips, with an indescribable fascination.

"Yes. I saw the carriage from the window, and stopped to dress before coming down. Isn't it a lovely morning?"

"Lovely!" looking straight into her face with those handsome, passionate eyes of his. "I knew you never could resist the temptation of a ride, with this air and this sunshine."

"O, it will be delightful! Where are you going, Eugene?"

"Anywhere you are pleased to name, *ma chere*. We might take that long talked of ride to the Beach. It is a month or more since we have been there. This warm spring breeze will make a change to the sea-air refreshing."

"It will be just the day for it; but I have one or two little commissions to execute first."

"Laces and ribbons for me to execute judgment upon? Your sister Madge assures me my taste is unexceptionable. She found me an invaluable assistant when she was selecting her hat-trimmings last week."

"O, no doubt! But my business is of quite another nature. Only some small charities I wished to dispense, and Mr. Leland very kindly offered to take charge of them for me. He is so much more familiar with cases of need and suffering than I am."

"Leland? O, the amateur city missionary you were telling me of—curer of bodies and healer of souls, on an income of a few hundred. Didn't I hear something about his entering the ministry?"

"I believe he is studying for it. Indeed, Eugene, he is no Utopian reformer, though he does a vast amount of good in a small way. But see—your horses are getting impatient, and I am longing to taste the morning air."

They went out, and he helped her into the carriage with all the tenderness of a lover, as indeed he was. The glittering diamond ring that sparkled on the third finger of her left hand was her engagement ring, and this handsome, winsome gentleman her betrothed.

"And so this Leland plays Father Beneficent to your Lady Bountiful?" he said, as they rode along. "Vastly disinterested in him, no doubt. I only hope he won't make a regular 'Sister of Charity' of you, that is all."

Agnes laughed merrily.

"O, no danger of that. I am too fond of dress and gayeties."

"Because you know," he went on, not no-

ticing her remark, "the 'Sisters' cannot marry, and then what should I do?"

"You would have to turn Catholic, and become a shaven-headed, long-gowned monk, in imitation of my example," she said, laughing.

"Well, it would not be impossible for me, if you adopted the faith first. I am ready to accept any creed you may become believer in.

"Thou for my sake at Allah's shrine,
And I at any god's, for thine."

The musical voice gave a meaning of its own to the words, sweeter than the poet's. A lovely blush stole up, and deepened the rose-tint on her cheeks. It was very plain how dear were the signs and tokens of his love to her.

"Well, if you are getting poetical, it is time for us to stop; and here we are at Mr. Leland's."

They stopped in front of the very house which had opened to give shelter to the homeless girl found in the streets the day before. The gentleman sprang down, and assisted Agnes to the sidewalk, and then resumed his seat.

"Aren't you coming in?"

"No; I will wait outside for you. You won't be long, I suppose?"

"O no!" and with a nod and smile she ran up the steps, and touched the bell.

Mr. Leland himself opened the door. His face lit up with a smile of peculiar pleasure.

"Miss Carlton, I am glad to see you. Walk in. This way, please," as she was about entering the front parlor, when he led the way to a back room.

Her lover, Eugene Atheling, left to himself meantime, leaned carelessly back in the carriage, and lifting his hat, let the soft south wind play with his thick masses of black hair. The girl Mr. Leland had rescued from the streets the day before, sat in the parlor, sewing by the half-open blind. She saw the handsome, haughty gentleman sitting there in all the abandon of perfect ease. She started violently, and the work she held fell from her hands to the floor. Leaning forward, still in the shadow of the blind, she looked at him long and steadily, herself unseen. A strange, swift change passed over her face as she did so; the pallor of her cheeks deepened, and then gave place to a hot crimson, slow in fading away.

Presently Miss Carlton came out, talking busily with Mr. Leland. They stood on the steps a moment; then Mr. Atheling, who was

waiting on the sidewalk, put Agnes into the carriage, and drove rapidly away. Mr. Leland came into the front parlor, the quiet calm of his manner seeming a little ruffled and disturbed. The girl turned to him at once, her face flushed, and her eyes brilliant with some strange excitement.

"Who is that man?" she said, abruptly.

He looked at her in surprise.

"The gentleman who came in the carriage?"

"Yes. What is his name?"

"Mr. Eugene Atheling, I think."

"I was sure of it," she said to herself. Then out loud, "And the lady with him—is she his sister?"

"She is Miss Agnes Carlton, the lady he is engaged to marry," said Mr. Leland, with the faintest tremor in his voice.

"Is she good—pure?"

"Pure as the purest snow—none more so."

"And she is going to marry him?"

"It is so reported. I believe the marriage is to take place this fall."

"It must not be!"

Mr. Leland looked up in still greater amazement.

"Lucy, what do you mean?"

She had her face in her hands, but she lifted it from them, and met his wondering gaze steadily.

"I mean that he is not worthy of her. You say she is good and pure. So was I a year ago, and that man was my ruin."

His surprise and pain would not let him speak. She went on.

"It is as I tell you. A little more than a year ago, I met him for the first time. I was a simple, innocent girl, fresh from the country. I came here to get work. My mother had died, and the woman my father married was not kind to me; so I left home, and came to the city. I was young—only sixteen—unused to the ways of city life, and this man made my acquaintance, and professed to love me, after a time. I loved him, O, how tenderly! he was so kind and winning, and I made him my idol. I don't say it to excuse myself—I was old enough to know better, and I did—but he saw that he was everything to me, and gave me no peace till I promised to give myself up to him, heart and soul. I did so. For the next six months he was my very life. I had no thought but for him—no wish but to make myself pleasing in his eyes; and he—he was very good to me all that time. Then a change came—he grew tired of me. I sup-

pose there was some new face that pleased him better, and he dropped me as carelessly as he would a glove that was a little soiled.

"I grew reckless and despairing—I didn't care what became of me; and so it went on from bad to worse, until the night Mrs. Barton turned me out into the street, because I wouldn't consent to be utterly degraded; and then I tried to drown my misery in drink."

She had spoken rapidly and excitedly, looking straight before her throughout, as if living it all over again. Mr. Leland sat motionless.

"All this that you have told me is strictly true?" he inquired, at the close.

"It is God's truth, every word."

"And you are certain this Mr. Atheling is the one?"

"Could I mistake him? I tell you it is the very man I lived with for six months. Don't you believe me?"

"I have no cause to doubt you. Such things are only too common, Heaven knows. But Agnes—Miss Carleton—God forbid that he should marry her."

"Perhaps, after all, she might not think so much of it. Such cases, as you say, are not uncommon, and he may be no worse than most men. Many women have to overlook or forgive greater errors than that," said the girl, after a silence.

"You do not know Miss Carlton," he answered, hastily. "She is not one to exercise harsh judgment, or blindly to condemn the erring; but her heart is pure, and her charity for the sinner could never make her forgetful of the sin. I am sure she would sooner cut her right hand off, than give it to the man who had the burden of another soul upon his conscience."

He sat thinking a few moments.

"Have you any proof of what you stated—proof that would be conclusive to another, I mean?"

"I have the letters he wrote me at different times while away. I put them in my pocket when Mrs. Barton turned me out of doors, thinking to apply to him for help. They are in my room up-stairs."

"Will you get them?"

She went up, and came back in a moment, with them in her hand. They were brief, hasty notes, some half-dozen in number, written in a peculiar hand, and simply signed "Eugene." The handwriting, to any one familiar with it, would have been sufficient proof. Mr. Leland just looked them over, without reading them; then he gave them

back to her, saying, "I must, think this matter over by myself first. It seems to me there is but one course for me to take, believing Miss Carlton what I do."

"And you do not doubt me?"

"Certainly not. I believe and pity you, seeing how you were tempted. It was a sad fall, but I think you will live to redeem it," looking kindly down into her face, with his true, earnest eyes. The girl's eyes filled with tears.

"Heaven bless you for saying that," she faltered. "It is what would make me supremely happy to do."

"And what you *shall* do, if my help can aid you. There, sit down and compose yourself. I must think upon what you have told me."

On the afternoon of the next day, as Lucy sat busily sewing alone on some garment for herself, the door opened, and Mr. Leland came in, bringing Agnes Carleton. He said a few incoherent words, then went out into the back parlor, and the two girls left together were shut in with each other a long, long time.

At last Agnes came out, looking very pale, and laid a little note in Mr. Leland's hand.

"Will you be so kind as to have this sent at once?" she said.

He glanced at it, saw it bore Mr. Atheling's address, and answered hastily, without looking up. "It shall not fail to reach him."

"Thank you."

She went back into the parlor, and there was quiet again for another half hour. Then the door-bell rang a quick, decided peal, and the servant let in Mr. Atheling.

"Miss Carleton is here, I believe?"

"Yes, sir; will you please walk in?" said the woman, opening the parlor door.

He entered, flushed and handsome, and went straight up to Agnes, not noticing her companion. She had simply said in her note that she was at Mr. Leland's, and would like him to meet her there as soon as possible, and although wondering a little, had answered the message at once.

"Here at your command," he said, gaily, holding out both hands. Then, with an anxious look at her face, "How pale you are! What is the matter? Has anything happened to you, my precious?" She was indeed deathly pale, her lips rigid, and her large dove eyes dark with a look of settled pain. "Agnes, darling, you are certainly ill," he continued, finding she did not speak. "Or have you received some dreadful news, sufficient to blanch and change your face in this way? If so, you did right to send for me. I would always be

near to comfort you in your troubles. But tell me, sweet?"

She shivered a little. This tenderness was so terrible to her, knowing all. Involuntarily her gaze wandered to the sofa; his followed, and then for the first time he saw Lucy sitting white and breathless in the shadow of the door. The change that swept over his face was startling. If it had been a ghost who sat there, he could not have looked more troubled and alarmed.

"*You here?*" he exclaimed, in a fierce tone; then recovering himself a little, he turned to his betrothed, with a forced smile on his yet tremulous lips. "Agnes, dear, I await your explanation," he said, hastily.

"O, Eugene, does it need any?" she said, speaking at last in a low, wrung voice of pain. "Cannot you guess all, seeing her, the poor girl whom you have wronged?"

"What has she been telling you?" he exclaimed in defiance. "Some choice story, I'll be bound; but you are not so childish as to be deceived by the false representations of a creature like her—a girl picked out of the very scum of the streets, lost, degraded from any sense of honor or virtue?"

The girl rose up, and confronted him eagerly. "Who made me so, Eugene Atheling?" she said excitedly. "Who but you, and to-day would spurn me from your foot? Have you forgotten when you held me in your arms, and caressed me, and called me your darling, as you just now called this girl, whom you thought to marry?"

"Whom I *will* marry, in spite of you," he interposed, glaring at her with eyes that burned like coals of fire. "Agnes,"—turning to her, and softening strangely,—"*you* are not going to let this—*thing* come between me and your love? Why, a child could see through her shallow artifice. Do you not see that it is the hope of extorting money that has excited her to this? Trust me, darling—I will yet prove her utterly false and unworthy."

"O, Eugene, if you could! It breaks my heart to think ill of you, but I dare not doubt her; and here are your letters, too."

She gave them to him open, silent witnesses of his sin. He knew it, but made one last effort to assert his old dominion.

"And have you no charity for a thing repented of long ago, and well-nigh forgotten?"

She would not let him go on. "True repentance brings expiation," she said. "Have you sought to atone to her for the great wrong you have done her? In the tempting and after

abandonment of another's soul, there lies your greatest sin. Think of the dark despair into which your neglect drove her."

"It need not. I was no worse than other men are. Multitudes of such relations are formed every day, to be broken at pleasure. Women who consent to them, cannot expect it will be otherwise."

"And so the poor creatures, whose love is their punishment, are left to bear the shame alone, or else plunge wildly into deeper sin and misery! O, it is too dreadful! And to think that you, whom I loved and trusted so, could be guilty of this cruelty and selfishness. O, Eugene, it breaks my heart to have such a thing come between us."

Her deep distress only angered him. Seeing plainly that her he really loved was indeed lost to him, he hardened his heart against every tender feeling that would have stolen in to soften it.

"Well," he said, turning moodily away, "I might have known a man like me stood no chance with such a miracle of perfection as you are."

With this cruel speech, and an ireful glance at the trembling girl on the sofa, he went slowly out from the room. Agnes looked mutely and piteously after him, put out her hands in a vague way, as if for help, and Mr. Leland coming in, was just in season to save her from the floor, as she fell blindly forward in a dangerous swoon.

Two years later, the fall of 1861. A lady, young and beautiful, with a sweet, tender face, just the least shade pensive, stands looking out from the door of a little Swiss cottage, into the soft September twilight. It is Agnes Leland, now for one happy year the wife of him who, months before, when life seemed dark and little worth, kept alive her faith in manhood, and, later, won her heart's best and truest love. He comes quickly up the walk as she stands there, and smiles fondly at the bright, eager face waiting to welcome him.

"Watching for me? I have been long gone, but I have brought back something to make up," holding out to her a little parcel.

"Letters from home! O, Arthur, I am so glad! Let me see," standing tiptoe to look over his shoulder. "Here is one, postmark Washington. From Lucy?"

"Yes; I opened it before sending ours, to be sure of her address. She writes that she has been appointed head nurse, and her opportunities for usefulness are so much enlarged, she has no time for sad memories.

"Poor Lucy! she is nobly redeeming the past. I wish she may be fully happy once more."

"She can hardly be that. She has suffered too much through her own sin and that of others; but I think she is cheerfully content, now she has found the means of doing good. Do you know, Agnes, I have almost made up my mind to return home, and obtain a chaplaincy? I cannot bear to be idle, when so much is doing, and waiting to be done. What do you say, little wife? Shall we take the next steamer for Boston?"

Agnes looked wistfully around the room.

"We have been so happy in our little cottage nest! It would seem hard for me to leave it, and give you up to the engrossing duties of a chaplain in the army. But it is right you should go, and I would not have you enervated by a life of ease, that I might keep you always at my side. Yes, I am willing to go."

One scene more—a soldiers' hospital. Long rows of white beds line the walls, all, or nearly all of them, occupied by suffering forms, prostrate with disease or wounds. In the midst, and passing ever from one to another, is a sweet, pale-faced woman, with rich golden hair put plainly back from a forehead faintly lined. She cares for all alike, dealing gently and tenderly with them, as a sister might, or a mother. There is not one of the suffering soldiers who does not know and bless her, and rough voices involuntarily soften, and hard faces grow gentler as she passes by. Very seldom is the patient serenity of her manner broken. But once, an assistant busy near by, saw her turn pale and faint, as a soldier in captain's uniform, his breast torn open by a shell, was brought in and laid on a bed beside her. His face had a solemn beauty, veiled with the mists of death slowly gathering over it.

The nurse, a Sister of Charity, saw Lucy lift the drooping head, and lay it on her breast with a low moan, while she tenderly wiped away the blood and dust from his terrible wound. But she did not see the soldier's eyes open at last with a strange look of recognition, nor hear the plaintive voice in which he murmured, "Lucy—forgive me!" ere he passed swiftly away into the land of shadows. It was for Lucy alone to see and hear that; and to lay the head of her old love tenderly back upon the pillow, with a kiss of forgiveness sealed on the lifeless lips.

God, marking that, has surely forgiven her.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SABBATH BELL.

BY MRS. SARAH E. DAWES.

I love its sound on a springlike day,
When balmy breezes gently play,
When the air is sweet with the breath of flowers—
An incense meet for the holy hours.
They steal on my ear like a witching spell,
Those deep, deep tones of the Sabbath bell.

I love to hear its merry ring,
While summer birds in the branches sing;
While nature pours her sweetest lays,
It bids us seek the house of praise.
O, passing sweet doth the music swell,
The deep, deep tones of the Sabbath bell!

They speak, methinks, with solemn tone,
When winds of autumn sadly moan;
But tell, with every pealing chime,
That far above is a fadeless clime.
No blight is there—they seem to tell,
Those deep, deep tones of the Sabbath bell.

When winter comes with icy breath,
And nature wears the robe of death,
Then ringing forth so loud and clear,
Their thrilling tones my spirit cheer.
In winter hours I love them well,
Those deep, deep tones of the Sabbath bell.

Through all New England they are found—
From thousand spires their peals resound;
A nation free they all proclaim,
And sound abroad a noble fame.
A people blest there ever dwell,
Where weekly peals the Sabbath bell.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE FISHERMAN'S REVENGE.

AN ITALIAN STORY.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE CRIME.

It was an evil day for the citizens of Placenzia, when the younger Visconti, son of the Duke of Milan, was appointed by his father to be their governor. This was somewhere about the year 1425. In those feudal days, the character of the sovereign was of the highest importance to his vassals; for in his will, in the absence of laws and constitution, was reposed the power of life and death, of liberty or confinement, of happiness or misery, honor or disgrace.

In the young Duke Visconti, the Placenzians soon found they had an enemy and tyrant, instead of a friend and honest ruler. He vexed them by his feudal exactions, he prostrated them by his odious edicts. Neither the liberty of man nor the honor of woman was safe under his sway.

Among his vassals were three friends, whose intimacy was the result of a similarity of character. They belonged to the humblest classes. Raphael was a fisherman, a frank, brave and light-hearted fellow, who spent with a free hand the coin he earned with a laborious one. He was married to a beautiful girl, named Catarina, by whom he had one child, a boy, at the commencement of our story about two years of age. Guiseppe was a man of the people, but one step removed from the class of lazzaroni. The third of the trio was named Pietro, a laboring man betrothed to Beatrice, the sister of his friend Guiseppe.

The three friends were among the first to suffer from the atrocious character of the new governor. One of Visconti's earliest acts was to carry off Beatrice by force, after money and entreaty had failed to make her forget her honor and the claims of her betrothed. The poor girl died of shame and despair in the splendid palace of the governor. The bereaved brother and the wretched lover now lived only for revenge, and Raphael, the fisherman, bound himself by a solemn compact to aid them in procuring the downfall of the tyrant. He himself, however, was destined soon to be enlisted in this pursuit by an event the most terrible that could have befallen him.

Visconti, having heard of the beauty of the fisherman's wife, made a visit to his hut, and was soon as deeply enamored of Catarina, as he had been of the unfortunate Beatrice. He adopted the same measures to secure her; first, flattery and bribes, then threats and violence. One night he found her alone, and insisted on her accompanying him to his palace. She refused. He menaced her with the destruction of her husband, who had been compromised in a recent revolt of the Condottieri; but this was of no avail. He next attempted to bear off her infant son. But here he was foiled by the despair of the mother, who guarded the cradle of her boy as the tigress does the covert of her young. At last, finding him summoning his hireling guards to make her prisoner, the wretched woman, after committing her soul to God and her child to his protection, snatched her husband's stiletto from the wall, and stabbed herself to the heart, thus

repeating in the person of a poor fisherman's wife, the heroic act of that Lucretia, who escaped by death the persecution of a Tarquin.

Visconti, overwhelmed with horror, fled with his attendants. Raphael returned to find his home desolate—his wife dead upon his hearthstone—her babe motherless. A diamond star which Visconti had dropped in the hurry of his flight, revealed to the fisherman his agency in this dreadful tragedy. A softer nature would have been overwhelmed with this catastrophe; Raphael became as hard as steel at the contemplation of his misery and wrongs. Lifting to heaven his stiletto, stained with the yet warm life-blood of his beloved Catarina, he renewed his oath of vengeance, and swore to lay the Duke of Placenzia as low as the poor victim whom his licentious passion had driven to her fate.

It was yet in the excitement of this terrible feeling, when a man, evidently flying from pursuit, sprang into the window of the fisherman's hut, and demanded of Raphael, in the name of heaven, instant means of flight. The fugitive was no other than Jacoppo Sforza, a standard-bearer in the ranks of the Condottieri, who, now that their revolt had been suppressed, was flying from the ducal archers and the vengeance of Visconti.

Raphael pointed to the broad lake which lay before his door, and showed the fugitive his boat and oars, which afforded a certain means of escape. These he offered to Sforza, on one condition, that he should take with him to Milan, his place of destination, and where he was sure to be well received by the elder Visconti, the infant boy now lying in the cradle.

"If you owe your life to the father," said the fisherman, "pay the debt to the son. Take him with you in your flight. If, in eight days you do not see me at Milan, take pity on the child of the condemned. Give him your name—his portion of your bread—your roof shall be to him a place of refuge, and if, in after years, he chance to hear of Raphael the fisherman, tell him he was a poor man, who died after unexampled sufferings."

Sforza took the child tenderly in his arms and swore to protect it. As he got into the boat, he looked back and said:

"You will find him at Milan."

"God willing," answered the fisherman.

"In eight days—at Milan," were the last words of the standard-bearer.

Raphael remained a long time plunged in a gloomy reverie. He was aroused by the sud-

den entrance of Guiseppe and Pietro. They had anticipated the vengeance of Raphael—they had just stabbed Visconti to the heart. Another heavy blow for the sufferer! That life belonged to him. He showed them his dead wife—he told them of the absence of his child—of his despair—they agreed to fly together to Milan.

But it was difficult for Guiseppe and Pietro to tear away their friend from the remains of all he had loved on earth. It was terrible to witness the convulsive agitation of his manly frame, the throes of an agony which was the more intense, because he shed no tear. He called the departed one by name; her mute lips answered nothing. He grasped her marble hand—but when he relinquished it, it fell like lead by his side. At last he rose from his knees and crossed himself.

"It is all over!" said he. "The souls of the just have their abode in heaven. And now, my more than brothers, to Milan! to Milan!"

"In the name of the governor Visconti!" said a deep voice, and turning, Raphael and his companions beheld a file of men-at-arms, sheathed in steel, and wearing in their helmets the cognizance of the duke. They were prisoners.

CHAPTER II.

LOVE AND INTRIGUE.

TWENTY-FIVE years have passed away. Twenty-five years! It is a long space; and how many changes of fortune, feeling and position does a quarter of a century produce. Let us see how they have affected the personages of our story.

The three friends, arrested in the fisherman's hut, were tried as rebels against the Governor of Placenzia, as connected with the revolt of the Condottieri, and sent into exile. In the meantime, Riccardo, the friend and confidant of the duke, had found his body lying in a heap of briars in a ravine at no great distance from Raphael's dwelling, where it had been cast by the assassins. But on a close examination he found that the body still retained the breath of life. In fact, a coat of mail which Visconti always wore beneath his doublet had saved his life. The dagger-strokes he had sustained, however, were so violent, that they had fractured his breast-bone, and although he had recovered, the effects of his wound were felt to the last day of his life. A

lapse of twenty-five years found him seated on the throne of Milan, rendered vacant by the death of his father. He was also a widower, and the father of a lovely girl, Blanche of Milan, whom he had just married to Count Contarini, the procurator of the duchy. The beautiful Blanche had married Contarini at the command of her father, from whose stern will there was no appeal, and it was evident that her heart had not been bestowed with her hand.

A singular condition of the marriage was that for four months the lady should be permitted to live apart from her husband, at a villa he possessed on the borders of a beautiful lake at some little distance from the city. Her principal confidant and friend was a Franciscan friar, who was no other than Guiseppe, the friend of Pietro and of Raphael. The three friends again met; Pietro as equire to Jacoppo Sforza, who had risen to the rank of constable of Milan, having been protected by the elder Visconti, and too much loved as a victorious general to be displaced by his son; and Raphael as chief gondoller of the Count Contarini. Into his service Raphael had entered because he knew that the count was the deadly enemy of the constable Sforza and his reputed son Francesco, now commandant, and hence requiring to be closely watched.

With what exultation did Raphael learn that Francesco Sforza, in reality his own son, was now returning with the constable to Milan in triumph, after having vanquished the Venetians, and humbled the splendid gonfalon of the Bride of the Adriatic in the dust. He almost forgot his vow of vengeance against Visconti, in tracing the splendid career which the gratitude of Sforza had permitted the fisherman's son to pursue.

It was a night of rejoicing for victory in Milan. The Contarini palace blazed with lights, rang with music, and shone with beauty, for there the count received the court and the nobility as his guests, and all in honor of the victorious constable and his son. Visconti was there, and welcomed back the aged general and the youthful heir of his prowess and his fame. For a brief space too, a vision of radiant beauty graced those princely halls, for the Countess Contarini, Blanche of Milan, consented to leave her retirement for some hours, and preside at the table and in the ball-room.

But amid this general rejoicing, the brow of Francesco was sad. The countess, who found herself alone with him a moment on the bal-

cony, asked him the reason. She then learned, with terror, that for years he had cherished a devoted passion for herself; that he had concealed it because he deemed it hopeless; that he had gone to the wars to win a name that would render him worthy of her; and had come back to find her wedded to another. The agitation, the blushes, the trembling of countess, betrayed to the young soldier the secret of her own heart. She, too, had loved Francesco—his image was in her heart even when she received the hand of Contarini in marriage.

After this mute avowal, Blanche avoided the commandant, and at an early hour retired from the festival, and was escorted to her gondola on the Tesinello canal, by which she gained the seclusion of her suburban retreat.

The heart of Francesco Sforza was on fire. He had seen enough to know that he was beloved, that Contarini did not possess the heart of Blanche, and he resolved to follow the countess. At midnight he sought out Raphael, the gondoller.

"Gondoller," said he, "thou art a good fellow; the night is cool, and after the fever-heat of the ball, I think it would not be amiss to sport awhile on the canal. Have you a light gondola, that I can row myself?"

"Signor," answered Raphael, whose heart beat violently in the presence of his son, "I have one beneath the window that flies like a shooting star. I call her the Swallow."

"Good!" said the commandant; "and here is a purse full of sequins."

"I want no money," said the gondoller. "But I would give all that I am worth to press the hand that has struck so bravely for the honor of Milan."

"Is that all?" asked Francesco, smiling. "Here is my hand; and when you need either the purse or protection of Francesco Sforza, ask freely and either or both shall be freely bestowed. *Buona notte!*"

And the young man was soon plying his oars on the Tesinello canal.

Some time afterwards Riccardo came to Raphael and ordered him to prepare a gondola for Count Contarini. The gondoller obeyed the order without inquiring the object of this midnight excursion. He soon learned, however, from Pietro and Guiseppe. The latter, being the confessor of Blanche, was acquainted with her secret love for Francesco; but he had only just learned that Francesco was in love with Blanche, that he had followed her, and that Riccardo had also discovered all, and

denounced the young commandant to Contarini. He had only time to warn Raphael, to tell him that from the chapel at the count's villa there was a staircase leading into the countess's apartment, and to bid him take arms with him, when Contarini appeared, followed by Riccardo and two men, all being armed, and embarked in the gondola. Raphael sprang to his oar, and the party were soon on their way to the count's villa, gliding swiftly and noiselessly over the water, tossing the reflected stars upon their surface, like golden spray-sparkles from the iron beak of their fragile little vessel.

CHAPTER III.

THE CONTARINI VILLA.

BLANCHE OF MILAN was seated alone in her apartment, looking out upon that beautiful lake which is the charm of the environs of Milan. Her fair head was leaning on her lovely hand, and she was lost in contemplation—in a reverie, half painful and half pleasing. She was roused by a light knock at the door. Was it not Father Guiseppe come to offer ghostly counsel? He alone could tell her whether to dwell for a moment with complacency on the memory of Francesco's avowal were a mortal sin. She bade him enter. The door opened, and Francesco entered. The countess uttered a faint scream.

"Fear not, lady," said the youthful commandant. "I come not to insult or wrong you; but because here alone I can speak with you in perfect freedom; and by my tears, my sufferings, my fruitless love, I conjure you to hear me."

"It was wrong of you to follow me," said Blanche.

"I could not rest," replied the commandant, "till I told you all—how, in the hour of battle, the thought of you had nerved my arm—and how the standard of Milan would have fallen in the dust, had not the thought of Blanche sustained its standard-bearer."

"I prayed for you, Sforza," said the countess.

"You prayed for me!—and yet you wedded another."

"My father trembled on his throne. He required all the aid and influence of Contarini; Contarini yielded them on one condition—my hand."

"You love him not then!" cried Francesco, joyfully.

"That is not a question for a wife to an-

swer," replied Blanche. "Go; Francesco, in your absence to think kindly of you is surely not a sin."

"And will you do so, lady?"

"Can you doubt it?" replied Blanche—"but go; you have compromised me by coming here. Retire while you may. Stay—I hear footsteps. Don't leave me yet, Francesco—I am afraid."

The door opened. Contarini entered. He was sheathed in steel from head to foot; but his face was uncovered, and that was calm and defiant of scrutiny. He bowed to Francesco.

"Signor," said he, "I saw you in a gondola taking your course to my villa, and I hastened after you in hopes of finding you waiting for me—a pleasure which I did not promise myself in vain. The council will soon assemble to deliberate upon the answer which Milan should make to the propositions of the Venetian ambassadors for a five years' truce. You doubtless consider it a grave question, which two statesmen like ourselves ought to discuss together beforehand. The duke is for granting the truce—but I consider it bad policy."

Here Contarini interrupted himself in his harangue, to address the trembling countess.

"Madam," said he, "a purely diplomatic discussion could hardly prove interesting to you, and the presence of the duke's daughter might embarrass us in canvassing the actions of her father. Allow me to lead you to your apartment."

With these words the count led Blanche to her chamber, and then closing the door, returned to the apartment where Francesco was standing, and fastened every outlet.

"Francesco," he exclaimed, "you knew not that my eye was upon you—that my spies were on your track. You came hither to dishonor me."

"It is false," said the commandant. "Still appearances are against me—I am a soldier—I will give you satisfaction. But I am unarmed, as you see. I will seek your guards, and get a sword from them—a sword is all I ask."

"You shall not leave this room," cried the count.

"What! would you assassinate me?" exclaimed the commandant.

"I would have your life," replied Contarini, in a tone of deadly hatred.

"All the doors closed!" cried the commandant.

"Ha! would you flee?" exclaimed the count, with a sneer.

"I would but go to beg or steal a sword,

and to come back with head and breast uncovered, and fight to death against you, barbed in steel—this is all I ask.”

“You go not hence,” said the count.

“Now I know,” said Francesco, “that it is not your wife, but the people, you are jealous of. You hate me for my popularity. You know that the Milanese love me—you see the throne tottering, you fear that I would mount where you would climb.”

“You insult me!” said Contarini.

“I will insult you to my last sigh,” answered Francesco.

“Think of your soul,” said the count. “You have fallen into a fatal snare.”

“Is there no outlet?” shouted Francesco.

“None!” replied the count, and rushed forward with uplifted sword.

But at this moment a door leading to the chapel was burst open, a man shrouded in a cloak rushed in, and exclaiming, “this way, commandant!” thrust Francesco out of the apartment, and saved his life. Then dropping his cloak, Raphael the gondolier stood revealed to the eyes of Contarini.

“Raphael!” cried the count.

“The same!” said the gondolier, drawing his sword. “It is Raphael who has saved the life of the commandant, Francesco.”

“To-morrow the law shall hold him in its grasp.”

“The law shall not attain him,” answered Raphael.

“Who will prevent it?” asked the count.

“I!” replied the gondolier.

“You—slave!”

“I am something more—I am Francesco’s father.”

“Yes—the father of him who is believed to be the constable’s son. And I tell you this secret—because the man who knows that secret must die—and I desire your death. Now, defend yourself! I would not assassinate you, as you would have assassinated my son. I leave assassination to nobles—I strike like a soldier. Defend yourself!”

“Nobles defend themselves against insolent vassals by summoning their guards,” replied Contarini; and he rushed to the window.

“You shall not summon them,” cried the gondolier.

“Back,” cried Contarini, throwing himself on guard.

Their swords crossed and struck fire. They fought furiously, thrice the point of Raphael’s weapon recoiled from the Milan steel of Contarini’s casket, but a fourth lunge took effect

in his throat, and with a bubbling groan he fell heavily to the marble floor.

“Farewell, Contarini,” said the gondolier, as he wiped his blade. I killed you to save my boy. And now to secure my safety.”

He sprang upon the window-seat, put his sword in his teeth, and clasping his hand over his head, then threw himself into the lake.

Francesco rushing into the room found Contarini stretched in death beneath the window. Blanche found him standing there gazing on the fallen man. She uttered a piercing cry.

“Blanche!” he exclaimed, “I did not kill your husband.”

At this moment, Riccardo, followed by Michielli and Brabantio, the former, attached to the service of the duke, the latter to the household guards of Contarini, made their appearance. It had been agreed between the count and Riccardo that the opening of the window should be the signal for their entrance.

“The commandant alive! the count dead!” muttered Riccardo. “Curses on the chance!” Then he added aloud to the guards, “seize this man—this murderer.”

Blanche wrung her hands in agony. Father Guiseppe arrived at this moment.

“You come in time,” said Riccardo, “to be a witness that we arrest the commandant Francesco with arms in his hands,” (for he had procured a weapon), “near the body of Count Contarini.”

“Good heavens!” exclaimed the commandant, “what can I do?”

“Signora,” continued Riccardo, “you will bear witness at the trial. Until then, you, Michielli, render to the dead procurator the honors that are due him. You, Father Guiseppe, will console the duke’s daughter, while I will prepare the sentence of the constable’s son and heir.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE GONDOLIER.

RICCARDO, who in Milan occupied a post equivalent to that of our attorney-general, drew up an accusation of murder against the unfortunate Francesco, and he was brought before the duke and the senate for trial and sentence. Blanche, despairing of being able to save him from condemnation, by the offer of all her jewels, purchased a promise from Michielli, a spy in the service of Riccardo and Visconti, that he would deliver him from prison. Brabantio, who would be one of his

guards, was sounded, but proved incorruptible, for he was a personal enemy of the commandant.

The heart of the constable was torn with anguish when he found Francesco accused of a crime so horrible; and when he saw the deadly effect of the circumstantial evidence produced against him, he implored the duke, by his gray hairs, by his long military services, to spare his son and withhold the sentence of death which seemed suspended over his head.

But Visconti was inflexible. He saw that the preliminary examination had satisfied all of the guilt of the commandant, that conviction was sure to ensue, and he rejoiced at being thus able to wither at one blow the older and the younger Sforza.

But at this crisis, a tumult was heard at the great entrance of the trial chamber in which the duke and his senators and nobles were seated. A man rushed into the room, struggling with the sentinel, whom he succeeded in disarming and throwing off. It was Raphael, the gondolier.

He rushed to the foot of the ducal throne and exclaimed:

"Noble duke! his sentence been pronounced against Francesco Sforza?"

"Not yet," replied the duke, "but the evidence against him is unimpeachable, he must die."

"He must not die," replied Raphael. "He is innocent."

"Who then is the murderer?" said the duke.

"He stands before you," said the gondolier. "Yes, duke and senators of Milan! I followed Contarini and I struck him to the heart. Riccardo found my mantle on the scene of death, though he has not produced it—and here is my sword, rusted with the blood of Contarini."

"He speaks the truth," said the commandant.

"Then he was your accomplice—both shall be tried for murder," said Visconti.

"Duke of Milan," said the gondolier, "I have a secret for your ears alone."

"Speak!" said the duke, descending from the throne and beckoning Raphael out of ear-shot of the spectators, "but be brief."

"Last night," said the gondolier, speaking in a low tone, "Francesco Sforza went to the Contarini villa, because your daughter loved him and opened her doors to him at midnight. Bring him to trial and you brand your child with infamy. On the rack will I tell the truth."

"That must not be," said the duke, in great agitation. "This secret—"

"Dies with me, if you liberate the commandant, and take my head off in the place of his. I swear it on the cross."

"Enough," cried the duke, returning to his throne. "Senators and nobles, hear me. Francesco Sforza, unjustly accused of the crime of murder, is at liberty. Let this man be loaded with irons; he is the assassin and dies in his place."

"Duke!" cried Riccardo, "weigh well what you are doing."

"I have spoken," said the duke, "the assembly is dismissed."

Surrounded by his guards, the duke left the chamber. Raphael was loaded with chains and marched off under the escort of a file of halberdiers. The assembly dispersed, there remained only the constable, Francesco and Pietro, the brigadier of the elder Sforza.

Francesco and the constable embraced, but the joy of the former was dashed by the reflection that Raphael, self-accused and self-sacrificed, must die in his place. He would fain have made an effort to free him by force, but the constable would not listen to a scheme fraught with destruction to himself and his son, and Pietro seemed to side with the elder Sforza.

"Commandant," said he, "this man condemned himself for you this morning, but in striking Contarini he was accomplishing a personal vengeance; twenty-five years ago Visconti killed his wife. He killed Visconti's son in turn, out of revenge!"

"O memory!" cried the aged constable, striking his forehead, "what a scene of horror dost thou recall!"

"You would be wrong in drawing a sword to release him. Am I not right, constable?" continued Pietro.

"Visconti killed his wife, you say?" said the constable.

"In his hut at Piacenza, twenty-five years ago," replied Pietro, fixing his eye inquiringly on the constable.

"And his name is Raphael?"

"The same."

"Raphael the fisherman—Raphael the gondolier. I knew him not, so changed is he."

"What is the matter, father?" asked the commandant. "You are pale—you tremble."

"And he devoted himself for you!" said the constable. "I see it all; it is the same man."

Here a soldier crossed the hall.

"Halt, comrade!" said the constable. "Is the trial over?"

"It is," replied the soldier. "The court have ordered the scaffold to be erected before sunset."

The man saluted and retired.

"We must save this man!" exclaimed the constable. "You must do it, Francesco—and I will—I must."

"We will save him, father—but how?"

"Hush! these palace walls are full of spies. Follow me, Francesco. And Pietro, can I rely on you?"

"As in the hour of battle, general," replied the brigadier.

"Enough!" replied the constable. "Raphael the fisherman! Quick! Follow me."

"Whither?" asked Francesco.

"To the arsenal!"

CHAPTER V.

THE BELL OF ST. PETERS.

THE constable prepared a rising of the army, the signal for which was to be the tolling of the great bell of the cathedral of St. Peters. Francesco was entrusted with the execution of the details of the insurrection. The army in revolt, Visconti would be in the power of the insurgents, with no reliance but the fidelity of his household troops, the archers and haquebusiers, too few in number to make head against their opponents. The army would then destroy the scaffold, and demand, as the sole condition of their return to duty, the liberation and pardon of Raphael the gondoller.

The plan formed, the constable sought out Raphael, and was readily admitted to his presence by his guards. In the long interview which followed, the constable learned from the condemned the story of his life since their parting at Placenzia, and the fact that the friendship between the three vassals, Raphael, Pietro and Guiseppe still subsisted, and that their oath of vengeance was still considered binding.

"It is easy to die for Francesco," said the gondoller, "but hard to think he will never know the story of his father."

"Be easy on that point," said the constable. "You shall not die upon the scaffold; the army shall secure your liberation. You shall keep the secret of Francesco's birth till the day after my death. Then my will shall reveal all, and Francesco shall call you father. Farewell, Raphael—hope and confidence."

"A thousand blessings on your head!" cried the prisoner, sinking on his knees.

But when the constable attempted to depart, he found his progress prevented by the sentinel; and at the same moment Visconti entered the apartment, followed by Michielli.

"Constable," said the duke, "for the present you are my prisoner. Michielli," he added, turning to his follower, "let the commandant be conducted to the hall which looks forth upon the cathedral. When the bell of St. Peters strikes, let him be put to death."

Michielli bowed and retired.

"Now, Sforza," said the count, "your son is in my power, and the bell shall be his death-note."

The constable was silent from despair.

"Raphael," said the duke, "you asked for the consolations of religion. I have allowed Father Guiseppe to wait on you as you desired. Come, Sforza, I will do the honors of my palace for you."

As the duke and constable retired, Father Guiseppe made his appearance.

"Courage, brother," said he to Raphael. "Francesco's guards are plunged in the sleep of drunkenness. Michielli has sold himself to us; but Brabantio, who is incorruptible, will taste the steel of Pietro." With these words, he glided away.

Visconti and the constable again made their appearance.

"Sforza," said the duke, "you are free to depart. I have given you my word. If you are wise, you will go to your soldiers and disarm them. Renounce their command in my favor, and thus save your son from death."

"Abandon my old veterans!" said the constable, "and to you? I cannot do it."

At this moment the heavy tolling of the cathedral bell was heard.

"Listen!" said the duke; "that sound summons the rebels to arms!"

"And my son to death!" exclaimed the constable in agony. "Visconti, withhold thy bloody hand! I yield—I lay my sword at thy feet."

"Hold!" cried Raphael. "Keep your sword."

At this moment Riccardo rushed into the presence of his sovereign.

"My lord duke!" he cried, "we are betrayed. Brabantio is killed, and Francesco has escaped us."

"Curses on the chance!" exclaimed the duke, in fury.

"Ha, ha!" shouted the constable. "My

sword is still my own. Farewell to you, Visconti!"

"You are safe only within these walls!" cried the duke. "Without, death awaits you."

"Death, perhaps," replied the old warrior, "but death in victory. Back there, sentinels! room for the constable!" And he rushed out, sword in hand.

"Who can have betrayed us?" cried the duke.

"I will tell you," said the gondolier. "The man whose betrothed was betrayed twenty-five years ago by Duke Visconti. The man who slew Brabantio was one whose sister was dishonored by Visconti. And I am Raphael the fisherman—Raphael the exile—Raphael of Placenzia, whose wife was killed by the governor of Milan. Hark to the bell, Visconti! Am I not avenged?"

"You shall die upon the wheel!" cried the duke.

But Raphael remained, gloating over the agony of the duke, who, now plunged in despair, was busied in giving orders, listening to the firing and shouting in the streets, the tolling of the bell, and the crashing thunder of the heavy cannonade that shook the very walls of the ducal palace. At length Fabricio, the captain of the royal archers, rushed into the presence of the duke.

"What news?" exclaimed Visconti.

"The constable is killed!" replied the captain.

"Victory!" shouted the duke.

"Alas, your highest!" replied the captain; "my soldiers have revolted, and disarmed me. Francesco Sforza is master of Milan."

"Life! liberty!" cried Pietro and Guiseppe, rushing in. In a moment they struck the irons from the limbs of Raphael, and he stood erect and free once more.

The hall was now filled with officers, soldiers, senators and the people of Milan. A herald came forward, and announced that the senate had dethroned and banished Visconti, and proclaimed Francesco Sforza duke and sovereign of Milan.

"O, joy! O, vengeance!" cried the gondolier. "Hear me, nobles, senators, and citizens of Milan! Your new duke, the liberator of Milan, is my son!"

"Thy son!" exclaimed Francesco, who had just entered, escorted by a detachment of the troops, and leading by the hand the lovely Blanche. "Can this be true?"

"It is indeed true," said the faithful Pietro, advancing to Francesco. "Here are the tab-

lets of the constable, containing his last words."

Francesco snatched them eagerly, and read as follows:

"Thou art the son of Raphael the fisherman and a poor woman of Placenzia. I took thee from gratitude—I gave thee my name from love. I would have died for thee. Sometimes think of thy aged friend, who loved thee as a father. Farewell, Francesco."

Francesco rushed into his father's arms. All hearts were melted at the meeting; but none regarded it so tenderly as the faithful Pietro and the good Guiseppe.

"Francesco," said the fisherman, "I am sufficiently avenged upon yonder bad man. For the sake of his pure and stainless daughter, I renounce my oath to take his life. Go, Visconti, and within a monastery's walls repent the past, and look to Heaven for forgiveness."

And the people shouted, "Long live Raphael!" and "Long live Francesco!" And as the young duke took the hand of Visconti's daughter, they added, "Long live Blanche of Milan!"

PERILS OF GENIUS.

Some of the most remarkable geniuses of the world, as well as the most stupid dolts, have been victims of rum. Rum-drinking did not give them the sparkle and brilliancy of mind that attracted the attention of mankind, but was the cloud upon their heavens. Coleridge, when he was limited for time to perform some literary labor, had to be confined from his cups, that it might be sure of its completion; and when it was done he ran at full speed to the den where he could revel with the vilest of the vile. De Quincey was as much a slave of opium. Burns was less a brute, but a drunkard still; and so were Charles Lamb, and Byron who drew his inspiration from gin, and Steele the author of the "Christian Hero," himself the hero of a grog shop, and Douglas Jerrold, who loved brandy better than letters, and Poe, author of the Raven, whose mind was full of gloom from the effects of over-drinking, and who died of delirium tremens. Thus the loftiest minds have given way at times to the lowest vices; and those who soared to heaven in intellect were as low as the brutes in filthy habits.

In youth we are mad for persons. Childhood and youth see all the world in them. But the larger experience of men discovers an identical common nature appearing through them all.

The Florist.

Sweet flower, thou tell'st how hearts
As pure and tender as thy leaf, as low
And humble as thy stem, will surely know
The joy that peace imparts.—PASCAL.

Hardy Annual Flower Seeds.

About the latter end of this month, if the weather is mild and dry, you may sow some sorts of hardy annual flower-seeds in borders and other parts of the pleasure-garden. The sorts proper to sow at this time are larkspur and flos Adonis, scarlet pea, sweet-scented and Tangier peas, candy-tuft, dwarf lychnis, Venus's looking-glass, Lobel's catch-fly, Venus's navelwort, dwarf poppy, Nigella, annual sunflower, oriental mallow, lavatera, and hawk-weed, with many other sorts. Some of these, if sown now, particularly the larkspur, flos Adonis, sweet and Tangier peas, will flower much better than if sown at a later period. All the above seeds must be sown in the places where you intend the plants to flower, in beds, borders, pots, etc. They must not be transplanted, for these sorts will not succeed so well by that practice. The following is the method:—The flower-borders having been previously dug, dig with a trowel small patches therein, about six inches in width, at moderate distances, breaking the earth well and making the surface even; draw a little earth off the top to one side, then sow the seed therein, each sort in separate patches, and cover it with the earth that was drawn off, observing to cover the small seeds near a quarter of an inch deep, the larger in proportion to their size; but the pea kinds must be covered an inch deep at least. When the plants have been up some time, the larger growing kinds should, where they stand too thick, be regularly thinned, observing to allow every kind, according to its growth, proper room to grow.

Herbaceous fibrous-rooted Perennials.

Towards the end of the month, if the weather be mild and open and the ground dry, you may plant, where wanted, most sorts of hardy fibrous-rooted flowering plants, both of perennials and biennials, such as lobelias, phloxes, dracoccephalums, polyanthus, primroses, London pride, violets, double camomile, thrift, gentianella, hepaticas and saxifrage. Plant also rose-campion, rockets, catch-fly, scarlet lychnis, double feverfew, carnations, pinks, sweet-williams, columbines, Canterbury-bells, tree primrose, monk's-hood, Greek valerian, foxglove, golden rods, perennial asters, perennial sunflowers, hollyhocks, French honeysuckles, and many others. In planting the above, or any other sorts, particularly at this early period, observe to preserve balls of earth about their roots, to dispose them regularly, and intermix the different kinds in such order as there may be a variety of colors, as well as a regular succession of flowers in every part during the flowering season.

Auriculas.

The choice kinds of auriculas in pots must now be treated with more than ordinary care, for their flower-buds will soon begin to advance; therefore the plants should be carefully defended from frost and cold heavy rains. This must be done by a good covering of glass and mats, but every mild and dry day the plants must be entirely uncovered. Any old decayed leaves should be picked off as they appear, the earth loosened at the top of the pots, some of it taken out and replaced with good fresh compost mould. This will encourage the pushing of young roots immediately under their leaves, which will greatly strengthen the plants. Be very cautious, however, not to force those plants at this season, for that would prevent their flowering in any tolerable perfection; all they require is to be protected from severe frost, snow, cutting winds, and cold rains; they are to have no bottom heat whatever, nor are the glasses to be kept close in any kind of sunshine that might produce a strong heat in the frame; on the contrary, they must get as much as air as possible, by taking the glasses off every sunny or mild day, and replacing them at night and in cold weather; and when you cannot take them totally off, raise them a little behind, or slide them either up or down, at every favorable opportunity. A little frost will not do them much injury, especially until their flower-buds begin to appear; but after that, they must be carefully protected therefrom—cold heavy rain is their utter enemy at all times, against which you must carefully guard.

Tulips, Hyacinths, Anemones, etc.

Defend the beds of the more curious or valuable tulips, hyacinths, anemones and ranunculuses from frost, snow, and cold or excessive rains; the plants will now begin to appear above ground, and the buds wherein the finest of the flower-roots are planted, should now, where intended, and if not done before, be arched over with hoops; and in frosty or extremely bad weather, let mats or canvas be drawn over them, in some measure to defend the advancing flower-buds. This, where it can be conveniently done, should not now be omitted to the choicer kinds, when required to have them blow in their utmost perfection; for although they are hardy enough, yet, being protected in their early flower buds from inclement weather, both in this and the next month, the blow will be much finer than if fully exposed; however, this care is not necessary for the common kinds, either in beds or borders.

Stockgilly-Flowers and Wall-Flowers.

The choice double and other stockgilly-flowers and wall-flowers in pots, and under the protection of any kind of covering, should never be exposed to a strong sun whilst in a frozen state; they require but little protection from frost, but must be carefully guarded against the sun's influence at such times.

The Housewife.

Boston Cream Cakes.

Biscuit.—One pint of water, a quarter of a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of flour. Have a clean kettle, and coal fire, without smoke. Put the water on to boil; while boiling, put in the butter, and stir in the flour dry; stir till free from lumps; pour out to cool; when thoroughly cool, break in one at a time ten eggs; beat it hard. Butter some sheets, and drop the above mixture in small rounds; bake in a hot oven, from fifteen to twenty minutes.

Custard.—One quart of milk, a quarter of a pound of flour; mix the flour with a little of the milk; when the milk is boiling, stir in the flour; let it boil hard about one minute. Beat four eggs well, and stir in while hot; add a full half pound of sugar, some salt, and essence of lemon, or the oil of a fresh lemon, rubbed on sugar.

When the biscuits are cold, make an incision in one side, and put the custard in with a spoon; they are best fresh, but not warm.

Muffins.

The following receipt, if correctly followed, will make a muffin that no one ought to despise:—One quart of sour milk, four tablespoonsful of flour, two tablespoonsful of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, one half teaspoonful of salt, two eggs, Indian meal sufficient to make the consistency of pancake batter. Bake in muffin rings.

Honey Cake.

Three-quarters of a pound of honey, half a pound of fine loaf sugar, a quarter of citron, a half ounce of orange peel, cut small; of cinnamon and ginger, each half an ounce, four well beaten eggs, and a pound of sifted flour. Melt the sugar with the honey, and mix. Roll out the cakes, and cut in any form.

Indian Breakfast Cakes.

Take one quart of buttermilk, or sour milk, three eggs, butter in size equal to half a hen's egg; a little salt, one teaspoonful of saleratus, stirring in fine Indian flour till of a proper consistence; and then putting it into pans of an inch in depth, for a quick bake.

Colored Sugars for ornamenting.

Pound some sugar, and sift it through a coarse sieve; lay a little upon a plate; pour into it a few drops of carmine, or prepared cochineal, mixing it well in; then put it into your screen to dry, stirring it frequently; keep it dry in a canister for use when required.

Cream Cake.

Four cups of flour, three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of cream, five eggs, and one teaspoonful of saleratus. Rub the butter and sugar together, then add the rest.

Common Cheesecakes.

Put a quart of milk on the fire; when it boils add eight eggs well beaten; stir them till they become a curd, then pour it out, and when it is cold put in three-quarters of a pound of currants well washed, two spoonful of rose-water, and a little salt; make a puff paste and put in the mixture. If you bake them in patties, it will be necessary to butter the patties to enable you to turn them out; but if you bake in glass or china, only an upper crust will be necessary, as you can send them to table without taking them out.

Country Cream Cakes.

To a quart of flour add a teaspoon of fine salt, and a piece of butter of the size of an egg; then take half a pint of thick cream, the better if a little sour, half a teaspoonful of pearlsh, dissolved in water, and poured into the cream, and milk sufficient to wet the flour. If cream is abundant, it may be used without milk or pearlsh. In this case, the cream may be sweet. When well kneaded, it is fit for baking.

To remove Grease or Ink from Marble.

Take one ounce of oxalic acid, dissolve it in a gill of water, and apply it with a clean rag or sponge, having first washed off the marble with soap and water. After the oxalic acid has been applied and drawn out the grease, wash it off with clean water, etc. In order to restore the polish of the marble—which will be impaired somewhat by the acid—take very fine whiting and rub it over the spots touched.

Pumpkin or Squash Pie.

Here is a pumpkin or squash pie, without sugar or eggs, and pronounced "fit for a king." Stew and strain the pumpkin or squash as usual, add boiling milk till it is left about one-third thicker than the ordinary preparation, then thin and sweeten with equal quantity of molasses, and bake one hour in a hot oven.

Ornamental Frosting.

For this purpose have syringes of different sizes; draw any one you may choose full of the icing, and work it in any designs you may fancy—wheels, Grecian border or flowers look well, or borders of beading. The cake must, of course, first be covered with a plain frosting, which may be white.

Gingerbread with Fruit.

Four cups of flour, one of butter, one of sugar, one of molasses, one of milk, four eggs, three teaspoonsful of ginger, a teaspoonful of cloves and nutmegs, half a pound of currants and raisins; add the fruit last, and bake in pans in a moderate oven.

Sugar Gingerbread.

Take two pounds of flour, one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, five eggs well beaten, two ounces of powdered ginger, and a teaspoonful of pearlsh. Then mix, and bake.

Curious Matters.

A novel Rat Trap.

In the yard attached to Mr. Kyle's herring store at the South Quay, Derry, says a London paper, an empty herring barrel had been left standing, and in order to prevent it from falling to pieces, it was nearly filled with water. A few days afterward a workman in the yard observed a rat climbing up the barrel, and trying to reach the water for the purpose of drinking, when it toppled over and fell in. He procured a stick, and commenced searching for the drowning animal, when he discovered to his astonishment that the barrel was nearly half-filled with full-grown rats, which had all lost their lives in their endeavors to obtain water. It is calculated that fully two hundred rats had been caught in this extraordinary trap, and numerous spectators visited the scene from curiosity. It is believed that the rats had, for some time previously, been living on salt meat in some of the large stores in the neighborhood, and were impelled by thirst to commit involuntary suicide.

A silent Wedding.

At a Quaker wedding in Newport, recently, says the Providence Journal, the guests seated themselves according to the custom of the Friends in general, and waited in silence for the service to commence. For one hour and a half not a word was spoken and scarce a movement made. At the expiration of that time the spirit moved the parties to action, and the groom and bride took each other by the hand and offered and received the marriage vows. That cannot be called a "hasty marriage."

Literary Discovery.

There has just been discovered in Spain a document of considerable interest to the literary history of that country, being the receipt for 112,500 maravedis paid to the Fathers of the Trinity for the ransom of the author of "Don Quixote," then a prisoner in the hands of the Moors. The receipt states that the prisoner was then thirty-three years of age, and had lost his left arm.

Curious Robbery.

The Ambrosian Library at Milan has lately suffered a heavy loss. An entire case, containing the autograph correspondence of the Medici with the Dukes of Milan, from 1496 to 1510, has disappeared from the very study of Dr. Gatti the conservator. All the Milan journals have spoken of this robbery, committed with strange effrontery and address.

An ancient Volume.

"The New Testament translated into Englyshe by John Wycliffe, with a Rule and Kalendar of pistles and gospels after ye use of Salisburie," a very elegant manuscript on vellum, in a very clear hand, with capitals illuminated in gold and colors, *sec. xv.*, was recently sold in London for £350.

Remarkable Delusion.

Talk about the Salem Witchcraft! But a short time since a poor old man in Essex, England, upward of eighty years of age, a Frenchman, deaf and dumb, and who lived by himself in a small, wretched hut, was killed by his neighbors in the village because they believed that he was possessed of some supernatural power, and could make them ill, or restore them to health, by his incantations! The poor creature was beaten with a stick, thrown into a pond, and when he got out, covered with slime and dirt, and thoroughly saturated with water, was seized again and again thrown into the pond, so that after he escaped from his tormentors he was taken with a fever and died. One of his chief persecutors was a female, one Emma Smith, a married woman, aged 36, who believed that she had been bewitched by the aged necromancer.

"Black your Boots, Sir?"

There are in London eight shoe-black brigades, established to care for the young shoe-blacks, and to make of them respectable members of society. The first society formed in their behalf was established in 1841, and has been self-supporting for several years, having a large house, which is paid for, with all its current expenses, by the boys themselves. Its affairs are managed by ten lawyers, who select the boys from twenty ragged schools in the vicinity, which they attend every day after their work, as well as on Sundays. They have regulated the savings and investments of the boys, amounting to over \$85,000; and have sent out and started in life about 1300 young lads. The amount received in pennies in the streets of London last year, by three hundred and seventy-three boys belonging to these brigades, was over \$31,000.

Curious Discovery.

An English lady was recently walking through the streets of Sydney, Australia, when she discovered in a jeweller's window a necklace which she recognized as one stolen from her in England two years before. She entered the store, and seizing the necklace, touched a secret spring, and beheld two curls belonging to her deceased children. She claimed the prize, and the jeweller gave it up, asking as a favor, that she would not mention it; but she did, and it led to the discovery that for many years the thieves of Paris and London have been in the habit of sending their stolen goods to Australia.

Historical Relic.

A Berlin artisan has come into possession of a very interesting historical curiosity—the marriage ring of Luther. On the ring is an inscription bearing the name of Martin Luther and his wife, as well as the date of their marriage. The possessor is at present in negotiation with the direction of the Royal Museum, with a view to its purchase for that institution. The Museum authorities entertain no doubt as to the genuineness of the relic.

Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A MASONIC FUNERAL.

The first Masonic funeral that ever took place in California, occurred in the year 1849, and was performed over the body of a brother found drowned in the bay of San Francisco. An account of the ceremonies states that upon the body of the deceased was found a silver mark of a Mark Master, upon which were engraved the initials of his name. A little further investigation revealed to the beholders the most *outré* exhibition of Masonic emblems that were ever drawn by the ingenuity of man on human skin. There is nothing in the history or traditions of Freemasonry equal to it. Beautifully dotted on his left arm, in red or blue ink, which time could not efface, appeared all the emblems of the Entered Apprentice. There were the Holy Bible, the Square and Compass, the twenty-four inch Gauge, and the common Gavel. There were also the Mosaic pavement representing the ground floor of King Solomon's Temple, the indented Tessel which surrounds it, and the Blazing Star in the centre. On his right arm, and artistically executed in the same indelible liquids, were the emblems appertaining to the Fellow Craft degree, viz., the Plumb, the Square and the Level. There were also five columns, representing the five Orders of Architecture—the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian and Composite.

In removing the garments from his body, the Trowel presented itself, with all the other working tools of operative Masonry, besides all the emblems peculiar to the degree of Master Mason. Conspicuously on his breast were the Great Lights of Masonry. Over his heart was the Pot of Incense. On other parts of his person were the Bee Hive, the Book of Constitutions, guarded by the Tyler's Sword; the Sword pointing to a naked Heart, the All-Seeing Eye; the Anchor and Ark, the Hour Glass, the Scythe, the forty-seventh problem of Euclid; the Sun, Moon, Stars and a Comet; the Three Steps, emblematical of Youth, Manhood and Age. Admirably executed was the weeping Virgin, reclining on a broken column, upon which lay the book of

Constitutions. In her left hand she held the pot of Incense, the Masonic emblem of a pure heart, and in her uplifted right hand a sprig of acacia, the beautiful emblem of immortality of the soul. Immediately beneath her, stood winged Time with his scythe by his side, "which cuts the brittle thread of life," and the Hour Glass at his feet, which is ever reminding us that "our lives are drawing to a close." The withered and attenuated fingers of the Destroyer were delicately placed amid the long and gracefully flowing ringlets of the disconsolate mourner. Thus were the striking emblems of mortality and immortality beautifully blended in one pictorial representation. It was a spectacle such as Masons never saw before, and in all probability, such as the fraternity may never witness again. The brother's name was never known.

GERANIUM LEAVES.—It is not generally known that the leaves of geraniums are an excellent application for cuts, where the skin is rubbed off, and other wounds of that kind. One or two leaves must be bruised, and applied on linen to the part, and the wound will become cicatrised in a very short time.

REMEMBER.—It is not safe to let things work unless you first put them in good working order. You must make them work right, or they will work wrong.

CURIOS.—The Duke de Dino, of Paris, is celebrated as the possessor of a thousand waistcoats—a garment he has a passion for. He should have a straight one.

FAME.—As the pearl ripens in the obscurity of its shell, so ripens in the tomb all the fame that is truly precious.

LOVE AND ARGUMENT.—You can no more quench the flame of love by argument, than you can the conflagration of a city.

QUEER.—Persons who shut themselves up in their houses to avoid their creditors are house-holed men.

IMPEDIMENTS OF SPEECH.

We noticed an advertisement in a daily paper, a short time since, in which a certain professor declared, upon his word of honor, that he could cure the most inveterate stammerer in an hour's time, if his (the professor's) instructions were but carried out. We are not aware that he performed many cures, although quite a number of those who were troubled with impediments in their speech applied to him for relief.

One day we met an acquaintance who had consulted the professor, paid him a number of greenbacks, and placed pebbles under his tongue and in various parts of his mouth, agreeably to the learned professor's directions; so we asked him if he was cured, sincerely hoping that he was.

"C-u-r-c-u-r-c-u-r-e d-d-d-a-m—" Here he broke down, owing to his intense desire to articulate his contempt for the professor and his method of treatment; so after one or two inhalations of breath, the victim to an impediment in his speech was calm enough to inform us that he didn't really think that he had derived much benefit from the professor's advice and assistance.

Speaking of stammering, reminds us of a story which some of our readers may not have met with. It is this: Three young men entered a cigar store to buy cigars. All of them were stutterers, and so was the man who tended the shop.

The first young man asked:

"D-o-y-o-u k-k-ke-e-p c-ci-cl-gars?"

"Y-y-e-e-s," stammered the tobacconist.

The second young man also stammered a request for cigars, which aroused the suspicion of the dealer that they were attempting a practical joke with him. He was confirmed in this when the third young man began, and stuttered worst of all. The poor tobacconist lost all patience, and all power of utterance; he struggled with indignant words. His customers, no less indignant than himself, in vain endeavored to protest against his insolence. Each party thought the other mocked, and the law had to silence the stutterers. The affair might have been very amusing to witness, but it was no joke to those concerned. It is no conceit of the poet when he makes the tongue-tied man breathe his complaint in such language as the following:

"The constant, galling, festering chain, that binds
Captive my mute interpreter of thought;
The seal of lead estampeted upon my lips;
The load of iron on my laboring chest;

The mocking demon, that, at every step,
Haunts me and spurs me on—to burst in silence."

Among the legacy of misfortunes bequeathed from generation to generation, that of stammering or stuttering is one of the most distressing. From a very early period of the world's history, we have instances of slow speech and of defective utterance. When the great Jewish lawgiver was commissioned to undertake the liberation of his brethren, he urged his "slow tongue" as a disqualification for the work; when the prophet Isaiah recites the blessings of the Messiah's kingdom, the promise is given that in three days not only should the blind see, and the deaf hear, but that the tongue of the stammerer should be ready to speak, plainly or elegantly.

On the stage, the efforts of a pretended stammerer create roars of laughter; and a low comedian, who understands his business, can always make a hit in such a character. His gesticulations, pretended rage, and efforts to articulate words, generally bring "down the house," while off the stage, thoughtless people smile when brought in contact with those who are so unfortunate as to have an impediment in their speech.

We do not know of any certain cure for stammering, although some physicians pretend to remedy it. We all know that Demosthenes was troubled with an impediment in his speech, but that he cured himself after a severe course of training, and then became a great orator.

But perhaps there are few stammerers who would care to pass some three months at the sea-side, speaking with pebbles in their mouths, and guarding against the least haste while giving utterance to ideas; yet Demosthenes did, and was well repaid for all of his trouble.

KEEP QUIET.—If a man will let matters take their chance, he may live smoothly and quietly enough; but if he will sift things to the bottom, he must account himself a *man of strife*.

JUST SO.—Daniel says he thinks that boarders who are obliged to eat sausages three times a day during dog days, are justified in *growling* at their fare.

PRIDE.—Pride is never more offensive than when it condescends to be civil; whereas, vanity, whenever it forgets itself, naturally assumes good humor.

MEN OF THE WORLD.

Men of the world are like politicians, they use all with whom they come in contact, never performing a favor without anticipating an adequate return for the same, and seldom offending any one with violent prejudices or sudden bursts of anger. In fact, a man of the world is a pattern, as far as deportment is concerned; consequently, he is generally a favorite with the ladies, who regard his sleek form, neat dress and smooth words as so many badges of respectability, and they quote his words, report his doings, and wonder why such an amiable man never married, and hint at plighted vows on the part of some fair girl, or else an early death and a cherished memory; all of which has much interest for womankind, who sigh over disappointments, even if it is a widower about to lead to the altar a sixth helpmate, and whose heart is as tough as some of the beefsteaks for which marketmen ask, at the present time, such terrible prices.

But the man of the world is looked upon as the pink of propriety. He is not supposed to have any small vices, or if he has, he is shrewd enough to keep them out of sight, and not let the world know anything of them. To be sure, he drinks his wine and small glass of brandy and water; but imbibing liquors is not looked upon as a vice at the present time. It is regarded as an evidence of opulence; consequently, young and sedate ladies pardon it, while at the same time they have not words to express their horror at the daily exhibition of drunkenness to be seen in the streets.

The place for the man of the world to exhibit his best points, is at an evening party. There he shows himself in irreproachable attire; he is calm and condescending, bows to all of his acquaintances with such an aristocratic, superior air, that young gentlemen, who have just come upon the stage of life, who don't know what to do with their hands and feet, and have an intense desire for whisks, envy his self-possession and secretly determine to imitate it, and so become, in the course of time, an acknowledged man of the world. With the young ladies, at a party, our character is kind and obliging. He will obtain for them an ice, or a dish of salad, and for the elderly females a glass of wine, or a sip of punch, and not appear as though the obligation was on his part a very desirable qualification when there is a crash, and the company is eager for refreshments, regardless of laces, silks or broadcloths.

But the man of the world has several recommendations, in spite of his selfishness. He always looks neat, and is neat. He takes particular care of his person, bathes daily, wears the most immaculate linen, the best of patent leathers, and sets an example, as far as neatness is concerned, for the rising generation to follow.

GREEN TEAS.

There is a general impression throughout the country that green teas are injurious to the human system, under the belief that they are dried on copper plates, absorb copper, and hence their color; but a writer who is familiar with teas, refutes the idea with the following statement:

"Nothing could be more ill-founded than the vulgar notion, once so prevalent in this country, that the color of green tea was derived from its being dried on plates of copper. Admitting that copper was the metal on which they were placed, it does not at all follow that they should assume such an appearance from the operation; but the pans really used on these occasions are of cast iron, of the same round or spherical shape as the tatch described under the head of chemistry. Each of these pans is bricked in, over a small furnace. A quantity of fresh leaves are placed in the pan, after it has been sufficiently heated, and stirred rapidly round by the hand, to expose them equally to the action of the heat, and at the same time prevent their burning. After being a little curled by this drying operation, they are taken out and twisted or rolled by hand, to assist the natural tendency; and the process of curling is continued for a longer or shorter time, according to the nature and quality of the tea. The hand seems to have most to do in the case of green teas, and the fire in that of the black. In the preparation of the finer teas, much care and attention is bestowed on the selection of the "best leaves" subsequent to drying; as in the separation of the hyson from its "skin," or refuse—a business which falls to the lot of women and children. The tea, when prepared, is first of all put up in baskets, and subsequently packed by the contractors in chests and canisters. The black teas are trodden down with the feet, to make them pack closer; but the green tea-leaves would be crushed and broken by so rude a process; they are accordingly only shaken into the chests."

MASONIC LOVE AND DISUNIONISM.

Since the war commenced, we have heard of many instances of kindness exhibited on the part of Masonic brethren. These acts have occurred on the fields of battle, in the hospitals, and in the dungeons of the Southern Confederacy, as well as in the prisons of the loyal North. Men who have fought against each other on bloody fields have allowed their revengeful passions to vanish at a word or sign, uttered or made by a Masonic brother, after the strife was over, or while it continued; and many a delicacy has the Union man received at the hands of the Confederate, while languishing in a Southern prison, simply because brothers do not always forget their obligations; and it is one of the charms of Masonry that such should be the case.

A few evenings since we heard an officer, now in high command in the armies of the West, relate some of his experiences when thrown in contact with Southern Masonic brethren, and we may as well state, in this connection, that the gentleman from whom we received our information declared that he never was deceived or betrayed by a Masonic brother. But we will let him tell his own story, which was as follows:

"I had command of a station on the Mississippi, not far from Vicksburg, but before that place was taken. Two of my regiments were colored troops, and made good soldiers after they had received the necessary amount of drill and discipline. Of course, having negro troops at the station was sufficient to render it a marked place in the minds of the rebels, and one morning they came down upon us, two or three to our one; but we beat them back, and after they had retired, a negro brought me word that a secessionist was scouting on the banks of the river and desired to speak with the commanding officer. I sent out and had the fellow brought in. He was the worst looking man that I had ever seen—ill clad, hungry and dirty; yet that man was a Mason, a companion, and a templar, and at the commencement of the rebellion was an eminent lawyer in Arkansas. He was a Union man, but had been driven into the rebel ranks, and had taken the first opportunity to desert.

"Well, I questioned that brother on subjects which I was well acquainted with, and the answers I received were perfectly correct; and then I touched on other matters and learned that throughout Arkansas there were secret societies, formed for the purpose of re-

storing the Union, and only hoping for an opportunity to do so, for certain death awaited them if their organization was discovered. The intelligence which he brought was so important, that I took the brother to General Grant, and every word which he uttered was credited and acted upon, and the results were sufficient to justify us in the course which we had taken.

"But I will give you another instance of the benefits of Masonry," continued the officer. "One of my surgeons was captured by a gang of Texan rangers. They put a rope around his neck, and were about to hang him to the limb of a tree, when the surgeon made the grand hailing sign, little thinking that it would avail him, or be recognized; but to his surprise, the leader of the gang answered the sign, removed the rope from his neck, saved his life, treated him like a brother, and sent him into camp unharmed."

These are but two of the incidents which Masonry has produced, during the war. No doubt thousands of others could be cited. It is pleasant to know that men, although enemies on the field, still remember their obligations when the strife is over. May such always be the case.

A PROBATE NOTICE.—In a probate court in one of the counties of the Commonwealth, lately, a party presented a will for probate. The judge asked him if any notice had been published. "Notice, your honor?" replied the party; "O, yes—an *obituary notice* was published, soon after the testator's decease."

ADVERSITY.—He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others, or with himself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world; for, as it surrounds us with friends who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.

THORNS.—There are many things that are thorns to our hopes until we have attained them, and envenomed arrows to our hearts when we have.

MANNERS.—It not unfrequently happens that manners are best learned from the unmannerly.

TO WRITERS.—Always punctuate what you write; it would be a pity to let the thing go on without any stop at all.

Facts and Fancies.

A CALCULATING MAN.

Riding along with a friend the other day, a few miles from the city, we came suddenly upon a farmhouse, with a beautiful flower garden in front, while standing in the road apparently awaiting our approach, was an old man of perhaps sixty-five. When we arrived near him he ordered us to stop; which singular request we complied with, wondering in our mind what could be his business with us. Immediately upon bidding us to halt, he turned in another direction, towards a piece of woods nearly a quarter of a mile off, and yelled with all the power of his voice:

"Joshua!"

We turned our eyes in that direction, and beheld in the lot adjoining the wood, a young man, engaged in the rather laborious task of digging potatoes. Upon hearing the sound of the old man's voice, however, he rested on his hoe, and faced us. In a moment more came back the faint cry of

"Hallo!"

The old man, seeing that his son had heard him, again yelled at the top of his venerable lungs:

"Where's the half bushel?"

Again came back the faint response:

"In the potato bin."

"What did he say?" demanded the old man of us.

We repeated the answer. He did not hear us, however, for he said:

"Louder—I'm deaf!"

We now screamed it in his ear, and upon being satisfied, he merely said:

"That's enough; you may go on!"

The truth was now apparent; the old man wishing the half bushel measure, and being obliged to inquire its locality of his son, it would have been necessary for him to travel to the field, on account of his deafness; the expedient above related saved him that trouble, by furnishing an excellent *ear-trumpet*.

AN ENTERPRISING AGENT.

An enterprising travelling agent for a well-known Cleveland tombstone manufactory, recently made a visit to a small town in a neighboring county. Hearing in the village that a man in a remote part of the township had lost his wife, he thought he would go out and see him, and offer him consolation and a grave-stone on his usual reasonable terms. He started; the road was a horribly frightful one, but the agent persevered and arrived at the bereaved man's house. Bereaved man's hired girl told the agent that the bereaved man was splitting fence rails "over in the pastur," about two miles. The indefatigable agent mounted his horse and started off for the "pastur." After falling into all manner of mud-holes, and scratching himself with briars, and tumbling over decayed

logs, the agent at length found the bereaved man. In a subdued voice he asked the man if he had lost his wife; the man said he had. The agent was very sorry to hear it, and sympathized with the man very deeply in his great affliction; but death, he said, was an insatiate archer, and shot down all of both high and low degree. Informed the man that "what was his loss was her gain," and would be glad to sell him a grave-stone to mark the spot where the beloved one slept—marble or common stone, as he chose, at prices defying competition. The bereaved man said there was a slight difficulty in the way.

"Haven't you lost your wife?" inquired the agent.

"Why, yes, I have," said the man, "but no grave aint necessary; for you see the cussed critter aint dead—she scooted with another man!"

AN INCIDENT OF THE BAR.

Some of the disciples of Themis in the rural districts of the Empire State often take a lofty flight.

"May it please the court," said a lawyer, before a Dutch justice, the other day, "this is a case of the greatest importance. While the American eagle, whose sleepless eye watches over the welfare of this mighty republic, and whose wings extend from the Alleghanies to the rocky chain of the West, was rejoicing in his pride of place—"

"Shtop dare! shtop dare, I say! Vat has dis suit to do mit eagles? Dis has nottin' to do mit de wild bird. It ish von sheep!" exclaimed the justice.

"True, your honor; but my client has rights here—"

"Ye's client has no right to de eagle."

"Of course not, but by the laws of language—"

"Vat cares I for de laws of de language? I understand de laws of de State, and dat ish enough vor me. Confine your talk to de case."

"Well, then, my client, the defendant in this case, is charged with stealing a sheep, and—"

"Dat will do—dat will do! Your client is charged mit shtealing a sheep. Yust nine shillin'. De gourt will adjourn to Bill Verguson's to drink!"

A PERTINENT ANSWER.

Old Professor Smith was one of the instructors of Dartmouth College, years ago, and was withal about as blunt and straightforward a specimen of humanity as ever walked, being considered a little crabbed by intimates. One day, in early summer, he was taking his usual stroll about the village, keeping his "eye out" for any "fast" student who might be "off duty," when he met Mr. Page, a sturdy farmer from East Hanover, with a load of wood, trudging along the road barefooted; but he was a fine representative of "Nature's noblemen."

"Hallo, Mr. Page," growled the professor, "I should like to know if all the people of Hanover go barefoot."

"Part on 'em do, and the rest on 'em mind their own business," was the rather settling reply.

A SHARP BARGAIN.

A bright-eyed essence pedler, who had perambulated the streets of one of our suburban cities nearly the whole of a long summer's day without selling a single vial of his wares, called in upon a hatter, near the market-place, and told him that he should like a good hat, provided that he could pay for it in his essences. Trade had been rather dull with the hatter also, that day; so he was not backward for an "operation," and in a short time a bargain was struck up for a tile, the price of which was fixed at five dollars, to be paid in essences.

"There, by thunder!" exclaimed the man of extracts. "I've made one trade to-day, anyhow."

"It's the first bargain I've closed to-day," returned the hatter.

"Now," continued the pedler-man, "I don't want this hat. It is too nice for my business, exposed as I am to all weathers—sun, dust and rain. What will you give me for it in cash?"

"I sell, but do not buy hats," returned the man of tiles.

"You shall have it cheap," said the pedler. "I'll sell it to you for three dollars."

"No, you will not," replied the hatter.

"Well," importuned the vender of tinctures, "what will you give for't?"

"I tell you I sell, and do not buy, at any rate," returned the dealer in castors."

"But," continued the indefatigable dispenser of peppermint and lavender, "it certainly must be worth something to you; it must have cost you something for stock and labor. Now, please, make me one offer, and I'll not ask you further."

The hatter, wearied with his customer, took out a dollar and a half, threw it upon the counter, and said:

"If you want *that* for the hat, take it and be off, for it's all you'll get from me."

The essence man took up the money, and coolly put it in his pocket and started for the street. Just as he was closing the door, he said to the latter:

"Well, old cockalorem, I've made seventy-five cents out of you, anyhow."

The feelings of that hatter can be imagined but not described.

INFANTILE CHICKEN SOUP.

A friend of ours wanted a cook, so he paid a visit to an intelligence office, and picked out a healthy-looking girl, and sent her to his wife for instructions. The first lesson was in making coffee.

"Now, then," said the lady, "pour the ground coffee into the pot, then pour in the hot water, and, after a few minutes' boiling, put in one-half of an egg, so," and the lady elucidated such demonstration by illustration. "You understand, don't you?" says the lady.

"Indeed I do, mum," was the response. "Bile the coffee, grind in the water, and dthrop in the half of an egg. Isn't that it, mum?"

"All right," replied the lady. "Now, then, to-morrow morning we will see how well you can remember."

To-morrow morning came, and the coffee was as good as could be expected. The third morning came, and, to the astonishment of our friend and wife, the coffee was undrinkable and nauseating; even the odor of it was sickening. Bridget was called, and questioned as follows:

"Bridget, did you first put the ground coffee in the pot?"

"Indade I did, mum."

"Did you then put in the hot water?"

"Sure I did."

"How long did you let it boil?"

"Five minutes, mum."

"What did you then?"

"I put in the egg, mum."

"Just as I showed you the other morning?"

"Well, to tell the thruth, mum," says Bridget, giving her garment a twitch with her brawny hand, "to tell the thruth, I would not put in the half of the egg, as ye towld me, but the egg was a bad one, and I thought ye wouldn't mind kaping the half of it, so I dhropped in the crather as it was."

Aromatic coffee, that. We should call it infantile chicken soup.

SHORT AND SWEET.

"Why, you see, when my man came a courtin' me," said Mrs. Dobson, "I hadn't the least thought of what he was after—not I. Jobie came to our house one night after dark, and rapped at the door. I opened it, and sure enough, there stood Jobie right before my face and eyes.

"Come in," sez I, 'and take a cheer.'

"No, Lizzie," sez he, 'I've come on an arrant, and I always do my arrants fust.'

"But you had better come in and take a cheer, Mr. W.'

"No, I can't. The fact is, Lizzie, I've come on this courtin' business. My wife's been dead three weeks, and everything's going to rack and ruin right straight along. Now, Lizzie, ef you've a mind to hev me, an' take care of my house, an' my children, an' my things, tell me, and I'll come in and take a cheer; if not, I'll get some one else tu.'

"Why, I was skeered, and sed:

"If you come on this courtin' business, come in. I must think on't a little.'

"No, I can't till I know. That's my arrant—an' I can't sit down till my arrant's done.'

"I should like to think on't a day or two.'

"No, you needn't, Lizzie.'

"Well, Jobie, if I must, I must—so here's to you, then.'

"So Mr. W. came in. Then he went after the squire, an' he married us right off, an' I went home with Jobie that very night. I tell you what it is, these long courtin's don't amount to nothing at all. Just as well do it in a hurry."

BROKEN AND SCREENED.

In order to load the coal boats on the Lehigh canal, a short but steep inclined plane, of about one hundred and fifty feet in length, is made at the *chute* which runs from a station-house on the side of a mountain, to a large circular revolving screen. To the loaded car is attached a rope which draws up an empty car, and, arrived at the screen, the lower end of the car is unbolted, and the coal is shot with great velocity into a hopper; this conveys it directly into the screen, which has three large chambers, through which coal of as many sizes is riddled out, and shot, by scuppers, into just as many boats, waiting for different descriptions of the article.

A few months since, a Yankee of the genuine breed, quite inquisitive, but more verdant than a Yankee should be, gained the station-house, and gazed with wonder at the contrivances. He peculiarly admired the swiftness with which the loaded car descended and emptied its load, and the velocity with which it returned to give place to another. Shortly his attention was attracted by seeing a laborer mount one of the full cars about to make the descent.

"Going to slide?" inquired he.

"Yes, going to *chute*. Wont you go?"

"Wall, I guess I'll stop a bit, and see you do it."

The car swiftly descended, and ere it reached the hopper, the passenger jumped off safely.

"Do you do that often?" inquired he of one of the laborers in the station-house.

"O, yes, continually," was the waggish answer. "You know most all the boatmen are single men, and as they often have orders for 'family coal,' we always send down *married men* with every car of that kind, to let them know."

"Wall, now, du tell," uttered the Eastern man.

The more the Yankee looked at the apparatus, the more did he become convinced that it would be a great thing to go down the steep in that way—something that he could tell "to hum." Plucking up courage, he approached the superintendent.

"That beats sleddin' down hill, don't it?"

"I s'pose it does."

"You couldn't let a fellow go down, could you?"

"Why, do you think you can jump off in time?"

"O, yes, I'm reckoned considerable of a jumper—jumpin' does me good. I once jumped off a hay-mow thirty feet high, and it made me so supple that I'm give in to be the best dancer in the hull township."

"Well, get on, and take care of yourself."

Suddenly the car moved off, and our friend found the speed so fearful, and the declivity so great, that he was forced to stoop down and grasp the sides of the vehicle for support. The place where the laborer leaped off was reached, but the Yankee was not in the position to jump; he had to hold on, and running down a descent three times as steep as that which he had come, a sudden click shot the

bolt, and with a violent force, out went the contents, Yankee included, into the hopper.

"Murder! get me out! stop the consarn!" shouted our hero, as he felt himself sliding down the hopper to the cylinder. "Murder! Stop the consarn! I'll be killed!"

But the motive power of "the consarn" was water, which had no sympathy with those who pursue knowledge under difficulties, and those who saw were too distant, and too much convulsed with laughter, to yield assistance. Into the screen he slid, landing on the top, and as he felt himself revolving with the coal, he grasped the wires in desperation, to prevent himself from being rolled to the bottom—around the wheel he went, and our friend's sensibilities were touched up by a plentiful shower of fine coal dust riddled through from all the chambers. He managed to get one eye open, and saw with delight that the cylinder was only about fifteen in length, and he forced his way forward to the opening with desperation, but it was not altogether successful; another revolution of the wheel had yet to be borne, and the next time he reached the bottom he was shot out of the scupper into the bottom of the boat. To the screams of laughter with which his advent was hailed, our hero said not a word, but getting out an old handkerchief, rubbing the dust out of his eyes, and surveying his torn apparel, and bruised, battered, scratched and cut limbs, he "raised his vein," to ascertain what quality of *anthracite* he had been delivered for; when, smashing his remnant of a hat over his eyes, he stumped off, muttering:

"Broken and screened, by thunder!"

CAUGHT A TARTAR.

"Have you any first-rate servant girls for the kitchen? I want one that can mind her own business and attend to her work." Jones asked the question of an intelligence office keeper.

"O, yes," said the proprietor, "any quantity—let me show you one."

Jones is at once introduced to a daughter of the Emerald Isle, and is greeted with:

"An' does yer want a servant?"

"Yes," says Jones.

"How many have yer in yer family?"

Jones answered.

"And hev yer hot and cold water?"

Answers again.

"How many children hev yer? Do yer make yer girls wash Sundays? Is the church far away?"

All these questions, with about fifty more, were answered heroically by Jones, when he thought it about time to take the laboring oar himself.

"You look," says Jones, "like a pretty nice girl, but I want to ask you one question. Do you play the piano?"

"No."

"Then," says Jones, blandly, "you wont answer my turn." And away went the astonished Celt, feeling that she for once had caught a Tartar.

YE EXPERIENCES OF A BRIGADIER-GENERAL.



Ye gallant brigadier, before he leaves for ye seat of war, is presented with a sword by his fellow-citizens.



Ye gallant brigadier studies tactics in a bar-room at Washington.



Ye gallant brigadier in questionable society on Pennsylvania Avenue.



Ye gallant brigadier is ordered to ye front.



Ye surgeon (for a consideration) thinks ye gallant brigadier too ill to move to ye front.



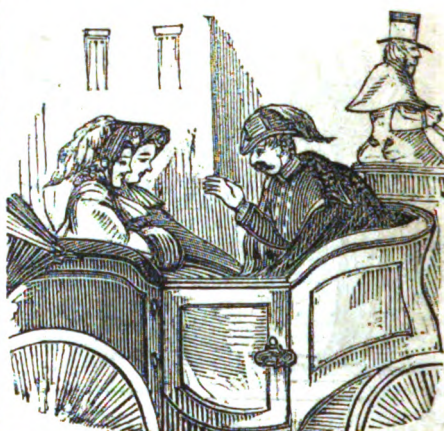
Great joy of ye brigadier and ye female friends of ye brigadier.

THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Punctuality with which ye gallant brigadier draws his pay.



Ye manner in which ye brigadier spends his pay.



Ye gallant brigadier is positively ordered to ye front.



Ye gallant brigadier's first sight of ye enemy.



Ye gallant brigadier views the battle from afar.



Ye gallant brigadier reads ye account of his desperate valor, furnished by his friend, ye reporter for ye Sunbeam.

THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX.—No. 3.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1864.

WHOLE No. 111.

JAPAN AND ITS PEOPLE.



JAPANESE FOOT SOLDIER.

WE suppose that the readers of the DOLLAR MONTHLY, like the rest of mankind, take some interest in Japan and its people. In this country, ever since Commodore Perry visited the islands and held intercourse with the Japanese, making a treaty with them, which at last resulted in the shipment of half a hundred princes, spies and servants to the United States, all at the expense of our government, we doubt if any part of the world has excited so much attention as Japan; its tycoons, spiritual and temporal; its daimios; its cities of two or three millions of inhabitants; its women, who are handsome until married, and then take efficient measures to destroy all traces of beauty, as if for the purpose of making the husband repent of his bargain; its soldiers, haughty, confident and brave; the patience and ingenuity of the people, who can make a sewing-machine, a steam-engine or a rifle, if they only have a pattern to copy from, and time enough to execute their plans. All these things have tended to attract attention, and the more our people read of the strange race, the more they desire to, and now that England and France are on the eve of a war with Japan, the thirst for knowledge respecting those who dwell in the Eastern hemisphere is universal. For years they have maintained a haughty seclusion, refusing to admit Europeans to their privacy, their antipathy dating from the time that the Portuguese and Jesuits were either expelled from the country, or massacred without mercy, such terrible punishment being inflicted on account—it is supposed—of their intrigues with the government. The daimios and principal men of Japan have manifested hostility to those of a different race, ever since the above events. Indeed, so fearful have they been of contact

with outside barbarians, that even Japanese sailors, shipwrecked and rescued by American vessels, have been forbidden to land upon the coast, and some authorities state that such men have been put to death, after reaching their native land, for fear they would create a desire in the minds of the people to open trade with foreign adventurers. As all that relates to Japan possesses so much interest, we have concluded to publish six excellent and life-like engravings, representing prominent characters of the empire.

The first engraving represents a common soldier, a man worthless in the estimation of princes. The second pictures an officer of the imperial guard, a body of men who watch over the temporal tycoon, and awe the princes into subjection while basking in the presence of great men; the third is a good illustration of a daimio or prince; the fourth, the consort of a prince; the fifth, the wife of a merchant, and the last one, on page 180, is a representation of one of the tycoon's council. It must not be supposed that the latter is powerful, and that the princes stand in awe of him or his office. Recent events show that such is not the case. The counsellor is often placed near the tycoon by the daimios merely to act as a spy upon the emperor's movements, so that the princes of the realm can be informed at a moment's notice of all that transpires in court circles, and so take measures to avert sudden movements, which would result in the downfall of one of the hereditary houses, noble through many ages, and jealous of the power of the tycoon.

It is well known that Japan is a land of spies. They throng the household of the daimios; they watch the movements of the tycoons; they note all that transpires in the merchants' shops; they squat at the doors of the tea houses, and if a foreigner lands on their shores, his actions are watched and reported to some one, heaven only knows who. Even the ambassadors, who visited this country, had several spies in their suite, and made no effort to disguise it. They seemed to regard it as a matter of course, and far from dishonorable, and at last one of them inquired of one of our prominent men, where we kept all our spies, as they had seen none taking notes when in the presence of our authorities.

But let us return to Japan and its military power, for that interests us more than anything else just at the present time. We want to see what resistance the people can offer when attacked by such nations as England

and France. In the first place, the troops raised by the daimios form independent armies, and they are maintained by the revenue of the territories to which they belong, although, in the event of a foreign war, a contingent from the principality of every daimio would doubtless take the field for the general defence of the empire. The Prince of Kings is said to possess not less than 40,000 men-at-arms, a great portion of whom were, until lately, quartered for half the year in Yeddo. Although some of the nobles may hold their estates direct from the emperor, the great daimios were never invested, either by the mikado, or by the tycoon, with their principalities. These princes recognize the spiritual supremacy of the mikado and the constitutional authority of the tycoon; but the tribute they pay is almost nominal, and is chiefly in the form of presents, which are acknowledged simply as complimentary and are returned.

It has been the policy of successive tycoons, when possessed of sufficient power, to partition the territories of these princes, and thus weaken their influence in the state. Out of the eighty-eight original territorial sovereignties, only eighteen now remain undivided. By what precise means this disintegration of great masses of landed property was brought about in Japan, we know not, but it must have given rise to frequent contests between the tycoons and the daimios, and a struggle has doubtless long existed in Japan between the principles of centralization and of provincial independence. Some of these princes are more powerful than the sovereign of a modern German state. The Prince of Satsuma, the second grandest of the empire, rules his dominions as an absolute sovereign. Until recently no Japanese belonging to another province was permitted to enter the territory; and there is a tradition that a former prince of Satsuma threatened that even if the tycoon himself should dare to present himself in his principality uninvited, he would order him to be decapitated for the offence.

The importance of discipline is recognized by the Japanese government, and to show that the soldiers are not to be neglected, but placed on an equality with European armies, it is only necessary to state that the government has appointed two generals of musketeers, with salaries of \$28,800 each. A school of musketry was established in 1860, and an inspector-general appointed, with a salary of \$16,000 a year. Although the Japanese have

been represented as a stationary people, it is evident that they are alive to the importance of placing themselves, at least in respect of improved fire-arms, on a level with the nations of Europe.

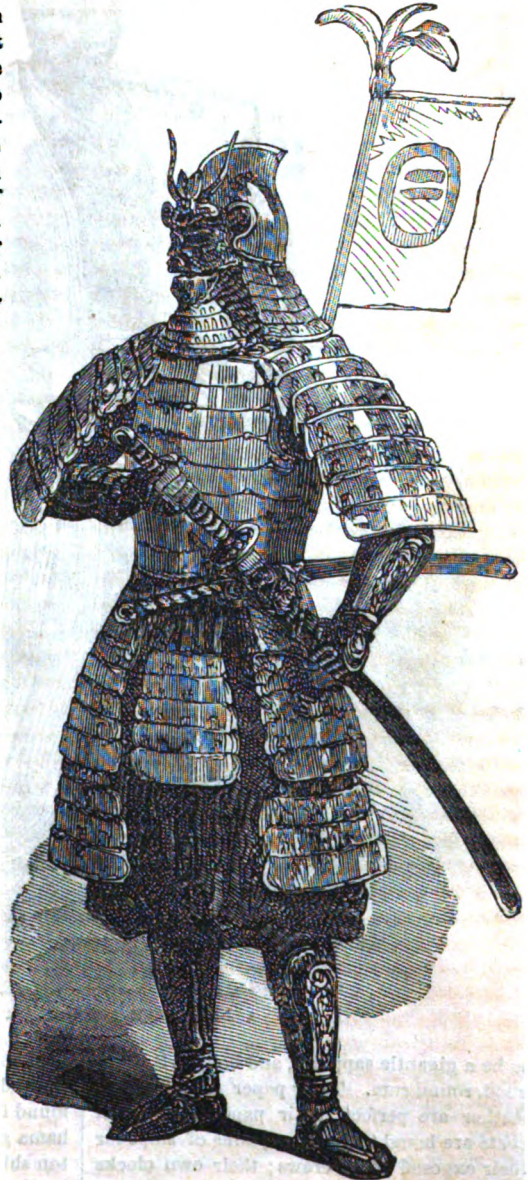
The wealth of the daimios is enormous. It is stated on good authority that the revenue of the Prince of Kangra, converted into our own money, is estimated at \$3,883,640; the revenue of the Prince of Satsuma at \$2,334,105; of the Prince of Owari \$2,000,000; of the Prince of Mōtsu \$2,000,000; and the revenues of the other daimios range from \$2,000,000 to \$30,000 a year; only a few possess revenues less than \$100,000 a year. The members of the *gorogio* or the tycoon ministry, are not among the richest of the aristocracy, and, as we stated before, are appointed, not by reason of their commanding position in the country, but as the deputies or agents of other great princes, to whom, rather than to the tycoon, they are really responsible.

A gentleman who was residing in Japan at the time all foreigners were commanded to leave the country, writes as follows respecting the people whom he appears to be well acquainted with. He is an Englishman, and appears to have a definite idea of a war with Japan. He says in his letter:

"I can assure you, if we go to war with the Japanese, we must not blind ourselves with the belief we shall have a second Chinese affair. They are bold, courageous, proud and eager after every kind of knowledge. A friend of mine gave a workman a Bramah lock to put on a box; it was not discovered until some time afterward, and only then by the absence of the name, that the lock had been imitated, and, as the workman confessed, the original kept as a pattern. I have been on board a steamer (paddle) which used three years ago to run between Nagasaki and Jeddo, six hundred miles, whose engines and boilers, and every part of her machinery, were made of copper. She was built by a doctor in Jeddo, whose only guide was a Dutch description of a steam engine, translated into Japanese. An American gunnery officer was sent over in 1859 in the Pow-

hatan, to teach them gunnery. He was courteously received, and then taken over the arsenal at Jeddo. He returned to the ship, saying he had been taught a lesson instead of having to teach.

"In many of the arts and manufactures they excel us; their beautiful castings in bronze would puzzle the most experienced European workman. I have shown specimens to clever



A JAPANESE OFFICER OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD.

workmen, who have confessed they could not imitate them. Though they do not know how to blow glass, I have seen samples which would rival in brilliancy any made in England. The French minister had a large ball, so clear and of such perfect color that he believed it

to their belts, and they are not backward in copper-plate engraving and perspective. Their china is far superior to the Chinese. The country abounds with coal, though they only use that found close to the surface; but even that, a sort of bituminous shale, is good. In



A JAPANESE PRINCE, OR DAIMIOS.

to be a gigantic sapphire, and bought it for a good, round sum. Their paper imitations of leather are perfect; their paper waterproof coats are bought by the captains of ships for their exposed boats' crews; their own clocks are good, and they have imitated our watches; they walk about with 'pedometers' attached

gold and silver I believe they could rival Mexico and Australia; iron, copper and tin are found in profusion. A friend of mine at Yokohama gave a Japanese a piece of English cotton shirting; in a few days the man brought back two pieces, and my friend had much difficulty in saying which was his, so closely

had it been imitated. In fact, they are a people who want for nothing but teachers."

As far as the women of Japan are concerned, they are a peculiar race. A Japanese lady, such as our engraving represents, appears to

be this plan: Brushed back in one central and two lateral masses from the forehead, it meets with the back hair brushed straight up, and the consequence is a series of rolls with gold thread and silk stuff, and curiously fastened



THE WIFE OF A DAIMIOS.

spend all her talent on her head. Her hair is black, glossy, thick and long, and is done up in a most imposing superstructure, and with the aid of cushions, false hair, combs and daggers, or cross-bars of tortoise shell. We cannot describe it exactly, but there appears to

up with coral-headed pins, gilt combs, and tortoise shell bars. It really has a very pretty effect. The married ladies further adorn themselves by pulling out their eyebrows and blackening their teeth, though we believe the origin of this was with their husbands, who,

always free themselves, wished to make their wives unattractive to others. Their faces, when they don't powder themselves (which they are very fond of doing, and painting their lips with red), are pretty, when you have become accustomed to the true Mongolian type. Their figures are absolute perfection, and their hands and feet smaller and better shaped than any other race. This is owing to their dress, which is never tight, and to their never wearing boots, but only straw sandals, or a kind of patten in wet weather.

The dress of the men and women is almost the same. A long "kee-mo-no," descending to the ankles in men, and to the ground with women, though tucked up any height in walking out, is like a night-gown open in front right down, folded over the breast, and secured at the waist by a girdle. The sleeves are very large, and hang down nearly to the knee. In addition the women have long pieces of figured silk, which they wind twice or thrice round the waist, and then hang up behind, so as to droop in a kind of rectangular festoon down to the back of the knees. Colors are generally sombre, and, as well as the patterns, which are commonly checks, and regulated by the laws for the different classes. No cap is worn, but the coolie class generally bind round their head a piece of coarse stuff. The Yakonins wear a closer kind of kee-mo-no, and over this a kind of mantle, generally of gauze or crape, and marked with the devices of the daimio to whom they belong. They wear various shaped hats, and always carry two swords at the left side, one longer than the other, and both generally in admirable working order. You must always keep an eye on these two-sworded men. If they draw, you must shoot them *sur le champ*, for there is a law (originally doubtless with a humane object) that if they draw their sword they must use it, otherwise they are decapitated or commit harikari; that is, slit up their bowels.

The Japanese use neither silk nor cotton handkerchiefs, towels nor dusters; paper in their hands serves as an excellent substitute. It is soft, thick, tough, of a pale yellowish color, very plentiful and very cheap. The inner walls of many Japanese apartments are formed of paper, being nothing more than painted screens; their windows are covered with a fine, translucent description of the same material; it enters largely into the manufacture of nearly everything in a Japanese household, and a traveller states that on entering a store, soon after his arrival at Yokohama,

he saw what seemed to be balls of twine, but which were nothing but long shreds of tough paper rolled up. If a shopkeeper had a parcel to tie, he would take a strip of paper, roll it quickly between his hands, and use it for the purpose; and it was quite as strong as the ordinary string at home. In short, without paper all Japan would come to a dead lock; and indeed, lest by the arbitrary exercise of his authority, a tyrannical husband should stop his wife's paper, the sage Japanese mother-in-law invariably stipulates that the bride is to have allowed to her a certain quantity of paper.

In the hands of a Japanese, paper is made into materials closely resembling Russian and Morocco leather and pig skin, that it is difficult to detect the difference. With the aid of lacker varnish and skilful painting, paper makes excellent trunks, tobacco bags, cigar cases, saddles and telescope cases; and they even use excellent water-proof coats, made of simple paper, which keep out the rain, and are as subtle as the best India rubber.

As a people, the Japanese are active, cleanly and laborious, kind, cheerful, and contented, but sensual and revengeful. Their superstition is encouraged by priestly government, opposed to all intelligence, and a numerous clergy. The government is despotic and severe, and the laws very strict. The will of the emperor is the supreme law; after it, the will of the petty princes dependent on him, who rule their provinces as strictly as he does the whole empire, and, notwithstanding their dependence, possess the right of waging war against each other. The greatest part of the inhabitants are oppressed by poverty, since the peasant is obliged to surrender half, and in many places even two-thirds of his earnings to the landlord, who regards himself as sole proprietor of the soil. In order to prevent conspiracies, each one is made, by the law of the land, the surety of the others; so that every one is accountable to the state for those with whom he is in any way connected, and, in case of any offence, must suffer with them. Thus the father is accountable for his children, the master for his servants, the neighbor for his neighbor, every society for its members. A crime is never punished by fine, but always by imprisonment and banishment, or loss of limb or life; and every punishment is inflicted with inexorable rigor on high and low. All military and civil officers, for example, are bound to slit their abdomen, when ordered to do so, in consequence of any crime.

One word in regard to agriculture and horticulture and we will close this lengthy article. The soil of Japan is not naturally very good, but it has been rendered extremely productive by good cultivation. The land is

class of farmers. This may be ascribed to the extreme populousness of the country, and to the non-existence of foreign commerce. Oxen are used to plough flat grounds, while men are obliged to plough the hills. The landlord



THE WIFE OF A JAPANESE MERCHANT.

cultivated even to the tops of the hills, so valuable is it regarded. There is no waste land, but every inch is cultivated as though it were gold dust. It is regarded by Kaempfer as one of the best cultivated countries in the world. He knows not where we can find a better

claims six parts in ten of all that is raised from his land. They raise most of the articles of consumption that we do in this country, at the South as well as at the North.

Of plants, the country affords almost every variety. The country abounds in flowers and

flowering shrubs. There are nine hundred varieties of a shrub called subacki. It is a pretty shrub growing in the woods and hedges, and bearing flowers like roses. The satsuki is another shrub bearing flowers like the lily,

Such is Japan, with its untold wealth in mines and productions. No wonder most nations have desired to obtain a foothold upon its soil, yet none have succeeded for any length of time, with the exception of the



A MEMBER OF THE TYCOON'S COUNCIL.

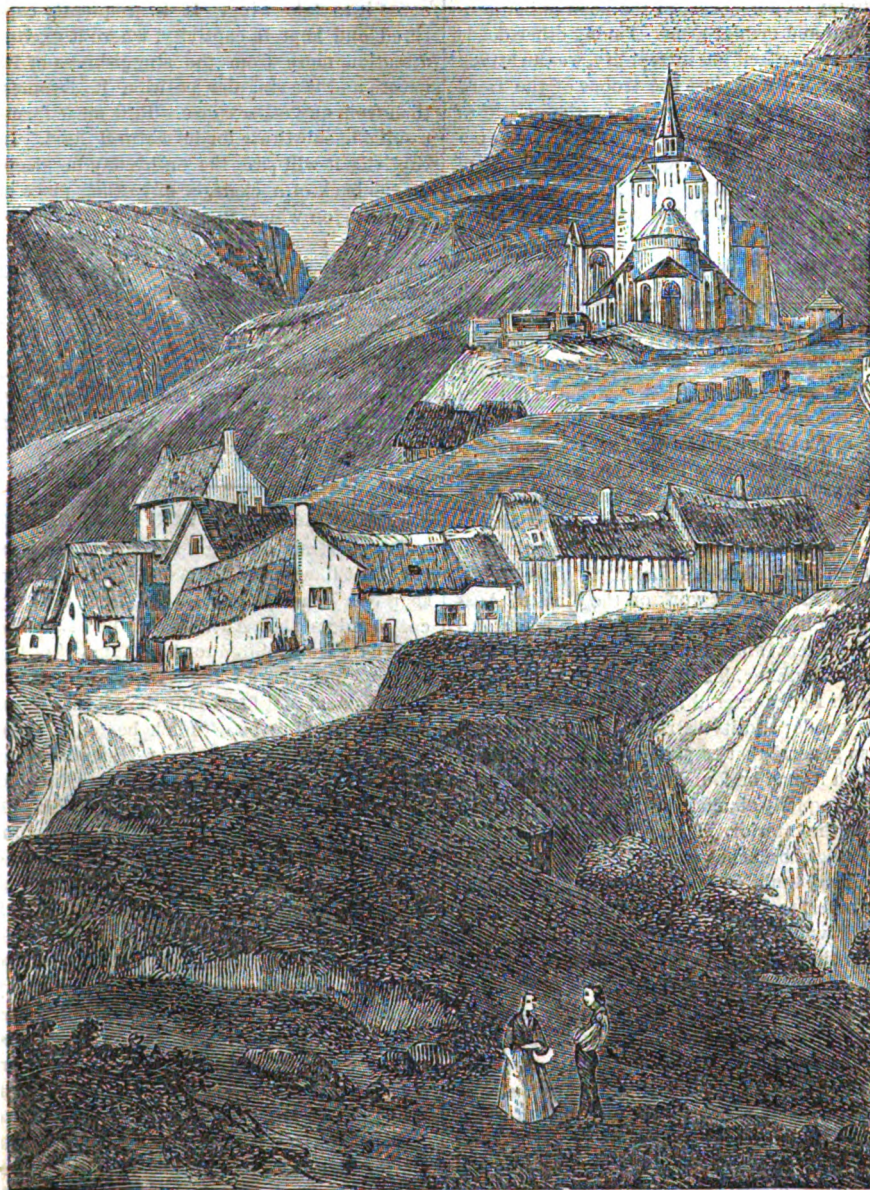
and offering many varieties. The two sorts which grow wild, one with purple, the other with scarlet flowers, are a great ornament to the hills and fields in the proper season, "affording," says the old German traveller, "a sight pleasing beyond description."

Dutch, and they only through the most humiliating debasement. But they are a patient people and love trade, and pursue it with all the ardor of an American, without the latter's excitability. Indeed, they have sometimes been called the Yankees of the Eastern world.

ST. NECTAIRE, PUY-DE-DOME.

The picturesque engraving on this page is a striking illustration of the sterner features of the country so often spoken of as "sunny France," and associated in our minds with level plains, broad and brimming rivers, vineyards and fruit gardens. Certainly a large portion of the empire is of this character; yet

it has mountain regions of singular and romantic character. The village of St. Nectaire, in the department of Puy-de-Dome, France, is perched in an amphitheatre of granite. Its old church, which dates from the ninth or tenth century, seems suspended over a precipice. In the environs are valuable springs of mineral water. A small river which flows to



VILLAGE OF ST. NECTAIRE, DEPARTMENT OF PUY-DE-DOME, FRANCE.

the south of the houses, crosses at a short distance a volcanic ridge, when it falls in a dashing cascade. Among other curiosities pointed out to strangers by guides, is the old castle of St. Nectaire, to which some historical souvenirs are attached. In the sixteenth century, the widow of Guy-Excupery, one of its possessors, was a sort of heroine, made war after the fashion of her ancestors, and scoured the country on horseback, at the head of her gentlemen and men-at-arms. Among other deeds which signalized her intrepidity, was an attack which she led against the troops of the Lord of Londi, who were besieging the castle of Miremont. She fought valiantly on this occasion, and mortally wounded the bailiff of Auvergne by a pistol shot.

Since the rebellion, the women of this country have shown full as much bravery in the field or the hospital.

GREAT AUSTRALIAN GOAT-SUCKERS.

Our illustrations of natural history have proved so attractive, that we shall continue them as often as we find subjects worthy the attention of our readers. The engraving on page 183 represents specimens of the Great Australian Goat-Suckers, among the most curious of the strange birds which are natives of Australia. Cuvier's *Podargus* is an inhabitant of Van Diemen's Land, which, says Mr. Gould, in his great work on the birds of Australia, "if not its exclusive habitat, is certainly its great stronghold, it being there very numerous, as evidenced by the frequency with which I encountered it during my rambles in the woods; and its distribution over the island is so general that to particularize localities in which it may be found is quite unnecessary, it being equally abundant near the coast, as well as in the interior. I observed it, both among the thick branches of the *Casuarinæ*, and on the dead limbs of the *Eucalypti*; it appeared, however, to evince a greater partiality for the latter, which it closely resembles in color, and, from the position in which it rests, looks so like a part of the branch itself as frequently to elude detection; it is generally seen in pairs, sitting near each other, and frequently on the same branch. Like the other members of the genus, the bird feeds almost exclusively on insects, of which *Coleoptera* form a great part. It is strictly nocturnal in its habits; and, although not so active as the true *Caprimulgi*, displays considerable alertness in the capture of its food, presenting a striking

contrast to its inertness in the daytime, when it is so drowsy that it can scarcely be aroused from its slumbers, that portion of its existence being passed in a sitting posture across a dead branch, perfectly motionless, and with the bill pointing upwards; it never flies by day, unless roused from the branch on which it is sitting, and this is not easily effected, as neither the discharge of a gun, nor any other noise will cause it to take wing. It is frequently captured, and kept in captivity, where it excites attention more from the sluggishness of its nature and the singular position it assumes, than from any other cause. Raw meat forms a suitable substitute for its natural food. In captivity it will pass the entire day in sleep, on the back of a chair, or any other piece of furniture on which it can perch. Like the owl, it is considered by some a bird of ill omen, principally from the extraordinary sound of its hoarse, unearthly cry, which resembles the words 'more pork.' It not only approaches the immediate vicinity of the houses, but emits the sound while perched in their verandahs and on the buildings themselves, and it is often to be seen perched on the tombstones of the churchyard."

FIELD MARSHAL VON BENEDEK.

The portrait on page 184 is said to be an excellent likeness of the Austrian Field Marshal Von Benedek, one of the best military commanders that Austria can boast of. In 1859 he was appointed to the command of the army of Venetia, an important trust, where his judgment and fitness for the position were acknowledged to be of much benefit to Austria. Benedek was born at Edenburg, in Hungary, in the year 1804. He was educated in the Neustadt Military Academy, and in the nineteenth year of his age he obtained a commission in an infantry regiment. In 1840, he attained the rank of major, and in the year following, he was promoted to that of colonel. In February, 1846, the outbreak of disturbances in Galicia afforded Benedek an opportunity of proving his ability as a military commander. The suppression of the insurrection was, indeed, mainly due to his efforts, and he was rewarded with the cross of the order of Leopold. When the Milan revolution broke out, in the year 1848, he proceeded to Italy, conjointly with General Wohlgemuth. On the 31st of March they arrived at Mantua, which was then occupied by Field Marshal Gyulay. In the beginning of April, the Pied-

montese made a movement in the direction of Mantua. General Gortzkowski, wishing to reconnoitre their strength and position, despatched Benedek with a battalion of his regiment, a company of the Imperial Jagers, and

attacked the enemy's position at Osone, and again he gathered well-earned laurels. On the 29th of May, 1848, Field Marshal Gyulay commenced storming the strong line of the Curtatone. Benedek commanded the last

THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN GOAT-SUCKERS.



a troop of Uhlans, in the direction of Marcaria. A skirmish took place, and Benedek entered Marcaria, driving the Piedmontese across the Oglio. On the 13th of May, on the occasion of a second reconnoissance, Benedek again

storm, which was carried along the whole extent of the line. The personal courage and military skill of which he gave evidence on this memorable occasion, obtained for him the grand cross of the order of Maria Theresa.



THE AUSTRIAN FIELD-MARSHAL VON BENEDEK.

Benedek distinguished himself no less in the second campaign against Piedmont. The intrepidity with which he made himself master of Mortara, and broke the enemy's centre, turned the scale of victory. He not only drove the enemy from the town, but he captured six pieces of cannon, a great quantity of ammunition and baggage, and made prisoners of sixty-six officers and two thousand men. In 1849, Colonel Benedek was raised to

the rank of major-general, and he joined the army which was sent into Hungary. The brigade he commanded, formed the advance-guard at the opening of the summer campaign. At Komorn the palm of victory was justly due to Benedek. In that battle, which was fought on the 11th of July, he had a horse killed under him. On the third of August, he placed himself in the presence of the enemy, and at the head of the 12th Jäger battalion,

he crossed the Theiss by a pontoon bridge. He drove the enemy from Uj-Szegedem, and at the storming of a fort on the outside of the town, he was struck by a rebound ball. But his wound was not so severe as to prevent him from bearing a distinguished part in the battle of Szoreg on the 5th of August. In that battle he was wounded in the foot by a grenade, and he was afterwards more severely wounded whilst engaged at the head of his brigade in blowing up some batteries. He

was now disabled, and reluctantly compelled to abstain from taking part in the rest of the campaign. The name of Benedek is found in connection with every brilliant engagement of the Austrian army in Italy and Hungary; and, as commander of the advance-guard brigade, he had usually the most difficult and responsible share in every important battle. In October, 1852, General Benedek was raised to the rank of Lieutenant Field Marshal; and, on the retirement of Marshal Radetzky, in

VIEW ON LAKE THAI-HOU, CHINA.



1857, he received the command of the 4th Army Corps in Lemberg, and was appointed a Privy Councillor. In the recent Italian war, Benedek commanded the 1st Army Corps. The history of that short but sharp struggle is well known.

LAKE THAI-HOU, CHINA.

If any one questioned the romantic beauty of the mountainous parts of the Chinese empire, his doubts would be dispelled by a glance at the wild and magnificent landscape delineated in the engraving on page 185. The wild rocks, perforated with broad arches, the sharp, fantastic peaks of the mountains, the rushing cascade and the irregular foliage, remind us of some gorgeous scene upon the stage, while the pagoda, the galley, and the richly-dressed figures in the foreground, complete the illusion. Two mountains, of the same name, rise in the middle of Thai-hou, one of the largest lakes in China. They are distinguished by the addition of the words east and west, which indicate their position. That represented by our engraving, is Mount Thong-thing-chan, of the east. This mountain is situated in the middle of Lake Thai-hou, to the southwest of the city of Ou-hien, lat. $31^{\circ} 23'$; longitude $118^{\circ} 8'$. The Emperor Khien-long, visiting the southern provinces, in the sixteenth year of his reign (1751), composed a piece of verse on the sixteen points of view presented by this mountain. According to the history of the city of Kou-sou, it is eight leagues in circumference; it is a little smaller than Mount Thong-thing-chan, of the west, but resembles it much in the boldness of its peaks, the depth of its precipices, and its natural productions, such as mulberry trees, sweet oranges, saffron, etc. According to the history of the city of Ou-hien, now Sou-tcheou-fou, General Mo-li, who lived under the Soui dynasty (581 to 618, A. D.), dwelt a long time on this mountain, and bestowed his name on it. Some authors, in fact, call it Mount Mo-li. It is also called Siu-mou, that is to say, Siu's mother, because the celebrated Tseu-Siu went to meet his mother on this mountain. The eastern summit is called Ou-chan, or the Warrior's Mount. It is one league and two-tenths in circumference.

The ancient name of the other mountain, Thong-thing-chan of the east, was Pao-chan. It rises in the middle of Lake Thai-hou, and is also southwest of the city of Ou-hien. In the lower part of this mountain, there are eight subterranean grottoes, which permit ac-

cess very far under the soil covered by the lake, and reach the territory of Pa-ling, now Yo-tcheou-fou, a city of the first class, in the province of Hou-Kouang, latitude $29^{\circ} 24'$, longitude $110^{\circ} 34'$. The same fact is reported with more details in the memoirs on the Ou country. Mount Pao-chan, says the writer, is thirteen leagues from the shore. In the lower part, a little below the level of the lake, open eight grottoes, by means of which you can travel under water, to a prodigious distance, without meeting any impediment. This vast cavern has been named Ti-me, that is to say, Earth-vein. It is the ninth of the eighteen caverns so celebrated by the Chinese poets and mythologists. Formerly, the history of this mountain tells us, Ho-liu ordered a man, gifted with supernatural knowledge, to explore the depths of this subterranean grotto. Having provided himself with torches, and everything necessary for a long excursion, he walked onward for seventy days, and returned without having discovered the end of the cavern. In the interior, continues the legend, he saw on a stone bench a work in three volumes, and brought it to Ho-liu, who, not being able to decipher it, begged Confucius to explain the subject to him. The philosopher told him that the work was written by the Emperor Yu, of the Hia dynasty, (2205—2198, B. C.,) and that it treated of spirits and immortals. This man was called Mao, and sur-named Ching. He had received the title of Mao-Kong, or Prince Mao. The mansion of Prince Mao is still seen on the mountain. It has been hewn out of the solid rock, and contains a well-preserved altar. The principal grotto has three portals, all leading to the same cavern, which is divided into many sections by stone gates. The most remarkable parts are the Stone House, the Silver Chamber, and the Hall of Gold.

CHINESE TEMPLE AT MACASSAR.

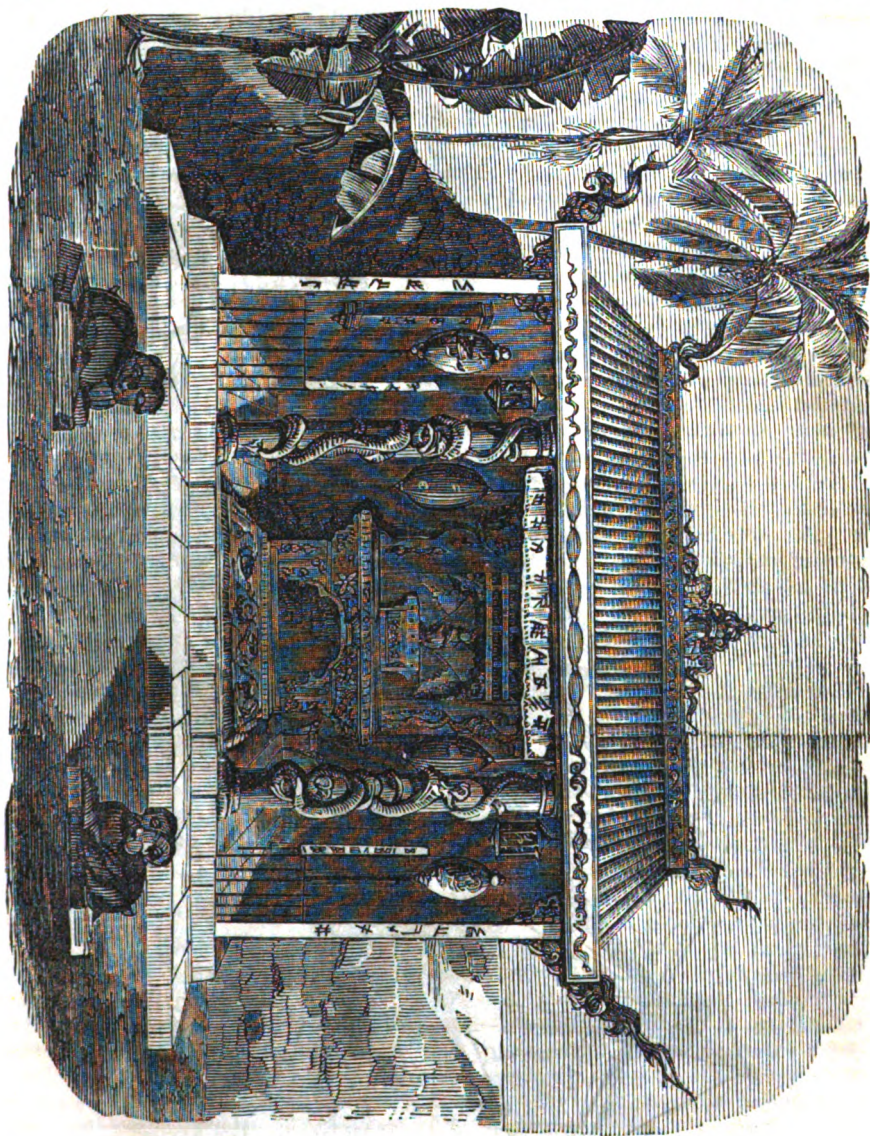
At the southern extremity of the peninsula which forms the southern part of the island of Celebes, formerly rose the great city of Mangkasara (vulgarly called Macassar), the capital of a powerful kingdom. Here, as in all the principal maritime places of Oceanica, a notable fraction of the population is Chinese. The engraving on page 187 represents one of their queer and fantastic temples at Macassar. Chinese temples are generally pretty similar. Their ordinary decorations consist of pictures, inscriptions, and tables, containing some of the numerous gods of Chinese polytheism.

WRECKED ON CAPE COD.

Masters of vessels always dread the coast of North America in the winter time. The weather is so changeable and uncertain that a shipmaster has to show much prudence and

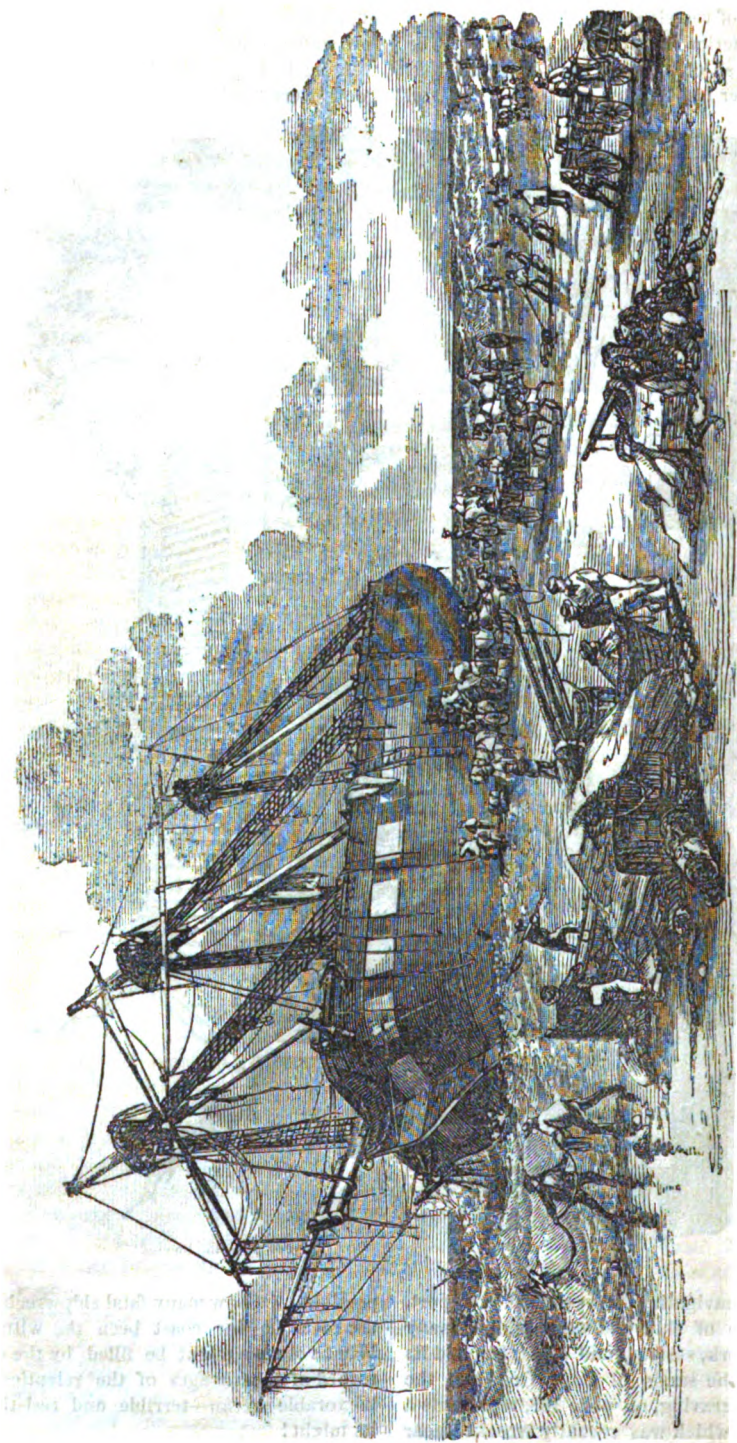
one of the small towns on the Cape. As all efforts to float the vessel were unavailing, at low water, a hole was cut in the side, carts were backed up to the hull, and the valuable goods were tumbled into them as speedily as

CHINESE TEMPLE AT MACASSAR, CELEBES.



caution in navigating his vessel safely to port. Yet in spite of skill and watchfulness, many a gallant bark, staunch and stout, has laid its bones on the sands of Cape Cod, and the spirited engraving, on page 188, represents a noble ship, which was recently wrecked near

possible. Of how many fatal shipwrecks have the rocks on our coast been the witnesses! What volumes might be filled by the simple record of the ravages of the relentless and inexorable ocean—terrible and resistless in its might!



WRECKED ON CAPE COD.

[ORIGINAL.]

BROTHER.

BY AUGUSTUS TREADWELL.

Often, as alone I sit
 Wrapt in meditation sweet,
 Thinking of the time when childhood's
 Stream with that of manhood's meet,
 Thoughts come welling up within me,
 Feelings that I cannot smother—
 Nay, nor would I drown them, could I,
 Thoughts of happy childhood, brother.

You remember where we dwelt,
 In our little cottage white,
 Round which grew such pretty flowers,
 E'er inviting to our sight.
 Years since then have come and vanished,
 In the cottage dwells another,
 All the flowers are dead and withered—
 Do you not feel sad, my brother?

Where are those we used to love?
 Schoolmates, pleasant schoolmates dear!
 True the schoolhouse yet is standing,
 And will stand this many a year;
 But the scholars, where are they?
 One has followed quick the other—
 Some to roam, while some are sleeping
 In the valley churchyard, brother.

Time, what wonders thou hast wrought!
 O, what changes we have seen!
 Years rolled back as in a moment,
 Yet what wonders lie between.
 Children once, we played together,
 Happy ever with each other;
 Now we part, but let us ever
 Love as then we loved, dear brother!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

It was mid-September. The dogdays had been intolerably sultry and wonderfully persistent, but one night the wind crept into the northeast, and blew down the sleety rain and cold, that was suggestive of November, and the next day the blue curtain of mist that veiled the hills was swept away, and the tithe-some season of wet and fog and relaxed nerves was over.

But the hills were still beautiful in sapphire tints, the woods were soft in gloom and glorious in green, and the cloudless heaven looked in upon an unshaded earth. A few nights more,

and the yellow leaves would begin to fall in the paths; a few more sunny, delicious days, and the beauty of the gardens would grow dim—the dahlias and asters and verbenas would be pinched and shrunken, though along the brook-sides, and in the edge of the wood and by the meadow, the golden rod and aster would blossom for many a bright day to come, and the fringed gentian would lift its turquoise cup to catch the hues of the smiling sky.

Everything was disposed to make the most of the few brief, golden days the year had left—not only the flies, which buzzed upon the panes at noon, and the birds which whistled lonesomely at nightfall, but the people, who dwelt in the shadow of those Berkshire hills, which, rising peak above peak, and stretching north and south, at last hide themselves behind that wall of transparent blue. If ever people might be forgiven for longing to imitate the elves and fairies of old, and live forever in the greenwood, it was these who dwelt in Hillfield. In the midst of such wooing nature, when rock and tree and falling water are holding out loving hands to you, it must be hard to shut one's self up in doors, and give one's mind and energies to the puerile pursuits of housekeeping, or the foolish ways of money-making. And this was the way it happened that on this clear, golden September day all the world of Hillfield was at a picnic.

It was not the first picnic of the summer, by any means. I do not know if the large element of simple, pleasure-loving Germans in the town had anything to do with making its people so much more genial and light-hearted than most Yankees, but if it were so, one might wish that these foreign teachers should find their way to every New England village; for, we may be sure, that heaven is not found alone by those who perversely go in stony ways, but also, and sooner, by the patient, cheerful soul, who seeks the pleasant paths that lead along singing brooks.

Not only are there among us too many of those, who, as Mrs. Browning's pungent text expresses it, "always sigh in thanking God," but the sons of the Puritans, in turning dutifully away from the gods of pleasure, have forgotten that banks may be as sinful as billiards, and have straightway worshipped the golden calf.

But, I am aware that this is out of the direct line of my story, which was intended to relate something about the professor and his wife. The professor was one of a crowd of savans who had been holding a conference at

Hillfield, one of those gatherings where speeches are made and discussions go forward, winding up with a collation, graced by the presence of the ladies, where there are more speeches and more discussions—a favorite way Americans have of amusing and at the same time instructing themselves—against which I have nothing to say. If any one fails to see the fun, and misses the instruction altogether, it is, doubtless, his own fault.

One of the reasons for having the picnic on this special day, was, as I was about to remark when I allowed myself to be betrayed into a didactic vein, the presence in town of this crowd of *savans*. The entomologist is not supposed to devote himself wholly to bugs, nor do geologists find their sole delight in the old Red Sandstone. At least, so thought the people of Hillfield; and after attending a score of lectures, and feasting the wise men in their own homes, it was resolved to signalize the close of the convention by a grand picnic. There was to be boating and arching and ball-playing—dancing, perhaps, and speech-making, of course. There was also to be a dinner and tea, and unlimited fruit-eating and lemonade and coffee-drinking. There were other amusements open to the initiated, as *tete-a-tete* walks in romantic glens, and stolen meetings at familiar trysting trees, but those were not down in the programme.

Hither came the professor and his *confreres*, and here, also, it being a special holiday, came Mary Duncan from the High School. Mary Duncan was the teacher. She had not been educated in any straight-laced system, and thus had all her individuality smothered; but she had picked up her knowledge as she needed, often by the glimmer of the midnight lamp, and oftener by the dim light of early dawn. It was a hard task, and it consumed some of the best years of her life, but at the end of it Mary was herself and not another; she was not a cyclopedia or a machine, or anything approaching either, but a true woman, with a rich, full mind, and power to use her treasures deftly, and with womanly grace. You will not expect her to be a girl with pink cheeks and mirthful eyes. Gymnastics for women are a later novelty, and I am forced to admit that Mary was pale—not a sickly pallor, but it intimated a constitution not over strong. I fear some of the sunshine may have gone out of her eyes in poring over so many books, for they were generally thoughtful and quiet, though I have seen them sparkle as gaily as the brightest. They were

always soft and gentle, with a tender light in them, which made one think of places where the water lies still and deep under the shoulder of some rock, and the sunshine falls brokenly through the clustering leaves.

She was always gentle, and sometimes brilliant—for the two are not incompatible—and there was yet about her the glamour of girlhood, though I think she was not affectedly young.

She was lovable, and not prim or in any way old maidish, and as she did not pretend to be a girl, people were not always talking about and guessing at her age. I am inclined to think that she was at the most delightful age possible.

At any rate, the professor, coming to the picnic and seeing Mary Duncan, then and there fell in love with her. It is to be presumed that he did not disguise his *penchant*, being the most artless of men, since a good many eyes followed him, as he again and again sought an opportunity for conversation with her.

By an arrangement, greatly to his satisfaction, the professor found himself near Mary at the dinner hour. As he drank his coffee and looked in her ingenuous face, and talked to her about the oolitic and the cretaceous systems, he was constantly interrupted by officious maidens, who paused before him with loaded plates.

"Will you have some sponge cake, sir?"

The professor suddenly looked up at Miss Duncan.

"Is this dinner or tea?"

"Dinner and tea," explained Mary, laughing.

"Ah! That explains the reason why bread and butter and cake and custards have been offered me since I have partaken of what I supposed was the dessert."

"It is our country fashion," said Mary; "one of those which are fast dying out, and which a few years hence will be remembered only by the impression they leave upon our memories, just as the rain drops of a thousand years ago are known by the little mark in the leaves of rock."

"I am glad I am here to catch some of these fleeting impressions as they fall," said the professor, smilingly: "But, Miss Duncan, you are not a native of these hills?"

"No! I was borne downward by the great river," said Mary, playfully.

"Literally?" and the professor's grave eyes sought her face.

"Partly so," Mary said, smiling at his simple earnestness.

"My home is just in the edge of the Alpine valley of New England, in sight of the highest of the White Hills."

"Why that must have been living more alone with nature than here."

Mary thought of the little brown house at the foot of the mountain—of its summer loneliness and winter desolation—and sighed.

"It was. We often did not see the faces of any, except our own household, for many weeks."

"Do you know," said the professor, with grave sincerity, "that you have a look of one who has lived much alone. People who dwell in cities grow to have their faces written all over with sentiments, whereas yours has but one or two."

Mary would not have been a genuine woman if she had not wondered what he thought those were, but she only said:

"And yet my life has its small excitements."

"What are they?"

"Why—now and then a picnic like this, and a convention on the Scientific Association and the annual examination—and then, the daily ripples, they are innumerable! Mrs. Smith comes to complain that I do not understand her son John's character. She says he is a genius, while he has shown himself to me under the guise of a common-place, bread-and-butter eating, marble-playing boy.

"Mrs. Jones comes to tell me, that the reason Seraphina does not learn her spelling-lesson is not that she is idle, but because she has the disdain of conscious talent for such puerile things, and Mrs. Jones suggests that German and French are more to Seraphina's taste. Ah, Mr. West, you are mistaken in thinking that my life is not complex. I carry about the burden of a hundred boys and girls."

"I must say you bear it lightly," said the professor. "And bravely, I hope."

Mary shook her head.

"I should not dare to say that. At any rate, my chagrin overflows now and then, when there's nobody by."

"Small satisfaction in that, I should think."

"A great deal. It relieves me, and hurts nobody."

The professor looked at her—slight and frail—bearing, he had been told, the support of a whole household upon her, unshrinking, and yet light-hearted and cheerful and patient. And thus his thoughts went back to the great, lonely mansion which the college set apart for his use. It had but little of home about it. He thought of the wife over whose grave

the grass had grown for ten summers; he thought of his son, whose rich promise was crushed in the bud. And then, somehow, he fell to dreaming of a light figure moving about in his desolate home; of the sweet voice which should wake the hushed echoes; of love, that might freshen and gladden all his life—and all those sweet dreams were associated with Mary Duncan.

Mary was not at all surprised to receive a call from the professor the next day. He came bringing a pile of books, whose contents, when they had become a part of Mary's mind, furnished themes for talk in many an after call.

"They say Professor West is staying here all this while to look for tracks of the Mastodon, but for my part, I think he is looking for a wife," said Mary's boarding-mistress to her, one day.

"Indeed!" Mary replied, and hurried away to school.

Six weeks soon come to an end, and it will not do to stay hunting fossil footprints when it is time for the college lectures to begin, and the professor found that the momentous question upon which his future happiness depended must be asked at once. He walked over to see Mary one night, with a very loving but very faint heart. He had not thought of the worldly position that his wife would have. It never occurred to him, in his simplicity, that if Mary married him, she would rise at once from poverty to comparative affluence. He only asked himself whether he could hope, in his unworthiness, to win this flower for his home.

Mary did not find the professor very eloquent that night. She talked to him about Mrs. Browning's poems, which he had just lent her, and about which the grave scholar had grown enthusiastic. Her fervent admiration awoke no echo. At last she said, half playfully, half in real disappointment:

"You have no words to-night, Mr. West."

He got up and went near her chair.

"No. I have no words. I have been trying to find fit ones—I cannot—and I must ask if you will take some common ones. I love you."

Mary looked up, doubting the evidence of her senses.

"That was what I came to tell you," he said, with white lips. "Mary, my love—my wife? Will you be so?"

Mary dropped her face in her hands—then in a moment starting up, cried, in a burst of tears:

"O, Mr. West, why do you tell me this?"

The professor shook with alarm. Was it possible?

"If you are bound to another—"

"O no, but I *liked* you so much."

That was better. The dear professor did not know the subtle distinction between liking and loving, and imagined that this was encouraging. He ought to have known that it was fatal.

"That is what I wish, my dear."

"But I respect you too much to be your wife, unless I loved you, and—"

Mary was at a loss to put her meaning into words that would not wound. But the professor saw from her pale face and the tender regret in her eyes, that his case, if not hopeless, was doubtful.

"I understand, my dear. I am not young, I know—I do not forget that—I have no right to ask such devotion and fervor as another might, but I am willing to take such love as you can give me. Even that will be precious, I love you so much."

Mary was not insensible to such words, uttered in such a tone. How could she be? The professor saw his advantage, and followed it up. When he left Mary that night, though she had given him no promise, he was almost sure of her.

It is not strange if in the two or three next days, Mary's school was not the first in her mind. She could not help appreciating his worth, she admired his talent; his love and tenderness had thrilled her—but this was not quite what she had dreamed of, and Mary had always been sure that she, at least, would never marry except to realize her highest ideal. I am aware that she ought, consistently, to have refused the professor at once, but human nature is weak, especially when attacked upon the side of its affections.

Mary thought of her lonely life, of the vacant place in her heart which love could only fill; she thought of her fretful mother and her shiftless father; of the desolate old age that stretched before her; of all the thousand ways in which a sensitive woman must suffer if she is not bound by the usual ties. Still she said, "I will be true to myself." So she told him that, when next he came—told it to him in gentle, half-whispered sentences—and not daring to look in his face—for there was something in his influence over her that made her long above all things to deal tenderly with him.

He listened to all she said, and his answer was full of humility.

"My life has not been a happy one, Mary."

And then, through two or three strong sentences, which kept back as much as they revealed, Mary saw that the deepest feeling of his life had been thwarted, and that the hoarded affection of years of suffering and silence had suddenly poured out upon her.

"So I hoped that you would mend my shattered life, and give me at last the joy in loving that I have not known."

It is hard to account for the revulsions of feeling that do sometimes occur. Mary's settled, declared purpose was lost in a moment. Her whole heart melted with tenderness and pity, and she put her soft fingers upon the muscular hand beside her, and the nervous fingers that were trifling with the sofa tassel were mermerized by the gentle touch.

"I will be your wife—you are good, and I will not be so ungrateful as not to love you," she said.

That was like her sweet frankness, the professor told her; nevertheless, he would not have her make the sacrifice. But Mary, in the first feeling of loving shelter and protection, said that it was not a sacrifice, and thought so.

But it is so hard to know the heart. When Mary was again alone, the old feeling came back—checked and crushed down as wicked, but still asserting itself.

"This is not what I would have had!"

I think there is nothing which carries deeper shame and grief to a woman's heart, than the feeling that she has stooped from her ideal, and taken in its place something quite different. You had set your heart upon a rose, and you do not care for pinks if they are ever so sweet. But in an evil hour you have plucked the pink, and now the whole world may blossom roses, but they are not for you.

"God forgive me, if I have done wrong!" Mary murmured, quietly in her prayers.

A month more, and Mary Duncan stood, a bride, to receive the congratulations of her friends. Everybody said she was beautiful, everybody said that it was an excellent match, and not a few envied Mary's good fortune.

They at once took possession of the empty house; Mary's slight figure moved about just as the professor had thought it would be so pleasant to see her do, and he, sitting at his study table, was as happy as any man could be.

If there was any lack in Mary's heart, it found no expression. She was as gentle and earnest as always, and became the centre of a

small but *recherche* circle. Did she love her husband with all her heart, or was there a vague longing after the "might have been?"

This was the question that Miss Henrietta Waters asked herself. Rumor said that Miss Waters was interested in the professor; at any rate, that she coveted the position and consideration which the next Mrs. West would enjoy, and had laid plans for acquiring them herself. Doubtless this was mere malice. It must have been, for did she not make the earliest possible call upon the bride, and take pains to ingratiate herself at once in that lady's favor?

"You must come and see me often, Mrs. West, I am so lonely—papa being deaf and mama an invalid—that I shall be delighted to see a great deal of you. You must not keep her all to yourself, my dear professor. Now don't say a word, Mrs. West! We all know he is the best man in the world, but newly-married husbands are always selfish," and Miss Waters pressed Mary's hand, with the fingers of lemon-colored kid, and glided out with her usual grace.

"Where did you find such a sweet woman, Mr. West?" she exclaimed, as the good professor escorted her to the carriage. "You will be the envy of all the gentlemen in town. She is just Arthur Sandford's ideal—so fresh and unsophisticated. But do bring her over to us, she must be lonely here, poor thing."

The professor winced a little through all this praise, and coming back up the steps, he looked over at the next house, an eighth of a mile away, and wondered if Mary was indeed lonely.

"Do you like that lady?" asked Mary.

"Do I like her?"

The professor closed the door, and sat down in the easy-chair which Mary had placed by the fire, with evident satisfaction.

"I suppose I like her, my love; I am sure she is very entertaining. They are quite a lively family, though Mrs. Waters is an invalid. Arthur Sandford, a sort of a cousin, I believe, lives with them—a talented young fellow—a little capricious, and as yet, unsettled, but he will do well some day, I dare say. We will go and see them soon, for I'm afraid, my dear, you may be a little lonely here, with such a prosy old bookworm as I," and he looked rather eagerly into her face, seeking a contradiction. Mary's dark eyes softened.

"I don't wish for anything more, Graham," she said.

"And you are quite happy?" he said, wistfully.

"I am very happy." But the tone was grave and quiet.

The professor was still a moment, praying that he might meet all the needs of her heart. And Mary was thinking whether he guessed that every day was drawing her nearer to him, and, half-meaning to tell him so, and hesitating from her natural reticence—the golden moment passed.

"Shall I ring for a light, my dear, and read you another chapter in the *Antiquity of Man*?" said the professor, and Mary's whispered confession remained unsaid.

The professor and his wife made the call upon Mrs. Waters.

"A splendid woman, by Jupiter," said Mr. Arthur Sandford, sauntering back into the parlor, after they had left. "How did she ever happen to marry the old professor?"

"How, indeed? But don't you fall in love with her, and make mischief, Arthur Sandford," said Henrietta Waters.

"I? Not at all. My heart is pre-occupied, my pretty coz, I fall in love with you every day."

"Yes, and fall out again. You thrive on the process. I shall warn Mrs. West against you."

"Do so. I say, Henrietta, I suppose there was nobody else who would accept the professor," said Arthur Sandford, wickedly.

Henrietta bit her lip, but her sharp retort was interrupted by her mother.

"What are you talking about, you foolish children? The professor is quite a young man yet—not more than forty-five at the most, and I am sure Mrs. West can't be more than twenty years his junior."

"Fall in love with Mrs. West! Henrietta would like that, of course."

Arthur Sandford knew that he should eventually marry his cousin Henrietta. There were prudent reasons in favor of the match, and it would come about, unless Henrietta succeeded in gratifying her ambition, by marrying a distinguished man. But Arthur knew her calibre, and had no idea that she would do so, and therefore he waited, not at all impatiently, till she should be ready to give herself to him. Meanwhile, he amused himself with petite amours here and there. Why not fall in love with Mrs. West? He admired beauty, and she had beauty of a rare and peculiar kind. She was talented, and he adored talented women. Moreover, she had

a nameless charm. She was married, indeed, but one must pass away one's time. Yet he had no special intention of doing evil, when he ordered his horse, and rode over to the professor's. He was rather thoughtless than wicked; idle, with all his powers running to waste, but not artful, nor wholly without principle. I must, however, confess that he was not at all displeased at finding the professor absent from home.

"So Mr. Sandford has been here?" said the professor over his tea. "You found him agreeable, I dare say, my dear."

"O yes!"

"And brilliant? He really can be quite so. He's a capital shot, too, and the best rider in town."

"That reminds me, Graham, that he proposed making up a party to visit the picturesque falls you have told me about, and I said you would be happy to join it."

"Quite right, Mary. That is a place you must see," replied the professor.

It happened, however, that when the appointed day arrived, the professor was unable to keep his appointment; but he insisted upon Mary's going, and the party, as made up, consisted of Mr. Sandford and Mrs. West, Miss Waters and a negative young man.

Mrs. West's acquaintance with the Waters grew rapidly. It was Henrietta's will that it should. There were little rides and walks every day or two, and Mrs. West was usually drawn into them.

"I promised Mrs. West a moonlight sail upon the pond, Henrietta," said Arthur, one night. "Can you go—it is splendid to-night."

"I believe you are in love with Mrs. West," said Henrietta, but she got her hat.

"In love!" echoed Arthur, coloring deeply. "Do you know how absurd you can be, Henrietta?"

"Am I absurd?" she answered, drily.

They drove over to the professor's.

Mrs. West was "very sorry, but the professor was busy over his lecture, and—"

"O, he will not deny you; I shall ask him myself," and Henrietta ran away to the library, in spite of Mary's protestations.

"Do let her go, my dear professor. You don't realize—you are so engrossed in your books—such a dear, delightful bookworm as you are—how much young people need recreation."

"Certainly! Mrs. West may go. I don't wish to be a restraint."

And the good professor went down into the parlor.

"Go, by all means, my love," and he urged her.

"I had much rather stay with you, Graham," said Mary.

"I shall not let you," he replied, playfully; and Mary went away wondering if her husband already preferred his books to her society.

The professor watched them until the carriage was out of sight, and then walked slowly and sadly back to his study. They took up the negative young man on their way to the pond.

Out on the water alone—Arthur Sandford and Mrs. West—he so managed it—the white moonlight flashing around them, and no sound but the cry of the whip-poor-will.

"'Tis as sweet as love, as sad as memory," said Arthur Sandford. Then abruptly, almost fiercely, he broke out: "Mrs. West, would to God I had met you months ago."

In the mad flow of words, she could not at first understand him. When she knew what he meant, her heart almost ceased beating.

"Are you mad, Mr. Sandford?" doubting her senses.

"Mary, dearest, you cannot love that man! Ah! why did I not know—"

"Mr. Sandford!"

Her manner checked him.

"I love my husband better than anything else in this world. God forgive me, if I have ever said anything to make you think otherwise. Take me home."

He turned the boat's head to the shore, without a word. They drove rapidly home.

"Will you forgive me, Mrs. West?" he said at the door.

"Do you know what you would have done to-night?" she said, passionately, and both glanced up at the light which shone from the professor's window.

"You shame me, Mrs. West. But he is worthy of you. As for me, I may marry my cousin Henrietta," and he went away with the bitter words on his lips.

Mrs. West stole softly into the study, and dropped on her knees by her husband's side.

"So you have come home, my dear," said the professor, laying down his pen, and pushing away the table.

"Yes, I have come back to my heart's own home."

Mary shuddered, as she thought that only from the shadow of the valley upon whose

brink she had lingered, had she seen the mountain heights of her love. No jarring echo of the plaintive "might have been" disturbed her henceforth. She was the professor's wife in heart and name.

"But I am sure you did fall in love with Mrs. West," said Henrietta, when she accepted her cousin. "What did she say to you?"

"What you would not have said," replied Arthur, and he muttered to himself:

"If she had been my wife, it would have saved me—but now—Heigho! Great is money!"

And the two were married.

POWER OF MEMORY.

When Napoleon was at Erfurt, in 1808, a legion of kings and princes thronged his court, and doffed their ancient crowns before his royalty of yesterday. At one of his *soirees*, which was attended by that brilliant company, the conversation turned upon a papal bull which had been issued by one of the early popes, respecting the precise date of which different opinions arose. An Austrian prelate assigned it to one particular epoch, while the emperor contested the correctness of his reference.

"In a matter of this nature," said the cardinal, "your majesty will admit that I am more competent authority; and I think that I am, moreover, certain that the bull belongs to the period I have stated."

"For my part," rejoined Napoleon, "I will not say what I *think*, but I will at once put it on another issue; I am certain that your eminence is mistaken. But the point admits of an easy verification. Let somebody bring hither the work of Baronius on the early history of the church, and if I am wrong, I will readily acknowledge my error."

The book was brought, examined, and the date indicated by the emperor was found to be correct. The astonishment of the circle may be conceived at witnessing such an instance of accurate recollection on a subject, which one would have thought could never have existed in a mind constantly occupied on such a variety of matters of so tremendous an importance to the destinies of the world.

"When I was a lieutenant," resumed Napoleon—and he spoke with the utmost simplicity and indifference—producing a singular effect on the assembly, and the representatives of the thousand-year-old monarchies of Europe,

who then and there exchanged significant smiles with each other.

"When I had the honor of being a lieutenant of artillery," said the emperor, in a more emphatic tone, "I was garrisoned for two years in a city of Dauphiny, in which there was only one circulating library; I read through every book in the collection thrice, and my memory has not lost one single incident of what I read at that time. The book just referred to was in the catalogue of the library. I read it with the others, and you see, did not forget its contents. His eminence will, therefore, excuse my presumption in differing in opinion with him on such a topic."

In connection with the above, we recollect an anecdote of Reid, the celebrated metaphysician, who was originally a clergyman, though, his talents not lying in that way, he never acquired any reputation in his profession. In a parish where he was once called to preach, lived a kind of half idiot, who had an amazing memory, so that he could repeat any sermon which he had heard, even after years had elapsed. Reid, when an old man, visited the scene of his youthful labors in company with a friend, who introduced the learned author of the "Inquiry into the Human Mind," and requested the man to give a specimen of his powers by repeating the sermon of the preceding Sunday.

"I dinna ken," said the man, "if I can do that, but I'll tell ye what I can do; I'll let ye hear the sermon that your friend here preached in our kirk many years sine. Atweel, he was a puir hand."

Reid did not much relish the proposal; but when he heard the man begin and repeat correctly a sermon which he had actually preached there about twenty years before, and which was really a miserable production, he turned on his heel, without waiting for the conclusion of this remarkable proof of memory.

A SHERIFF'S APOLOGY.

The late Lord Lyndhurst used to relate a humorous circumstance which occurred when he was on circuit at Dolgelly, in Merionethshire. There was no prisoner to be tried, and the lord chief baron expressed his surprise to the high sheriff. That wise official actually feared that he had offended his lordship, and, as if in concern for the honor of Merionethshire, exclaimed, with fervor, "I can assure you, my lord, the whole county has been in pursuit of a sheep-stealer!"

[ORIGINAL.]

THE HERO'S WELCOME.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

They come with rare and costly gifts,
And earnest words of praise:
With music swelling softly out,
With hurrying feet, and joyous shout,
And flashing lights ablaze.

When Treason threw the gauntlet down,
And challenged to the fray,
Fair Freedom, with her dauntless hosts,
To measure steel with empty boasts,
In battle's dread array:

Foremost in danger's deadliest ranks,
In victory or defeat,
He rode—and so to-night they come,
With waving flag and stirring drum,
The hero chief to greet.

Glad voices cheer him on the way,
And reverent heads are bared;
The lip of eloquence grows warm,
And beauty lends her brightest charm,
For him who danger dared.

And loud the welcoming shout resounds
Through all the happy air;
But one—a woman in the crowd,
With head upon her bosom bowed—
Is weeping softly there.

She sees a few brave, fearless men
Holding the foe at bay;
And one, a boy—her boy, O God!—
Senseless upon the bloody sod,
Where fiercest falls the fray.

Looking, she sees a warrior pause
Where deadliest flows the strife;
And stooping where her darling lay,
He bears him tenderly away,
And brings him back to life.

Long has she worshipped him afar;
But now that he is near,
And others strew their offerings
About his way, she only brings
The tribute of a tear!

He knew not—but the record that
The waiting angels kept,
Bore jewels in its wreath of fame,
That glorified the warrior's name—
They were the tears she wept!

An infinitely small piece of gold can be spread over a wire that might girdle the earth; yet a much less portion of truth will serve to gild a much greater quantity of falsehood.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE GOLDEN HORN'S RETURN.

A SEA STORY.

BY HARRY HUNT.

CHAPTER I.

THE PARTING.

Two boys—or rather, youths—one with a calm, sweet mouth, and thoughtful, tender eyes—gray, with violet lights—the other with black eyes full of passion, and dark, curling locks, were standing beside an old, half-dilapidated schoolhouse, on the decayed walls of which were cut hundreds of names, as if with a boy's irregular and slant-wise carving.

Many of these names had dates attached to them. Some dated far enough back to have belonged to the grandfathers of the two lads now poring over these ancient records of a scholarship of the past. Some were at the commencement of the nineteenth century, and the rest still more recently inscribed, and in a more modern style of name-spelling. Two names seemed to have more interest for the two boys who had this day taken their final farewell of the old place, and were about to take their stand in the world.

Ah, that farewell to boyhood! That parting from the sports of the child—that severing from the sweet and affectionate wiles of the fireside circle! How many, in giving up their youth, bid adieu to happiness. The mother's holy kiss, the sister's pure and innocent caress, the father's benediction—how often are they forgotten in the snare-tangled pathway of the man!

Matthew Thornton and William Dalrymple were cousins. Their fathers were half-brothers; but neither so much resembled the paternal side of the family, as that of the maternal. The two boys, therefore, were as unlike as relatives can be; yet bound to each other, perhaps, by that very contrast. Matthew's sweet and tender exterior covered as fine and beautiful a nature; while Will Dalrymple's flashing eyes, and full, passionate lips, symbolized the inward workings of a spirit that, under certain circumstances, might have shown itself truly grand. At present, there seemed little chance for the two lives to attain to anything beyond the average of well-educated, highly-bred youths. And yet there were glorious possibilities for both.

"Well, Matt, how shall we use our liberty?" said Will Dalrymple. "For my own part, I never have had any leisure since I was a little urchin of five years, and I shall not know what to do with it."

"Not had any leisure? Where were you in our long vacations?"

"Where? Playing the agreeable to little misses less than my own age. I call that hard work, Matt. I know my fate is to be a bachelor; for I have had so much of 'Love's young dream,' that I shall never endure young ladies of any age."

The thoughtful eyes brightened with an unutterable sentiment, as Matt Thornton replied:

"Why, Will—not even Amy Churchill?"

"Not even Amy Churchill, Matt."

Matt turned away, incredulous. He had seen too much on both sides, to doubt that the affection was sincere; and, youthful as he was, he had high and lofty ideas of the truthfulness of love, and harbored no thought of any idle sacrifice.

"Well, seriously, Will, what do you intend to do in the way of a livelihood?"

"There is but one thing, Matt, for me. I shall go to sea. You know I have always said so."

"Yes, but I thought you would give it up. It will separate us, for I have no desire for such an unquiet life. I don't want to part with you, old boy," he continued, assuming a gaiety he did not feel, and dashing away something very like a tear from the violet eyes.

"No more do I from you, Matt. I wish we could be together still; but that is not to be thought of. A quiet life would as ill suit me, as the reverse would suit you. Besides, I have no mother to lie and listen to the storms at night, and worry herself about her sailor boy, as yours would."

It was the passionate black eyes now that shed tears; for Will's mother had died only two months before, costing her son such bitter grief that Matt had almost feared for his reason. Often, in the watches of the night, had the tender, thoughtful lad waked and wept with his motherless friend. It was then that Amy Churchill had become dear to both, by her unaffected sympathy.

Amy Churchill was the daughter of their good old preceptor—worthy of the deep and lasting love of any heart. She was a pale, quiet girl—not sad nor morbid, but simply quiet.

She had waited on the boys, as a sister

would have done, from the time when they were mere children—when she, too, was a child; for girls mature so much sooner than boys. Her father gave her the same instruction that he gave the boys, but with this difference—that she studied at home, and they in the old, old schoolhouse which he had rented so long, and which the proprietor would neither pull down and replace with another, nor repair the ravages of time and school-boys.

Had Amy gone to school with them, there would have been no romance; but, coming home from the dingy old place, into the bright sunshine of Mrs. Churchill's parlor, they would have sadly missed the little neat figure that sat in the sun by the window, at work or reading; or, sometimes, playing on the old-fashioned piano, and singing charming ballads in the sweetest voice imaginable. The boys thought they loved her as a sister; but Will Dalrymple soon confided to Matthew that if he lived to be a man, he should marry Amy Churchill.

It was well that the darkness hid Matt's face from his companion, when he revealed this, for the same boyish dream had been his. But Matthew Thornton was too noble to wish aught but success to his cousin, whom he loved so well. No one knew the struggle which the poor boy endured, when Will, confident of Amy's preference, would set all Matthew's claims at naught, and monopolize her whole time and attention. Yet he bore it heroically—never, by look or word, betraying the inward pain. No wonder that he was astonished when he spoke with such indifference of her, just as their parting was to take place.

CHAPTER II.

THE RE-UNION.

WE pass over five years in the history of our two heroes, at the end of which we find Will Dalrymple on board a fine clipper ship, bound to California. He has not made so much progress in his profession as one would have imagined, from his early promise. A second mate's berth had been offered him, and he had accepted. After the friends had parted, Will had fallen into dissipation. Matthew Thornton had gone out to California, almost as soon as they had left Mr. Churchill's school, as clerk in a counting-house. At first, the correspondence between the friends had been

constant; but on Will's side, it had decreased, and finally ended wholly, before two years had gone by. Matthew felt hurt and displeased. Had he known the true cause, he would have continued to write, and have remonstrated with him. Their early affection and intimacy would have fully warranted him in so doing. For himself, no vice nor dissipation had marred the exquisite purity of his boyhood. His intellect was of a high order, and his principles as high. No man living could say that he had ever uttered a word that might not have been said to his mother or sister.

Yet Matthew Thornton was no milk-sop—no mere sentimental dreamer. He was a wide-awake man of business, a shrewd reasoner, an honest politician—not a perfect man, but as near it as might be.

Thoughts of Amy Churchill sometimes flitted across his mind, but always remembering the old affection that Will professed for her, he forbore to even write to her, notwithstanding that Will's remarks on the day of leaving school, long ago, had puzzled and amazed him.

CHAPTER III.

OUTWARD BOUND.

MEANWHILE, Will Dalrymple was speeding onward to the end of his voyage. His old passionate way had made him some enemies on board ship at first, but his really generous temper had reconciled them; and confidence in his judgment, as well as love for his brilliant qualities, had taken the place of any other feeling. Whatever Will might be on shore, he was a man at sea—whole-hearted, open, frank, and, in many things, really noble. It chanced that the clipper was consigned to the firm in which Matthew Thornton was now a valued partner, and that he went on board as soon as she arrived in harbor. Will was busy, and did not notice who came on board; but Matt saw him. In a moment, forgetful of past coolness, he had hastened towards him, and held out his hand. Spite of Dalrymple's course of life, he had not altered so much as had his old friend. He did not recognize him, until the familiar voice, unaltered in a single tone, exclaimed:

"Do you not know me, Will?"

He turned quickly. The spell of other years was upon him, and he joyfully held out his hand.

"I will not detain you now," said Matt, giving his hand a cordial pressure, "but the

moment you can leave the ship, come to me," giving him his direction.

That evening saw a joyful re-union. Old themes were discussed, old friendships renewed; and Will confessed all his folly to the truest friend he ever had.

"And your love for Amy Churchill?" asked Matt.

Dalrymple sighed.

"That dream passed away, years ago, Matt. I sought her after I became unworthy of her, and of course was refused. But she will not give you the answer that she broke my heart with," he added, smiling.

"Would you have me build my happiness over any dead hopes of yours, my friend?"

"That would not alter anything, you know, and would be the next best to succeeding myself. Take passage home with us, storm Father Churchill's castle, and carry away the Lady Amy to your palace of gold."

He said this so playfully, yet withal so earnestly, that Thornton could not but believe him sincere. And, ere the evening closed, it was decided that Matt should go home in the Golden Horn.

CHAPTER IV.

HOMeward BOUND.

It is sad to be ill, even when the patient is at his own home, with dear ones around him—when the bed is of the softest, and the hand of affection sweetens every bitter potion. But who shall describe the agonies of sickness when one is tossed upon the ocean, when the narrow lodging seems like a rack to the weary limbs, and the rough kindness of men seems cruelty itself, because lacking the delicate touch of woman's hand?

Never before had Matthew Thornton experienced a day's illness. Always delicate in frame, he had still enjoyed a remarkable exemption from actual ill health; but now, a fever had attacked him, and he lay prostrate in his narrow room, unable to move, save when the strength, borrowed from the disease, sent him wildly from his bed, and he traversed the deck, until, falling helpless into some sailor's strong arms, he was taken back to sleep the sleep of utter exhaustion.

Every moment that could be taken from Dalrymple's actual duties, was devoted to the bedside of his friend. Often, when Matt was raving with delirium, the sight of Will's face, as he entered the state-room, would bring back the vagrant senses, and he would lie like

a little child, holding the rough hand to his lips for hours together, until Will was summoned away.

One night, in August, the deep rumbling of thunder was added to the noise of the waves that had so distracted the sensitive nerves of the sick man. Soon the storm increased. The night was intensely dark, save for the terrible flashes of lightning that seemed to play and sport with every bolt of iron in the ship. Every moment the captain expected the masts to be shivered, and the vessel to be set on fire. No one on board had ever witnessed anything half so terrific.

An old shipmaster has told me that nothing is so grand, and at the same time so frightful, as lightning at sea. On this night, it seemed as if the whole host of heaven's artillery were let loose upon the ship. One poor fellow, a sailor who was ordered aloft at the commencement of the storm, was struck blind; the fluid passing down the mast, splitting off a large fragment. It was, indeed, a night of terror. Once, in the course of the night, Will Dalrymple obtained time to sit down beside the sick man. The small window was opened to give him air; and the blue flame of the lighting, as it played over his white, ghastly face, was inexpressibly horrible.

"He will die to-night," thought Will. "Nothing can save him, in such an awful trial of nerves and strength. At least, he will go mad."

Through the long night—for, although it was August, and short nights, yet it seemed immeasurably long—the storm never slackened for a moment. The moans of the man who had been blinded, and whose head had been much injured, added to the general distress. Towards morning, Will left his friend, and went upon deck. Long trails of blue flame were lighting up the foamy track of the ship. The men who were employed at various parts of the ship's rigging, received the same ghastly flame upon their upturned faces, making them look like demons. It was, indeed, a fiery baptism to them all, far out at sea, away alike from human sympathy and human help, and only this "strange fire from heaven" to show them their uncertain way through the trackless waters.

The day dawned, and the storm abated. The captain had watched beside Matt, until then, when he beckoned Will to come in.

"He is gone!" said the captain.

"Gone?"

"Yes. I have watched for two hours, dur-

ing which I have not been able to perceive that he breathed."

Will approached the berth in which his friend lay, touched the chill hand, and listened.

"I think you are mistaken, sir," he replied. "His heart beats yet."

It was the great crisis of the fever, and he was sleeping through it. Until noon, there was not a movement. Then he awoke, sensible, and looking better, but still weak as an infant. A single drop of wine was all that Will dared to give him, but that single drop renewed his strength.

"O, Will! friend—dear friend! you have saved my life!" were his first faint words.

"And you have saved me from worse than death, Matt. You shall never have reason to rebuke me again for evil doing, God helping me. Your sickness has completed the work you began in health."

"Thank God!" said the poor weak voice. "Kiss me, Will. May God bless and help you."

Recovery was rapid from this time. Matt was borne to the deck every morning, upon the shoulders of the sailors, and placed on a mattress in the air. One morning, the blind sailor came groping along the deck. Matt observed him, and asked who he was. Then Will related to him the tale of that fearful night. Matt wept at sight of the poor fellow's eyes, from which the light was forever shut out. He called to him, and speaking kindly, promised to provide for him as soon as he recovered, after the ship arrived.

CHAPTER V.

"HOME AGAIN."

"Home again! home again, from a foreign shore!

And O, it fills my soul with joy,
To meet my friends once more."

So sang Matt, now fully recovered, as he came in sight of New York, and father, mother and friends came off from the shore to receive him. A tear dimmed Will Dalrymple's eye. His father had died during his absence, and now he was alone, as he said.

"Alone! with me by your side, Will?—with one who will never forsake you? Come home with me. My parents shall be yours always. I can vouch for them."

And when the officers and crew were discharged, Matt went himself, and affectionately forced him to go home with him.

"Where now, Will?" asked his friend, one beautiful October morning, when the woods were painted anew by the Great Artist, and Will was arraying himself in a new suit.

"Going into the country."

"Going *where*?"

"Into the country, to see an old friend."

"Who is it?"

Will laughed a gay, happy laugh, as he answered:

"Mr. Churchill."

Matt colored painfully. Was it possible that after all he had said, he was going to woo Amy?

"Don't be distressed, old Matt," Will said, playfully. "I am not going to injure your cause with Amy. I would not if I could; and I know I could not. Depend upon this, Matt, that I will never be refused twice by the same lady. Mr. Churchill had a niece with him when I went away. I have a mind to know if she is still there. Do you think I am sufficiently reformed for her to trust me?"

"I do, indeed. A man like you will never fall twice. But I should like to go with you."

"Certainly. I shall be all the happier, and I will promise not to look at Amy, if you wish it."

CHAPTER VI.

THE WOOLING.

MR. CHURCHILL had removed to a sweet little rustic place, which his own and his daughter's taste had converted into a perfect paradise. Seen on this lovely October day, when the woods around it were rich in crimson and gold, mingled with the enduring hue of the evergreens, it seemed a palace for the fairies.

They were just saying so, when Matt exclaimed, "Look! there are the fairies themselves!" Amy Churchill and her cousin were returning from the woods, laden with autumnal leaves. They stopped short at seeing two strangers, but Amy recovered her politeness, and accosted them with "You are wishing to see Mr. Churchill? Walk on, if you please, gentlemen. You will find him in the porch."

"We will take your welcome first," said Will Dalrymple, whom she had not recognized because of his bronzed countenance. "Here is your old friend, Mr. Thornton, whom you must be happy to see."

Amy started, and blushed crimson. In their youthful days, Matthew Thornton had always

been her preference; yet, with a woman's delicate tact, she had never shown any difference in her feelings between the two. He had never noticed the preference. Will was so apt to boast of her liking for himself, that, even had he suspected it, he would not have revealed it to *him*; and he was too sensitive to let any one else see the current of his thoughts.

Happy indeed were the Churchills, to see the youths they had so cherished like sons in their home. They insisted on at least a month from them; but this was impossible. Matt's wooing had but brief time, and he improved it well. Will generously left the two together, in the October moonlight, as they were sauntering down the avenue that led to the wood; and, under the rustling branches, with the autumn leaves dropping around them, and the rich fragrance crushing out at every footstep, they told the old, old story, that renews itself with every lover, since Adam wooed his Eve in Paradise.

Five years had not blotted out the remembrance of Matthew Thornton from the girl's heart. Her father, she knew, prized him above all the pupils he had ever received into his family; and her mother had ever loved him with the affection of a parent.

What then remained but for Amy to accept the love thus offered? And so, when they returned to the house, there was that in both their faces which told what had been the result of the interview. Will manfully bore their happy looks, although, had not the attention of others been fully engrossed, they might have detected something like a tear in the black eyes.

"You know me, Mr. Churchill," said Matt. "I do not think I am spoiled since I left you. Will you show your trust in me by allowing Amy to marry me *now*?"

This was after all had retired save his host and himself. Mr. Churchill pressed his hand warmly.

"To no one would I give her more willingly; but, O, Matt! how can I spare my child?"

"Then come with us. I will stay three weeks, if you can be ready then. We shall be all together, then; and poor Will shall have time to prove his entire reformation before he marries your niece, as he wishes to do, now that his chance with Amy has failed. I can give him a business that will lead him into less temptation than his present life. You see, sir, how happy you will make so many people."

"Ah, Matt, Matt! from your earliest boy-

hood, you could wheedle me into any scheme you pleased. I see you have not lost your power. If my wife consents to your arrangement, I shall offer no objection."

And Mrs. Churchill, dreading to be parted from her daughter, did consent.

Before October had changed her bright leaves to russet, the Golden Horn was on her way back to California, bearing as happy a party as ever visited the modern El Dorado.

Will is now in partnership with Matt, and has married the pretty cousin Dora. Not a trace of his former folly appears. He has subsided into a grave, sedate business man, abroad; but in the bosom of his family, a sparkle of the old vivacity renews itself.

Sweet Amy Thornton! If we have not brought her portrait before the reader, and praised her beautiful face, her brown eyes and hair, and the lips which we should have to go back to old Shakspeare's bee, for a description, let him go to San Francisco, where she dispenses the largest hospitality to all who come from "the States."

Matthew Thornton, too! Many are the poor youths whom he upholds from sinking into despair; many a disappointed gold-seeker, worn out with hardships at the mines, has found rest and comfort in his house. He was not the man to forget the poor blind sailor struck by lightning, who was left behind when the ship sailed. He had written to a friend to seek him out in Boston, whither he was trying to go, in order to find his mother. Matthew's friend found him, and the promise of a stated sum, yearly, increased his own and his mother's comfort. In his own family, he is blessed beyond all description; and, in the three neighboring houses, there is a stock of happiness larger than sometimes happens to a whole community. Thus may they ever prosper to the end.

AN AFFECTIONATE WOLF.

M. Fred. Cuvier tells a story of a wolf, in which the sentiment of affection existed in a remarkable degree. The animal had been brought up like a dog, and became familiar with every one he was in the habit of seeing. He would follow his master, seemed to suffer from his absence, evinced entire submission, and differed not in manners from the tamest domestic dog. The master being obliged to travel, made a present of him to the Royal Menagerie at Paris. Here, shut up in his compartment, the animal remained for several weeks moody and discontented, and almost

without eating. He gradually, however, recovered, attached himself to his keeper, and seemed to have forgotten all his past affections, when his master returned after an absence of eighteen months. At the very first word which he pronounced, the wolf, who did not see him in the crowd, instantly recognized him, and testified his joy by his antics and his cries. Being set at liberty, he overwhelmed his old friends with caresses, just as the most attached dog would have done after a separation of a few days. Unhappily, his master was obliged to quit him a second time, and this absence was again to the poor wolf the cause of profound regret; but time allayed his grief. Three years elapsed, and the wolf was living very comfortably with a young dog that had been given him as a companion. After this space of time, sufficient to make any dog—except that of Ulysses—forget his master, the gentleman returned again. It was evening; all was shut up, and the eyes of the animal could be of no use to him, but the voice of his beloved master was not yet effaced from his memory; the moment he heard, he knew it, and answered by cries expressive of the most impatient desire, and on the obstacle which separated them being removed, his cries redoubled. The animal rushed forward, placed his forefeet on the shoulders of his friend, licked every part of his face, and threatened with his teeth those very keepers to whom so recently he had testified the warmest affection.

INVISIBLE INK.

The most curious of all kinds of invisible inks is that from cobalt. It is a very singular phenomenon, that the figures traced out with this ink may be made to disappear and re-appear at pleasure. This property is peculiar to ink obtained from cobalt, for all the other kinds are at first invisible until some substance has been applied to make them appear; but when once they have appeared they remain. To prepare this ink, take saffre, and dissolve it in nitro-muriatic acid, till the acid extracts from it the metallic part of the cobalt, which communicates to the saffre its blue color; then dilute the solution, which is very acid, with common water. If you write with liquor on paper, the characters will be invisible; but when exposed to a sufficient degree of heat they will become green. When the paper has cooled they will disappear. Observe, if the paper be too much heated, they will not disappear at all.

[ORIGINAL]
VICTORIA.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

Like a plant that since has flowered,
Where old oaks in grandeur towered,
With thy sweet, benignant smile
Beaming o'er the ancient isle,
Where the glory rose and set
Of each old Plantagenet,
Long mayst thou, with spotless hand,
Wield the sceptre of thy land!

May the spirits of the great
Guard thy throne and shield thy estate!
May stout William's mighty shade
Smite thy foes with Norman blade!
And old Cœur de Lion's arm,
Viewless, shelter thee from harm!

Scorning vain and courtly arts,
Still thou reignest Queen of Hearts;
Still, with all a woman's grace,
Undeified by power and place,
Thou hast glory, more than springs
From thy old ancestral kings.

On the far historic page
Of some future clime and age,
Thine shall be the loveliest name
Of the queens of English fame.
Mary's weak, fanatic soul,
Stern Elizabeth's control,
Shall their niche in story win,
For their wisdom or their sin;
But a nobler fame is due
Her who reigns a woman true.

[ORIGINAL]
FLAMES.

BY CAMILLA WILLIAN.

MABEL WERNER had become disgusted with men. She forswore the whole tribe. They were too pretty and too petty, too white and delicate; their boots were too shiny, their voices too fine, their hats too radiant. They were too much afraid of cold, wet and fatigue, and they ate candy. She dreamed of the days of chivalry, when to shrink from death was to be craven, and when Charlemagne beat his lady-love and rolled her in the mud till she consented to marry him. Even that was better than not to have gumption to strike a blow (only Mabel didn't say "gumption," she was too exquiste for that). In the depths of her own heart, she thought she would like a man

who could make her obey him, even if he should drop a heavy hand upon her shoulder when she proved rebellious. But there must be a mental force stronger than the brute, and flushes of tenderness over this rough nature, like gentians upon an Alp.

"You sneer at the 'Woman's Rights' movement," she said one day. "It is a natural consequence. Effeminate men make bold women. The present generation of men, as far as my knowledge of them goes, are better fitted for the spinning-wheel than for anything else."

Heinrich Riemer, who sat across the room reading a newspaper, deliberately raised his eye-glass at this, and scanned the speaker, coolly. He had not looked at her before, except just a glance at the dinner-table, as she sat beside him, when he noticed that her hands and neck were white as milk, and her hair of the warmest auburn shade, with a strong desire to curl. Now he noted the vivid, flickering peach-blossom in each cheek; the lovely red of the finely-cut mouth; the soft black of the eyes, and the slight, proud figure. Finishing his survey, and suffering a slow, quiet smile to play about his lips, his cool, blue eyes dropped upon his paper again, and he became apparently lost in an intense study of the daily news.

"Handsome girl," he commented inwardly. "Been reading Bulfinch's books, or Walter Scott. She'll soon get over it."

Mabel had been aware of this scrutiny, and had borne it very well, although the peach-blossoms had, perhaps, deepened a little. She had not at first been aware of his presence, and felt that she deserved a retort of some kind. Of course he was dreadfully impudent, but then, she was not sure that a little rudeness was not refreshing after the satiety of civility which she had experienced. Besides, what did she care for this new boarder? He was precisely nobody that she knew of. A youngish man, not particularly handsome, blue-eyed, yellow-haired, with a slight German accent, a civil-engineer, somebody had said. No matter about him. So Mabel shook out the folds of her black silk dress, and sauntered from the room, humming the Marseillais.

Mrs. Lyon kept six boarders, and they were all expected to be highly respectable, such as could speak to each other without detriment to caste. Whether they desired it or not, they must get somewhat acquainted, and they all seemed to desire it. Etta Burbank played

and sang the prettiest songs in the prettiest manner; her uncle played chess and told the best stories; Lieutenant Shorey broke hearts, and made himself agreeable generally; Mrs. Jameson talked charming nonsense, and "laughed unquenchably," etc.; each had a gift, and all played whist and euchre. So they managed to spend some very pleasant evenings together.

Now Mabel sat between Mrs. Lyon and Mr. Riemer at the table, and, consequently, that gentleman could not get a cup of coffee without her mediation, and she could not get the butter without his. This caused various small compliments to be exchanged, then the gentleman bowed profoundly on meeting her in the hall, then she found herself sitting opposite to him at a euchre-table.

Mr. Riemer was remarkably silent with his new acquaintances. It was really wonderful to see how little he said, without at the same time seeming to have left anything necessary unsaid. His looks and gestures were denial, assent, doubt, pleasure, reserve, everything. It was not bashfulness, for he was coolness personified. It was not a lack of words, for what he said was well and promptly said. It seemed, rather, that he observed others and reserved himself. He began to pique Mabel's curiosity.

It is true there was not much need any one else should talk when Mrs. Jameson was present, for she chattered on, undaunted by reticence. Lieutenant Shorey sat opposite her, and tossed his cards with a languid grace, appearing to attend to his partner, but glancing furtively at Mabel, with whom he was in love that night, his love being an intermittent fever. The young soldier was so handsome, and such a favorite, that he could not help having a suspicion that success was always sure if he cared to try; perhaps without trying. Besides, he, like Daniel Webster, needed an occasion to awaken him. His lazy, powerful length of limb; his languid, deep-fringed eyes; his careless, full-lipped mouth, all grew instinct with fire and energy at the shadow of a rival. Even this cool, distant stranger, whose glances, though keen, were few, made him more observant of Mabel. He found himself going into ecstasies, mentally, over her exquisite complexion, and wondering at her silence.

"I like euchre of all things," said Mrs. Jameson. "One can talk. Besides, dash is one of its characteristics, and dash and courage are the life of life."

"Dash and courage always go together?" inquired Mr. Riemer, laying the queen of hearts on the table,

"I will take that lady," remarked the soldier, dropping his card.

"With a knave," added Mr. Riemer. "If Miss Werner will allow me to intimate that a knight can be a knave."

"Of course dash and courage go together," said Mrs. Jameson, finding an opening.

"What a memory you have, Nina," remarked Mabel.

"Who was it that said, 'Your sad, wise valor is the true complexion that leads the van, and swallows up the cities?'"

Mabel looked at the speaker for the first time attentively. How melodious his voice could be, and what fine lines there were about his mouth. Withdrawing her gaze, she met that of Lieutenant Shorey, and smiled to take the slight flash out of his eyes. The soldier was awake. So much awake, and so very attentive to her for the rest of the evening, that Mabel felt angry. This man had made her unhappy. He had advanced and receded so many times, that, although she never had thought that she loved him, he had kept her attention continually on the alert watching for changes, wondering now if he really did love her as entirely as he seemed to, and again, wondering what could have offended him. His fine person, and a certain fascination of manner, had first pleased her, while his reputation for bravery had excited her enthusiasm. Then he had made such decided love to her at times, that she could not help thinking of him. There had been times when she had almost thought that she loved him, and times when she had wept over some sudden change from tender assiduity to chilling neglect. Had he compromised her she would never have forgiven him, but since all looked on it as a spasmodic flirtation, with more feeling on his side than on hers, her pride was saved. Still, she was getting tired of such caprice. He might be distant, but he should no more come near.

But even this caprice she found it easier to bear, than the gentle, unregardful coldness of Mr. Riemer, who scarcely seemed to see her. The soldier's obtrusive coolness was underlain by some thought of her, but this man's mind seemed to shut her out entirely. It was somewhat humiliating. She got to have an odd feeling of resentment toward him, and to be spurred by little jealousies. She fancied that he assumed a patronizing air towards

her, and that his occasional smile spoke conscious superiority. It made her frantic. She would have been glad to see that poise of his disturbed, for once. She would have experienced satisfaction could she have seen him stumble in the street, or choke with his tea. But none of these things happened. He did everything in a quiet, well-bred manner which she found entirely exasperating.

And so the winter wore away, and Easter came. Easter was a sorrowful anniversary for Mabel. Two years before, her brother, her idol, the last link in the family chain, had died—died with his pale hand clasped in hers, his eyes dimming on her eyes, whispering, as the sun rose on her watching, "The Lord rises to-day, Mabel," his last words. The girl had kept this anniversary with closed doors, except that she stole out at sunset to lay flowers over that lowly bed where he lay. Mabel could be gay, was capable of happiness, but it needed only a word or a look to bring all the past back to her, and shrivel the two years like a scroll. Strangely enough, though for weeks she had looked forward with sorrowful anticipation, when the morning came, she rose perfectly forgetful. She went into the breakfast-room late, and found the whole family assembled. Mr. Riemer's chair had been changed lately by some means, and placed opposite instead of beside her, and when she took her seat, he greeted her with the gravest, slightest bow.

"I thought everybody got up early on Easter morning," said Etta Burbank.

"Easter!" exclaimed Mabel, with a sudden change of countenance.

"Didn't you know it?"

"I—I forgot," faltered Mabel, her eyes filling, her lip trembling, as she left the table, scarcely restraining her sobs till she closed the door. She had forgotten her brother, and a stranger had reminded her. Self-reproach made her sorrow all the more poignant, and when she went down stairs to go to the cemetery, her face was white, and her eyes heavy. She met Mr. Riemer in the hall. He removed his hat, and stood aside to let her pass, but without speaking. Mrs. Lyon had explained in the morning.

From that day his manner to her changed. Nothing could be more deferential and delicate. He studied her wishes, and anticipated them in a way that was as gratifying as it was unobtrusive. Mabel felt herself surrounded with a quiet, watchful care on which she learned to lean, and never missed. Once in a while she

would forget, and show some of her old antagonism, but he never seemed to perceive it. And thus the winter passed.

"I shan't be able to keep out of the country much longer," he said. "This June weather is too fine for the city. Do you not begin to lean tree-ward, Miss Werner?"

"No," said Mabel, telling a fib for the sake of being contrary. "I shall stay in town."

'A house is much more to my taste than a tree, And for groves—O, a fine grove of chimneys for me.'"

He gave her a look. Of course he knew better than she said, but he would have been better pleased, had she condescended to say what she meant. Mabel began to repent a little, he had been so kind and thoughtful lately.

"But then woods are good to pick blackberries in," she admitted. Then, as he continued silent, she came quite down, and said, half-laughing, and with a pretty penitence, "Please excuse me! I do want to get into the country, and am sorry that I can't go."

He smiled gently, scarce looking at her.

"Yes," he said.

Just as Mabel was preparing to retire that night, Mrs. Jameson rushed into her room.

"Mabel, there's a splendid fire on S—street. Let's go."

"What! alone?" said Mabel, brightening, but apprehensive.

"Yes, nobody will know us, and there are always women at a fire. We can draw our clouds over our faces. Come! I am longing to see a fire."

They reached the place in a few minutes, and gliding among the crowd, gained a corner near where they took up their post of observation. Here was beauty, sublimity and terror. Mabel found her eyes full. The fire had commenced in a stable in the rear of a large warehouse that was filled from basement to eaves with the costly draperies of other lands. Inside its granite walls were piled carpets from England; velvets from Lyons; rarest laces from France; shawls from Cashmere, evidently worth saving. The stables, filled with hay, were wrapped in flames beyond saving, and the warehouse, by some strange coincidence, was on fire inside. Some incendiary's work. The firemen worked like tigers. Their hoarse shouts answered from point to point, or ran along the lines. They were everywhere, hanging from windows, running up ladders, directing hose. Water flowed in torrents, a perfect network of streams crossing or con-

verging in all directions. Still the flames seemed progressing leisurely, and rather feeding on the water than stayed by it. Volumes of smoke poured from door and crevice, suddenly bursting into sheets of flames, walls, floor and ceiling one insupportable brightness. Tongues of flame, like serpents, writhed and hung and gnawed and darted and lapped the window frames, and thrust themselves from dark places. From a high window far above the rest of the fire, a small thread of brightness crept, so small, so flickering, that it might have been a reflection on the glass. While Mabel watched it, doubting, the window was suddenly broken out, and a fireman swung himself from it by a rope, slowly descending the dizzy height, from which a turn of the wrist would have precipitated him to the pavement, a shapeless mass—slowly descending to a window, into which he swung himself, and disappeared. Mabel shivered with horror. In a moment he appeared again, a ladder had been raised, he let himself down to it, and descended.

"What nerve!" cried Mabel, out of breath. "I never saw anything like it. See, Nina, he is coming this way. Look at a hero."

He came near them, to where a gentleman stood with a pale face, watching the fire, and now and then, giving directions to some one near him, when a package of goods was brought out. He was looking at a window a little distance from the burning ones. The firemen approached him.

"There have been fires set in half a dozen places inside," he said. "There's black work. The only staircase that leads to the upper floor is on fire, and the floor was so hot under me that I had to come out at the window."

"I've got fifty thousand dollars' worth of Cashmere shawls in that corner room," said the owner. "What can you do?"

"Get them out," was the prompt answer. "Here, Sterne, get Ball and go into that corner room for whatever is there, and I will go up outside with the hose."

"Isn't he superb?" cried Mabel, trembling with excitement and enthusiasm. "Do you notice, Nina, how calm and assured his voice is? I never before perceived so much difference in voices, aside from their melody. Now most of the men shout in a manner to frighten you. His voice not only commands, but encourages. See him go up that ladder. O, if it should break!"

Mabel saw nothing in all the crowd and fire but that bending ladder, and the man

climbing swiftly up with an axe. A few blows shattered the window completely, and then his "play away, five!" broke cheerily from the smoke that completely enveloped him.

Presently the hose at Mabel's feet swelled round, and in a few minutes her hero was visible again through the thinning smoke.

"Guess we can't go up again," said the fireman Ball, as he and his companion deposited a load of shawls at the merchant's feet. It's getting pretty hot up there."

The merchant laid his hand upon his arm, fixed him with a penetrating glance, and said:

"My friend, in the desk in that room is a little chest that's worth saving. Bring it safe to me, and I will give you one hundred dollars."

"I risk my life," said the fireman. "The staircase is on fire."

"I will give you five hundred dollars," said the merchant.

"It wouldn't do my ashes any good, sir."

"I will give you a thousand."

The fireman hesitated a breath. He had meant to risk life only where there was a life to save, but he remembered a pale girl sewing wearily from day to day, till he should be able to marry her. Times were hard, his wages small. A thousand dollars in his pocket, and to-morrow he could give little Anne a home.

"I will go, sir," he said. "My name is Willard Ball. If I am killed, remember Anne, White," and he was off, and out of sight in a moment.

Meanwhile the central fire, battled by many engines, was slowly diminishing with fitful revivals, but where the fireman whom Mabel watched fought alone, the insidious flames were creeping out here and there. He had been inside, but he was forced out, slowly retreating. Ribbons of flame flung themselves toward him to catch him in their terrible lasso, broad sheets flared over him, gleaming swords sprang at him from dusky sheaths, smoke poured over him in smothering volumes. He retreated slowly, step by step, sometimes seeming swallowed up, then again just visible, always disputing every step. Then he called out:

"I think I'll come down. The room underneath is on fire."

"Ball is inside," was the answer.

He ran up the ladder again as though electrified. Mabel buried her face in her hands, and prayed. The crowd gave a half-stifled shout, and were silent, watching. Flames began to

burst from the lower windows, and long, fiery fingers clutched toward the ladder.

"I'm sorry that he went in," muttered the merchant between his teeth, walking to and fro.

"O, Mabel!" said Mrs. Jameson, nearly weeping, "I'm sorry we came. These two men will never get out again."

Mabel felt herself grow sick and faint, but still she repeated the same petition, "Father, spare them!" everything reeling around her, the whole scene narrowed in her vision to that one window, with the perilous ladder leading to it. The ladder was blackened by smoke, and the top of it caught fire momentarily, but was extinguished.

"Come out! come out! Your ladder wont last ten minutes," called hundreds of voices.

For a time there was no answer, and a cry of terror broke forth, as flames blazed again from the lower windows. Then a figure appeared at the window, came slowly down the ladder, holding a small chest in his hand, and fell at the merchant's feet. The fireman had won his Anne, but it had been a narrow escape. When Mabel dared to look again at the ladder, she saw another figure coming slowly down, wrapped in some heavy cloth, coming slowly down through the flames, which a stream of water playing over him, prevented from catching fire.

"Thank God!" murmured Mabel, as he reached the ground, and threw his wrapping aside, her eyes dimmed by joyful tears. When she had wiped them away, she saw him standing near her.

"O, nothing's the matter with me but this little scratch with glass," he said, in answer to some inquiries, holding out his hand to show blood dripping from his wrist. "Ball had a narrow escape. Have you a handkerchief to give me? Mine is gone, and this blood runs fast."

"I'm sorry I don't happen—"

"Please let me!" said Mabel, starting forward impulsively. "I will bind it up."

As he turned toward her, his face was in shadow so that she could not see it.

"It is no matter," he said, in a very low tone, and though his features were in shadow, she felt that a pair of bright eyes were gazing upon her illuminated face.

"See how it bleeds," she said. "It is matter, sir."

He silently extended his arm.

"I've been watching you all the time," she went on, in her sweet, trembling voice, as she bound her soft handkerchief around his wrist.

"I scarcely breathed, after you went up the last time. I am very thankful that you are safe."

"It was nothing," the stranger said, in a voice so low, that, but for its distinctness, she could not have heard it.

"Nothing!" she exclaimed. "It is a good deal. It is like an old ballad, only more exciting. Launcelot never did anything equal to it. I think you are a hero, sir. Will you tell me your name? I would like to remember it."

"Dear lady, you would like me less with a name, perhaps. I thank you for your kind offices."

And with a profound bow he turned away.

"Isn't he odd, not to tell his name?" said Mrs. Jameson, as they ran homeward. "I think I have seen him before, but of course I couldn't be sure in such an uncertain, abrupt light; and those caps change their looks. He will know you, any way, for he never took his eyes from you. Besides, your name was on your handkerchief, wasn't it? Quite a romance, dear."

The fire had burnt up that night's sleep for Mabel, and she was glad that they had all been to breakfast, when she went down in the morning. She did not feel like talking, least of all, about her last night's adventure. She hoped that Mrs. Jameson had already exhausted her ideas upon the subject, and that she should hear no more about it. But she was disappointed. At the tea-table, where all were assembled, the lady opened her budget. Mrs. Jameson painted the fire *a la Rembrandt*; the fireman *a la Raphael*; the *ensemble* of the adventure, *a la Hogarth*. Mabel listened in silent vexation, looking into her plate, her color a little heightened.

"What a charming romance," laughed Lieutenant Shorey, who had been watching her. "We shall see the gallant fireman dropping in some evening. He can come in after his day's work is over. Probably he is a brick-layer."

Mabel looked up with a flash.

"Whatever his occupation may be, Lieutenant Shorey, he has the manner of a gentleman; and he is the bravest man I ever saw. His last going up the ladder to save another, was heroic. I honor and admire him, whoever he is."

Finishing this oration, she met the gaze of Heinrich Riemer. A blush as beautiful as a woman's warmed his cheeks, a smile of more than pleasure played around his lips, and his

blue eyes grew deeper in their color. Several at the table commended Mabel, and in the midst of a glorification of firemen, they retired to the parlor.

"Mabel, are you angry with me?" asked the officer, following her to a seat apart.

"I am always angry with you, when you are disagreeable," she said, not liking the somewhat lover-like attitude which he had assumed.

He sat on a stool near her feet, and turned over her portfolio which lay on the table. As he did so, a folded paper slipped out.

"May I read?" he asked, opening it, with his eyes on her.

"I don't care," she answered, carelessly, thinking more of Mr. Riemer's intent gaze, that had just met her glance, and supposing the paper to be merely some memorandum of books or music.

The lieutenant opened the paper, and read:

"No more! no more! I have bent too long
'Neath your inopulent thrall, and I stand upright!
Will I give my soul, do you think, for a song,
And dance for my lord to please his sight,
And humbly wait till his royal eyes
O'erflow me with their light?"

"I fling you out of my heart and life,
Trifler—I marvel my fiery blood
Followed the beck of your changing face,
Like the foolish tide, with ebb and flood
Following and moaning after the moon.
I am free again, thank God!

"And yet—and yet—the soft, lint locks
Where golden lights with shadows play,
And the smile that wins and thrills and mocks,
And the tender voice, and the eyes' clear ray—
Nay, smile not! 'twas only a drop of blood
Where I tore my heart away."

Looking presently at her companion, Mabel saw him bending over the paper, a smile of triumph on his lips, a bright crimson flushing his handsome face. He looked up into her eyes suddenly, with a keen, confident gaze.

"I am glad that you love me, Mabel dearest," he said, in a low voice, "I have been afraid of losing you. Forgive me, and I will trifle no more."

Mabel's face was on fire, when she snatched the paper and examined it. It had been written and forgotten, months before, and the feelings which it expressed were more fancied than real. She might have felt some pain and vexation while writing the lines, but had long since become indifferent. The soldier had stirred her heart, merely because it was un-

occupied, but had never really entered it. Now she was filled with shame and vexation at the inference which he had drawn.

"You mistake," she said, presently, finding voice. "You arrive at very presumptuous and foolish conclusions."

"Name them," he said, a little disconcerted.

"That I wrote that ridiculous rhyme, that it was addressed to you, and, even were those allowed, that the feelings which it expresses were real, and that they still exist. Lieutenant Shorey," she concluded, now perfectly self-possessed, and even a little supercilious, "I have not a spark of affection for you more than for any other mere acquaintance. I think you a very good-looking young man, and an agreeable companion, when you take pains to please, and don't imagine every woman is in love with you, but I never think of you when you are absent."

"You have your revenge," he said, angrily, turning away.

Mabel was not vain, but at times, lately, she had thought that Mr. Riemer liked her better than he did others. And now when he came to sit by her, and asked her about the fire, and particularly about the fireman, the thought just glanced into her mind that he was a little jealous. She was ashamed of the thought, but could not banish it.

"These men get excited, and can risk something," he said. "You should see an infantry charge. That requires real nerve, either to give or receive. It is harder than facing flames."

"It cannot be," she said. "Both are facing death, but in battle you have a human foe, and if you fall, it is by a wound, and you have some chance of being left in the form of humanity. But to be devoured by flames, to be snatched into a death of torment, to be reduced to indistinguishable ashes, out of sight of all, that is horror. It is the isolation that is dreadful. You do not fall on mother earth, nor beside your brothers."

Her companion looked at her with a smile. She smiled also, half ashamed of her earnestness.

"Don't try to take the crown from my hero's head," she pleaded. "You may have seen such deeds before, I never did. I never was so stirred. Soldiers fight to destroy life, firemen fight to save it. Don't uncrown my hero."

"Can I uncrown him?" he asked.

"No," she answered, laughing and flushing.

"Do you prefer him to the lieutenant?" he

asked, in a sharp, swift whisper, bending to lift a spray of vine that had fallen from her hand. Rising he met her eye, flashing.

"One doesn't fall in love with a person whom one has seen but once, and then, so slightly as never to recognize again. But, if it will interest you to know, Mr. Riemer, I think I should prefer this fireman to any gentleman I have ever known."

And Miss Werner sailed away haughtily, without another glance.

"He cares nothing for me," was her conclusion, the next day. If he had cared for her, he could not help showing some embarrassment, after the conversation of the evening before. But he was as kind and polite as ever. There was no sign of jealousy. Mabel should have been glad, but was not quite so. She felt a sense of loneliness, remembering that she was among strangers, with no one in the world that belonged to her. Mr. Riemer did not come into the parlor that evening, nor the next day, and when he did appear, he talked principally with Etta.

"I do miss him," she owned to herself, that night. "He is interesting when he chooses, and is not like others. I think his quietness means strength. He is surely trust-worthy. I would like him for a friend, and my fireman for a hero. How foolish I am!" she cried. "I must have done with this nonsense."

And to prove her penitence, she had a hearty cry, sobbing herself to sleep.

After three days of distance, Heinrich Riemer came and sat beside her one evening.

"I feel as though I have punished myself sufficiently," he said, smiling. "I have absented myself from you three days, as a penance for having spoken so unjustifiably. I am sure you ought to forgive me now."

"But, what was my fault?" she asked, trying to speak lightly.

"Yours? Nothing."

"You punished me, also. I have missed you."

"Have you?" he asked, gently.

"Yes. You know these people are not very interesting, and I am a comparative stranger in the city. Sometimes I am lonely."

"I have punished myself more than I thought," he said, without looking at her, then changed the subject.

After that, he came home every evening, and sometimes he lingered a moment after breakfast. He was very kind, Mabel said to herself, and resolutely shut her eyes to everything but kindness. She began to see

farther into his grave, reserved manner, and caught, sometimes, a sudden and unexpected gleam of enthusiasm, or a sparkle of airy gaiety, that enchanted her by its dashing grace.

One evening in early autumn, they were alone. The others had gone out to walk in the broad, full moonlight, that was enough to swamp them.

"See what a tender brightness," he said, putting back the curtains. "May I extinguish the gas? There, is it not beautiful?"

"Beautiful!" echoed Mabel, leaning out the open window.

"I saw a friend of yours to-day," said Mr. Riemer.

"Whom?"

"The fireman you spoke of last summer."

"You have seen him?" she exclaimed.

"Do tell me about him."

"He sent your handkerchief, with his thanks."

Mabel took the handkerchief, mutely, scarce knowing whether to be pleased or not.

"Has his wrist only just healed?" she asked, half laughing, but also a little nervous; "or has he been all this time seeking the owner for this poor bit of cambric?"

"The wound healed in a few days," said Mr. Riemer, quietly; "but it left a little scar," and, baring his wrist, he showed a white seam.

"What do you mean?" she demanded, looking fixedly at him.

"Would you be disappointed, Mabel? Did you never suspect that it was I?"

Mabel touched his arm with both his hands, then covered her face with them.

"Dear Mabel, I ought not to have told you. I see that you are disappointed."

"I am not," broke from her lips. "O, why didn't you tell me before?" she cried, dropping her hands, and looking up at him.

He said nothing, but stood and held his hands towards her. She trembled, wavered, then, with a step, was beside him, her hands clasped in his.

"You love the fireman," he said, presently.

"But poor Heinrich—"

"Ah, yes, poor Heinrich!" she echoed, not to be deceived by his tone and look. The pulse that beat in those fingers clasping hers, was not a despondent one.

"You will buy me a spinning-wheel, my lady?" he said, tacking at this puff of head wind.

A spray of tears rose suddenly to Mabel's eyes.

"I would rather see you at a spinning-wheel," she said, "than swung from fourth story windows of burning houses. I am glad to know you capable of such things, but—" a tremor, a glance finished this sentence.

"Mabel," he said, earnestly, looking into her eyes, "look into your own soul, and tell me—would you rather your husband died nobly or lived ignobly?"

A panorama seemed to pass before her mind; perils, escapes, losses, a sublime sorrow whose very darkness was dazzling, she felt each in turn. Then she looked at him again, pale and still.

"You will not peril your life for any man's gold?" she said.

"Never! But if a life is in danger, and there is even the slightest chance that I may save it, at whatever peril, may I be sure that Mabel bids me go?"

"Yes, go!" she said, all the light of her pale face centered in the eyes that flashed through her tears.

"Meanwhile," he exclaimed, radiant with delight, "we are both safe and happy."

And in that condition, dear readers, we will leave them.

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.

He is above a mean thing. He cannot stoop to a mean fraud. He invades no secrets in the keeping of another. He betrays no secrets confided to his keeping. He takes selfish advantage of no man's mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He is not one thing to a man's face and another at his back. If by accident he comes into possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes upon them an instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter in at his window, or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He profanes no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. He may be trusted himself out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fall of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. He insults no man. If he have a rebuke for another he is straightforward, open and manly. From profane and wanton words his lips are chastened. Of woman and to her he speaks with respect. In short, whatever he judges honorable he practises toward every man.

[ORIGINAL.]

FARE THEE WELL!

BY J. S.

Fare thee well, love; we must sever—
Not for years, love, but forever;
We meet no more—or only
Meet as strangers, sad and lonely.

Fare thee well!

Fare thee well, love; how I languish
For the cause of all my anguish;
None have ever met and parted :
So forlorn and broken-hearted.

Fare thee well!

Fare thee well, love; couldst thou know
The fatal spell that binds me so,
Thou'dst regret the words then spoken—
Regret the cause, the heart thus broken.

Fare thee well!

Fare thee well, love, now and ever!
Can two fond hearts thus dis sever?
Can you—will you ever find
A heart more warm, more true than mine?

Fare thee well!

Fare thee well, love—until I perish,
All my truth for thee I'll cherish;
And when thou my requiem hearest,
Know, till death, I loved thee dearest.

Fare thee well!

[ORIGINAL.]

ONE HUSBAND'S GAIN.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

"LIGHT biscuit these, Mrs. Scofield; Mrs. Cleaves, why can't you make such?"

The compliment Rollin Cleaves addressed to his cousin, at whose table they were guests; the rebuke—for the tone of his question implied nothing else—he bestowed on his wife. The latter, however, was too busy with feeding the child seated in a high chair by her side, to make any reply, or perhaps to hear. One could see that she just then winced a good deal—possibly, the sharp little teeth, eager after the good things, bit her helping finger.

"Mince pie!" said Mr. Cleaves, presently, in a delighted exclamation. "And a kind worth having, too. Now we never have mince pies."

"Why, Rollin!"

It was all his wife uttered and the slight

exclamation seemed to have been breathed out unconsciously.

"Well," rejoined Rollin, not coming down from his censorship in the least, "we never have anything to be named with this, at all. Don't you think so yourself—eh?"

"This is *very* nice."

Mrs. Cleaves spoke low, as before, nor raised her eyes, while her husband went on:

"You are the best cook I know of, Maria. I wish you'd have the patience to give Emily a few lessons. If she improved by them, our journey would be well taken."

It was the fourth meal since her friend's arrival, and at each had Maria Scofield been called to listen to similar remarks. In her own mind, she began first to fear, and now to be certain, that her cousin Rollin, whom she had thought almost faultless, as a boy, was not a model husband. Both he and Emily, neither of whom Mrs. Scofield had seen before since their marriage, appeared much changed.

"Your friend Emily seems a very listless person," John Scofield observed to his wife, the evening before, after the party had returned from a walk, and had retired to their chambers. "Now, if there's anything I have a dread of," he went on, "it is a woman without a spark of enthusiasm in her nature. To climb the rocky tower at such a sunset as this has been, and scan the line of snowy beach, dividing cottages and woods and undulating hills from the ocean with its green islands and moving sails—and not to change a feature, nor have a word to say, save a lifeless 'Very well,' when asked how she liked it—why, such an occurrence is an insult to heaven and earth."

"Don't judge hastily," responded Maria, coming back from the wardrobe, where she had been putting away her out-door attire; "what you have seen of Rollin's wife, is her second nature, not her first. I don't know, but I'm afraid"—she hesitated, and then added—"that Emily is not happy."

How could she be? It was true that Maria had declared that Emily Cleaves was not naturally the spiritless, half-animated creature a stranger would now take her for. In her girlhood, from which she had been separated but four brief years, Emily possessed an innocent gaiety of disposition that made her the light of the home circle, and a prize in society. So changed now—she seemed scarcely the same person.

Like the bloom from her cheek, had vanish-

ed the vivacity of her manner, while the silence and reserve which had taken its place, were, to one with spirit in sympathy with hers, often painful to witness. Almost within the first ten minutes after their arrival, Mrs. Scofield was struck by the alteration, but at that time attributed it to the fatigue incident to her journey. John Scofield, who had not known Mrs. Cleaves, except through his wife's recommendation, was disappointed, and uttered his impatient criticism, whose justice the events of another day had seemed to confirm, rather than to disprove.

Mrs. Scofield might have liked the recommendation of her guest—as what housekeeper does not?—but connected, as Rollin's invariably were, with some remark or comparison depreciating to his wife, they became almost immediately irksome, and intolerably hateful to her, at length.

"Rollin needs a lesson from me more than his wife does," she said to herself at that tea-table; "and he shall have it, so sure as I can get the opportunity."

As soon as they had finished their tea, the gentlemen excused themselves, and went out, intending to spend the evening away. Maria and Emily had not risen from the table. When they were alone, the latter was pressed to take something more, so lightly had she eaten; and as she still declined, was kindly questioned whether she was ill. No, she was quite as well as usual, but of late she seldom had much appetite at night. She had had none in the morning.

Then she rallied, making a very obvious effort to be cheerful. It would not do. The two friends who in years gone by had lain awake many a night, talking of many things, and who, when this visit had been projected, thought they would have so much to say to each other, sat side by side, mute, or barely exchanging a few monosyllables. Perchance Emily Cleaves was hardly conscious of having a secret to keep, a burden which none must help her bear; yet that same hour she was brooding over her secret, and sinking dumbly beneath her burden. And her warmest friend, while tenderly yearning to offer sympathy and counsel, could but have respected her less, had she found it easy to unbosom herself in a matter which cast reproach upon the husband she had wedded.

In so dull company, the little girl of between three and four grew sleepy and fretful—wanted her papa, and did not want to go to bed. Less with words, than by the touch of

her gentle hands, the mother soothed her child, and the snowy night-dress was substituted for the embroidered frock; little Alice was ready for bed. With a languid air, Emily rose, and took the child by the hand to lead her to her chamber.

"I hardly think I will come down again—I feel rather tired," she said at the door of the sitting-room. "Good-night, Maria."

Mrs. Scofield fancied the eyes that used to smile down to their very depths, looked filmy and mournful, as if they longed to wash themselves in tears. She pitied her, sincerely, but in this case the sentiment was better withheld than expressed.

"By this time she is crying heartily," she said to herself, as she took a piece of sewing, and sat down to her lonely task, only relieving her feelings by a deep sigh. "Poor Emily! but I thought she would have one of the best husbands in the world."

The bell rang. Perhaps it was best that her reverie was interrupted; but Maria, if it must be so, would have preferred the society of almost any one to that of Miss Hannah—as she was commonly called. Miss Hannah was aunt to Rollin Cleaves—an old maid, and a bad type of her class.

"I thought Emily was here," she said, looking round with a disappointed air, on entering the room. "It was *her* I came to see."

"She complained of fatigue, and has retired, and I hope is asleep by this time."

"O, she has retired? Very well, I will go to her room, then. Rollin isn't up there, is he?" And Miss Hannah drew her moreens more closely about her spare figure, as if to save herself from some contamination; for she had such a loathing of the opposite sex as scarcely allowed her to speak peaceably of her own nephew—at least, when in connection with a lady's bed-chamber.

Maria, who instinctively felt that Miss Hannah's visit would be most untimely, exhausted every means she could think of to keep her feet off the stairs; but the other was an independent woman, and calculated she knew her own business. When a child, Emily had been her pupil and pet—that was before Miss Hannah's vinegar days—and a warm attachment had existed between the two ever since; for Emily loved everybody, nor could anybody help loving her.

"What, do you imagine," she snapped out, "that she has come here to see no one but yourself? If that is the case, she can tell me. Disturb her, indeed! Well, I'm glad she is so

carefully guarded. I flatter myself, however, she won't be loth to lose a half-hour's sleep on account of Aunt Hannah. I'll believe otherwise when I have her word for it. Don't trouble yourself. Why should you go up to tell her I'm coming, I'd like to know? Hum! I'll take care of myself, and be responsible for consequences."

And one minute thereafter, Aunt Hannah had mounted the staircase, and walked directly into Emily's sleeping-room. Unwillingly enough, Maria listened to her opening and shutting of the door; and almost as soon, the street door opened to admit Emily's husband. John, he said, had met a man with whom he had business to transact; so, their plans for the evening being upset, he had preferred returning to the house, and having a cozy chat with her.

"Emily is abed, is she?" he asked. "I thought so. She isn't much company for one now-a-days. And Aunt Hannah gone up to see her, do you say? Well," he continued, with a short laugh, "I shall not shock her by attempting to go in while she stays. She might jump out of the window, and lose her valuable life. Besides, I doubt, if she heard me coming, whether she wouldn't turn the key on me. The old man-hater!"

Whereupon, Rollin Cleaves changed his seat from the lounge to the easy-chair opposite his cousin Maria, where he sat rocking backward and forward, a fine picture of content.

No more agreeable man than Rollin, when he chose, need be found; and in his days of bachelorhood, it used to be said that in order to bring out his most polished manners and best conversational powers, it was necessary that there should be present one or more ladies. The gallant gentleman was little changed in his deportment toward the sex, with one exception—that exception being, unfortunately, his wife.

"What a beautiful home aspect there is here," he remarked. "Such a knack as you have at housekeeping, Ri."

"Fie, Rollin," returned the housekeeper, who, besides being a plain-spoken person, naturally, was, as we have seen, heartily sick of his compliments, "you must know what it means to put a house in company fix. And didn't you write me a fortnight ago that you were coming to see me?"

"Company fix, or not," said Rollin, the more emphatically, "I wish I might just once see my house in the perfect order this seems

to be in. But Emily is such a slim housekeeper."

The same invidious comparison. Maria bit her lips.

"There is as great difference in houses as in their housekeepers," she said, presently. "That is a fact which you husbands, perhaps, but little appreciate. Dwellings are like women; you have seen some of the latter, who, no matter what the outlay, never look well dressed, while a few take on gentility, and even elegance, in simple, everyday attire. One house I lived in, never could be kept tidy, work as I would."

The other sat a moment in musing attitude, then took up another branch of the same subject.

"Don't you think," he asked, "that Emily has grown old frightfully fast? I often tell her she looks older than her mother."

"I wonder if such comments from one's husband would be likely to improve any woman's looks," Maria thought within herself. She only said, "Has Emily had good health?"

"Yes. That is, for the last year or two, she has had bad digestion. The doctor says she has some liver affection. You noticed those dark spots in her forehead? her complexion is nearly ruined. Few women keep their complexions now-a-days, and as a consequence, few women look well. Dyspepsia, in some form, is become a fashionable complaint, you know."

He spoke in an irritable, contemptuous tone, looking rigidly out of doors, as if it would be good to turn his back upon home and its associations forever. Mrs. Scofield stayed her needle for an instant, while hastily considering the propriety of speaking her mind without disguise. She was older than her cousin Rollin; in former days he often sought her counsel, and guided himself by her judgment. Would he as readily listen to her now? Would he understand her? That Emily's husband was destroying their domestic peace unawares, she was certain; but was the case one that admitted of expostulation? It remained to be seen which was strongest, his self-love, or his affection as a husband.

She kept silence still, compressed her lips, and resumed her sewing, her needle flying faster and faster.

"What a rapid sewer you are," remarked her cousin, again. "How is it you seem to excel in everything that goes to make up domestic comfort? Or, rather, why cannot every woman adapt herself to act a wife's part, the

same as you have done? You had no mother to teach you these things. You graduated, if I remember, and at once commenced teaching, which you continued up to the very date of your marriage with my lucky friend, John Scofield. Now here I find you, after a few years, a real model housewife, as if you had been educated for that alone. I think I can answer my own questions. You have resolution. With you, a duty once comprehended is as good as accomplished. You do not, by stopping to dread every difficulty, create a greater."

Again he turned toward the window with that rigid expression, and the look afar off.

"A listener would surely think," said Maria, a trifle coolly, "that you had laid yourself out to flatter me this evening."

"You, at least, know otherwise," he replied, in sincerity. "I do but speak out of the fullness of my heart, to one in whom I know I may confide. As I was just now saying to John, you don't know the utter discomfort which the lack of domestic qualities in a wife entails on a family. I have learned it pretty effectually."

"Emily has had but half the years of domestic practice that I have. You must be patient."

"Humph! The longer the time, the worse the result, in our case. The plain truth seems to be, that Emily has no heart in her tasks. Till these low spirits came upon her, there was some hope that she might improve. Now, if there is one thing that makes home more dreadful than anything else can, it is a low-spirited wife. It is common to ascribe domestic unhappiness to the parties having married without sufficient acquaintance. Frankly, Maria, what amount of acquaintance would have been requisite to the discovery that Emily was subject to depression of spirits? There was no merrier girl of all my acquaintance—no, nor one in all the country; and you, I believe, will add your testimony to the fact."

"Yes, cheerfully."

With this brief response, Mrs. Scofield allowed the other to proceed; her turn to speak would come presently.

"If lowness of spirits," the husband said, "only reflected themselves in poor housekeeping—bad as that is—I would bear with it; but in Emily's case, it is encroaching upon her health. Between ourselves, I verily believe that to be the sole cause of bad digestion and weak nerves. She never laughs now. I had

never missed her merriment so much till coming here. Half a dozen times since yesterday has your old-time laugh, so spontaneous and hearty, startled me into remembrance of one of Emily's girlish attractions. I would give anything to hear again her ringing laugh; but you can see how small are the chances of my doing so—yet I assure you that since coming here Emily has been more than ordinarily cheerful."

Mrs. Scofield, while she listened, had folded the piece of sewing on which she was engaged, and now laid it aside—too intent over a task of a different description to wish to connect it with anything else.

"You are quite right," she slowly began, "in supposing that at the time of my marriage I was deplorably ignorant of household matters. John must have been aware of this, beforehand, as well as I; but like most young people—yourself and Emily, for example—we did not much consider. If we loved each other, the rest would come right of itself.

"But the time came when I was to prepare our first meal; I shall never forget in what a tremor of excitement I set about it. Searching the larder, to ascertain what store of materials had been placed at my disposal, I found flour and lard; and it occurred to me that my husband was partial to doughnuts. Some doughnuts I would make. Mother Scofield—who, by the way, was a capital cook—had some, I recollected, the first time John took me to visit her, before our marriage—real farmhouse doughnuts.

"I began early; but time progressed so much faster than my cooking, that I had but just dropped the first circles of dough into the hot lard, when I saw my husband coming to supper. My face flushed hotter than the fire had made it. Not unfrequently John's mother had had occasion to use him as help during his boyhood; he was a dozen times more competent as a housekeeper than I was, at that time, and I knew it. How could I bear to have him witness my awkward first attempts?

"He entered, smiling and happy, of course; and I smiled, though I was far from happy. Taking no notice of how I was occupied, he crossed the room, where he seated himself at a window, looking persistently out, while chatting about the streets and the villagers, until I made the trembling announcement that supper was ready.

"Would he have a doughnut? I did not offer them with any great measure of confi-

dence—their character was but too apparent to the eye. With a gratified look, he took one from the plate. How had I known precisely the thing he would like? I strove very hard to smile, too. How it went to my heart!

"Those doughnuts! O, may I never suffer again the mortification they caused me! One could easily have believed I had taken all the mahogany knobs from the doors, and placed them on the tea-table. It was as much as I could do to choke back the tears. A frown from my husband—one syllable of contempt, such as he might well have felt—would have crushed my very soul. Even now, I dare not think seriously on what the difference would have been to me.

"He ate of them—I know not how he did it. He said they were nice—it was a loving falsehood. When we rose from the table, he insisted on my going to the shop with him, and after sunset we would walk, he said; and he would help me to clear the tea-table, though I knew that but for my sake he would be very impatient to be back at his business. Thus he drove my bad feelings away.

"What wife would not exert herself to please such a husband. I had married poor, and must work; but work was no drudgery. I had never known any happiness equal to that of seeking to make my husband happy. My inexperience constantly led me into mistakes, at first, but his kindness and forbearance were inexhaustible; and these gave me courage to try again, and to keep trying. If now my housekeeping deserves any of the fair words you have bestowed upon it, all is due to the continued encouragement and unflinching patience of one of the best of husbands."

Rollin Cleaves had listened with strange emotions. Did *Ri*, as he used to call her, think her a bad husband? It must be so, but he had been far from viewing it in that light. He felt the contrast between the picture as she had drawn it, and what the same would have been in his and Emily's domestic life; and his sensations were wholly uncomfortable. He thought he had ceased to expect much, and had half resigned himself to the alternative; but now he could not help thinking what a miserable prospect was before them—himself, his wife and children. If he could be set back to his marriage day, perhaps things might be made different—he did not know—but at any rate, the chances were gone by. He had accustomed himself to fault-and-

ing with his wife, till he was conscious of having dimmed the lustre of his first affection for her; and as to Emily's love for him, if she had any still, it was long since he had received any direct demonstration thereof. He did not ask himself whether he had solicited any.

While Maria was speaking, a woman's step came down the staircase, and went into the street; it was the maid, but both Cleaves and Mrs. Scofield believed the person to be Aunt Hannah. Feeling as wretched as he well could, Rollin thought he would exchange his thorny seat for the pillow; so, bidding his cousin an abrupt good-night, he started for the chamber. He wondered, as he went, if men who had used a razor for severing the jugular vein, instead of taking off the beard, did not commit the act with much such feelings as his were now.

He had nearly opened the door of their chamber, when the sharp voice of Miss Hannah reached his ear from within, and he paused to hear her say:

"It's no use telling me you've got a good husband—there never was such a being. Truth is truth, no matter if it does concern one's nephew. You needn't keep on denying you're as unhappy as you can be; what else were you crying like a baby for, when I came in? You can't keep from crying now, you poor martyr. I wish to gracious the marriage institution was done away with. Why shouldn't I, when it brings nothing but misery?"

"I wish I could be in your place just about half an hour. I'd teach Rollin Cleaves better than to believe it's a woman's vocation to be murdered by inches by a tyrant who calls himself her husband. You needn't confess anything; I see it all as plain as day. And my advice to you is to begin this very night to stand up for your rights. Tell him what you *will* bear, and what you *won't*. It's the only way. You are a slave, a—"

"O, aunt," sobbed the voice of the young wife, hysterically, "do not go on so. You have no idea how you distress me. You must not—indeed, you *must* not speak so of Rollin. If he has a few faults, I have more. If we are not as happy in each other as we once expected to be, we can avoid open disagreement, at least. But you wrong him—wrong the father of my child; and in this you are not my friend. I will not take the advice you offer—God keep me from doing so wickedly! I will love my husband always, and now I long to get my health again, most of all, that

I may do more than ever I did to make him happy."

A slight noise was heard behind the visitor's chair. Miss Hannah looked quickly around, and vacated her seat and the house in less time than it takes me to say so. Rollin had entered the chamber, and, pale and flushed, and pale again, all in the same breath, hastened forward to clasp his wife to his bosom, where she sat up in bed in her night-clothes, her face buried in her hands, her hair falling loosely over her shoulders.

"Emily," he cried, "my true and noble wife, ten minutes ago, I could have taken my own life—now I wish to live in order to make yours happy. If I feared we had lost our affection for one another, I had but to listen to your words, and then look into my own heart, to find how greatly I was mistaken. I see it now; I have been ignorantly, cruelly blind, but I have had a better adviser than you have had. I scarcely thought to heed her advice, yet now I come to you a penitent, asking pardon. Hereafter, I will understand and appreciate you; and you shall have no thought reserved from your husband."

Emily slept little that night, yet next morning looked brighter and happier than in many a week.

One year from that time, John and Maria visited them in their now happy home. Emily looked younger and fairer, for her health was completely restored. The light of happiness was in her eyes, and the musical laugh her husband delighted to hear, often rang through the room. Little Emily's infant brother lay in the cradle, and the father was equally proud of his children, and tender and considerate towards his wife; who, he said, was a splendid housekeeper—as good as his cousin Maria, any day.

Surely, this state of things was a husband's great gain.

SWITCHED OFF.

"Boys," said a village pedagogue, the other day, "what is the meaning of all that noise in the school?"

"It's Bill Sykes, sir, who is all the time imitating a locomotive."

"Come up here, William, if you are turned into a locomotive, it is high time you were switched off."

Genius and talent are a mental fortune; but it can be gambled away pretty much like meaner fortunes.

[ORIGINAL.]

RAIN.

BY LUCILLE HOWARD.

Hark! hear the raindrops tinkle, like low silver
bells,
Or harmonious echo of musical shells;
It sweeps over my soul with a beauty as fair
As harp-strings of angels, vibrating the air.

List! It now dashes on with a clangor of steel;
And the wind rushes by with a deafening peal,
Like the shout of victorious armies, away
Mid the sabre's quick flash, and the war-horse's
neigh.

Again a low murmur, that thrills me with awe,
Like weird sounds from the home of the phantom
afar;

Or, like the wild boom of the signal at sea,
As it sweeps o'er the wave in its grand melody.

Now the storm-king has fled—but, like giants in
might,

The black clouds of herculean armies of night
Wave their banners exultant, deriding the foe,
Then are lost 'neath the light of the night-god's
bright glow.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE DUKE'S SON.

AN HISTORICAL LEGEND.

BY HOWARD LIVINGSTON.

In the middle of the 16th century, the Duke of Savelli, then residing with his family in Rome, erected a temporary summer palace, more distinguished for the exquisite taste of its architecture, than for any appearance of solidity. The palace was built at a small village under the shadow of the Apennines, where, hitherto, but a few habitations were standing, excepting the merest cottages.

After all, it was seldom that the duke or any of his family came to reside at this sylvan retreat; and it was left almost wholly to the care of one of his vassals, Antonio Cellini, a man who, notwithstanding his station, was possessed of no common abilities and education. This Cellini had a very lovely daughter, who had received a training far different to those of her order. She was naturally talented, and had been taught a few accomplishments, including painting, in which she had made respectable progress.

When, therefore, her father placed her in

charge of the picture gallery and library of the duke, her highest hopes seemed accomplished. Day after day, the girl would devote herself to the care of them; forgetting everything else in the delight of reading, studying and pursuing the art which she almost worshipped.

In these absorbing pursuits, she scarcely remembered that, when a child of thirteen, she had been betrothed to a young peasant whose inner and outer life differed but little from those of his rank. He was but awaiting the period when her parents should consider her of age to marry, and contented himself with coming to gaze upon her beauty, and sending her little presents, such as a peasant's scanty means would allow.

Though not intellectual, Tomaso possessed the natural taste of the Italian peasantry; and the little cottage which, for years, he had been striving to obtain, was a model of its kind. Half hidden by the luxuriant vines he had long trained there, and approached by a little avenue of olive trees, it made a charming addition to the duke's estate, close to which Tomaso had chosen its location. He had built and furnished the new home with specimens of his own skill, and, when he had completed it, he went calmly to the young girl and stated his wish that she would now lay aside the occupations which had so separated them, and prepare to become the mistress of his dainty little home.

"I am willing to marry you, Tomaso, if you desire it," she answered, "but do not separate me from these things which I have so much enjoyed."

"But paintings and books do not become the life of a peasant's wife, Viola; and mine must not be above her station."

"But I have commenced a picture for the walls of your cottage. It is the only thing I have done for it, while you have wrought early and late, and made it so beautiful that you will not grudge me a little space for my picture."

"No, Viola; I shall be glad and proud of it. Forgive me; but I have been a little jealous of the employment that has taken so much of your time from me. But now, when you become my little wife, you will not be ashamed to do the work of my house, will you, dear?"

For a moment the girl stood without answering. A vision, not very pleasing, rose before her. To perform the household duties such as her mother's maid of all work had to do daily, was in strong contrast with the oc-

cupations which she was to leave behind in the duke's noble establishment. She glanced at her small, delicate fingers, and thought they would scarcely suffice for the heavy, coarse employments he was expecting of her. A tear came to her eye. Tomaso saw it and said, haughtily,

"Very well! take your choice! Perhaps Antonia Ricci will not despise my simple home!"

The tear swelled to a flood immediately. She really liked the strong, healthful, handsome peasant, and felt his devotion to her, and she drew nearer to his side and leaned her shining curls against his arm, as she sobbed out that she would never let anything interfere with her duty as his wife. So this slight approach to a quarrel between the lovers, passed away splendidly; Tomaso returning pleasantly to his vines and Viola to the library, where she lost her momentary vexation in a book.

She started from her absorbing interest in her reading, when her father came in suddenly, and announced to her that the duke's family were coming in a day or two, and she must take away her paints and easel.

"And my picture not yet done! O, father, I will finish it to-night. Pray let me paint for this day. The picture is for Tomaso's cottage."

"Well—this day, no more. I would not have the duke find those things disorderly, and he may come to-morrow."

Viola flew to her task and painted rapidly; so rapidly that it was completed before dark. But it *must* stand here all night, at least, and, to complete her distress, she heard the carriages as they were entering the courtyard. But surely they would not come here to-night! So she placed her picture where she could gaze at it with an artist's love and pride for the production. A pretty thing it was, too, with its group of cottage girls and boys, its little cascade and olive trees—just the picture for a home like Tomaso's.

The girl, too, was a picture in herself, with her little red cap, placed carelessly on one side, and her long curls falling over the scarlet jacket; the pretty white hand still holding the palette, as if loth to relinquish it.

So thoughtful and absorbed, was she that she did not observe that any one had opened the door, until a soft footfall came near. She turned and saw one whom she judged to be the son of the family, although she had never seen him. He had not been at the palace

during its erection, but she saw that he resembled the duke. She felt sorry and confused that he should have found her there; yet she had no words to speak her excuse. She made a motion as if to retire, but he prevented her.

"Nay, lady, I grieve to have disturbed you. I was not aware of a visitor here. Pardon my intrusion."

He was about to go, when the sweet voice of Viola struck pleasantly on his ear.

"No visitor, my lord prince, but only a servant in this house. It is I that should ask pardon; but my father's indulgence has been too great in allowing me to come here to paint. He will take this poor copy away instantly."

And she turned away with a careless grace, that set Lorenzo Savelli to wondering whether the lady was not mocking him with her story of being a servant. He laughed aloud at the idea of a servant copying that exquisite picture, and as he looked at the copy, he thought that, perhaps some wandering artist might have penetrated to these rooms without the consent or knowledge of the keeper, and that the lady was his wife and interested in keeping her husband's secret.

At all events, he learned nothing more that night; and, in the morning, all traces of the picture were gone. Lorenzo almost believed himself under a spell.

Viola took care to keep out of his way; and when her father carried the picture away to Tomaso's cottage, she accompanied him. The duke and his son were out riding, and she resolved to remain absent all day, assisting her lover in various little matters of taste, thereby avoiding seeing one who had caused her such confusion.

Her precautions were in vain. He was watching near the palace, and had been looking at every window that he fancied belonged to her father's apartments. She did not see him, until she came so close to him that she could not retreat. He caught her by the hand, and again asked pardon for his intrusion of the evening before. Unfortunately, she had not named it to her father; and when questioned by the young prince, Cellini had frankly told him of his daughter's tastes and attainments. At the same time, he stated the fact of her betrothal.

Lorenzo was determined to see her again. Her beauty and grace had charmed him. He had never seen one who combined so many fascinations with such rare simplicity. It was a new sensation to one who had become sick

of the high flown airs of titled dames; and he longed to transplant this little rustic beauty into his father's lordly halls at Rome, and mark the contrast between them and her. All his thoughts of her were pure. He believed he could make her his wife; but he did not take into account his father's pride, nor his mother's fixed aversion to unequal marriages. All this he had pondered during his watch for a sight of Viola. She came at last, and her blushes at seeing him so suddenly, made her even more beautiful in his eyes. He detained her until he had told her all—told her that she must be his wife.

In vain she told him of her betrothal. That, he said, could be easily set aside, and he resolutely insisted upon going to her father instantly to ask his consent. Viola was frightened at his impetuous manner, and trembled lest Tomaso should be near and see them talking together. She tried to elude him by walking quickly on, but he kept pace with her rapid footsteps, until she disappeared suddenly at a little side door, which, in the dusk he did not perceive.

She entered her father's room, breathless, and said, as soon as she could speak:

"Dear father, I will be married to Tomaso this very week, if you wish it. I am ready now, and care not how soon it takes place."

Surprised and delighted at her acquiescence, the father kissed her tenderly, and told her that it was in accordance with his wishes.

"But how came you to form this sudden resolution, my love?" he asked.

She told him all; and it was decided that, to avoid the prince, she should not go out again until the wedding day, but remain in her chamber constantly.

"He will soon forget this passion," said Cellini to his wife. "He is too highly gifted, too highly born, to wish to make an alliance with us. It would be the eagle mating with the dove. Once married to Tomaso, Viola will never again cross his path nor recur to his mind."

It came—the day on which Viola was to become the wife of Tomaso. The bridegroom was indeed, in personal appearance, far superior to the duke's son. He was tall and handsome; and his love for Viola gave a softer expression to the firm mouth and the large black eyes. Every one in the little chapel where they were united, said what a fitting match it was—he with that serene air of protection, and she, with her clinging dependance—both so beautiful in their way.

But when they passed out, a voice whispered in her ear, that made her shudder, and clasp her husband's arm closer. Until then, she believed him absent, and had been joyfully thinking that he had forgotten the brief dream so unbecoming his station.

Cellini, too, had been glad to miss him from the chapel. Both little knew that he had been concealed in a dim corner, convulsed with anguish and disappointment, and almost insane with passion. Cellini had been dreading that the duke would discover the affair and remove him from his service. He had not dreamed, however, that the mad boy would be so enraged at the disappointment as to speak to Viola of revenge almost at the very altar.

It was a week after the wedding, the first day on which Viola had been left alone. Tomaso had gone to his usual occupations at the vineyard, and she went about her sweet little dwelling, admiring its beauty and feeling that, after all, she was happier than she had ever been, save for the dread of those terrible words. In passing a window, she was terrified by seeing the object of her dread, at a window opposite. How he came there, she was at a loss to imagine, for the dwelling belonged to a peasant family like themselves. From his eager watching of her movements, she conjectured that he must have taken a room there for that purpose.

Before she had time to consider what she could do, he had opened the window and leaped out. In a moment, he was at the window. She was about to shriek out, when she was stopped by hearing her husband's welcome step at the opposite door, and she flew to open it, while Lorenzo hastily fled. She kept nothing from Tomaso, who was satisfied with her conduct, though indignant at the prince and wishing to have an opportunity to punish him for the uneasiness he gave her.

All through that summer, the young prince never left the vicinity. Tomaso dared not leave home, but wrought constantly within sight of the house. Viola would not stay alone; and when her mother could not be with her, she kept constantly near her husband at his work. This sort of life pleased her. It was a perpetual delight to her to be out in the open air; and the only drawback, now, to her enjoyment, was the persecution of Lorenzo, who wrote to her frequently and enclosed rich gifts which she as constantly returned; burning the letters, after showing them to Tomaso.

One day, Tomaso showed her a rough draft of a letter which he wished her to copy. She read it with attention, and returned it to him. It purported to come as from herself, in answer to one just received from the prince, entreating her to grant him an interview. She was to write an acceptance of the request, and appoint an interview at the cottage. Then Tomaso, disguised as a woman, was to meet him, instead of herself.

Viola, unwilling to disappoint her husband, whom she had learned to love very dearly, disliked to refuse, yet her feelings were against acting any deceitful part, even towards one who had so persistently annoyed her.

"To what purpose must I do this, my husband?" she asked.

"This only; that I shall confront him and make him ashamed of thus seeking a married woman. He will be aware that I shall make the ludicrous affair public, and will certainly leave the village to avoid the laughter that will inevitably follow him. Leave it to me, Viola, and I will engage you shall be rid of him. Refuse, and he will never give us any more peace."

It was a bitter thing to do, for, somehow, Viola thought it would end badly. But there was no help for it; for she must obey her husband, and she submitted.

Evening came. In her silent chamber, she heard the impatient steps of the prince—heard the door open and his voice speaking her name in tender accents; and then quickly followed another sound that sent her to the floor, in a dead faint. It was that of a pistol shot, which she knew must come from Tomaso's hand and levelled at the prince.

When she awoke from that deathly trance, she was in the prison at Borgo Castello. She had not strength to ask, but the information was voluntarily imparted to her, that her husband had murdered the prince and had fled from justice, and that she was implicated in the murder.

In vain she asserted her innocence. The duke had decreed her to death, as the exciting cause of his son's murder. A price had been set upon the head of Tomaso, and thirty thousand scudi were offered to the leaders of certain banditti to hunt for him; but nothing was ever after heard of him.

For months, the poor Viola lingered in prison, daily expecting death. One morning, a breath of perfume floated to her room. She inhaled it eagerly and turned to see from whence it came. A lady, noble and com-

manding, was before her, gazing upon her with a look of mingled pity and admiration.

The lady informed her that she was Margaret of Austria, the daughter of Charles V., and wife of Octavio Farnese; that she was then residing in Rome, and was led to visit her from continual reports of her beauty and undeserved misfortunes.

"You must tell me your whole story, my child," she said, soothingly.

Viola listened to her words, and hope once more revived in her heart. She told her all her sad sufferings, and Margaret went instantly to the Pope, Paul III. and repeated the tale, accompanied by her own impressions of the beauty and intellect of the prisoner.

He listened; and promised that, if she could win the duke's consent to release her, he would do so. The duke's rage had subsided with time, and he was won by the gentle voice that pleaded so earnestly for a sister woman. And Margaret herself carried the glad news to the poor, wasted prisoner, took her to her house and kept her constantly beside her; soothing her with tender consolation, and helping her to bear the continued grief of her husband's disappearance.

The duke was the last of the Savelli. No other child had been born to him. He ended his days in a mad house, the effects of a brain fever resulting in the loss of his senses.

THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

The solid rock which turns the edge of the chisel, bears forever the impress of the leaf and the acorn received long, long since, ere it had become hardened by time and the elements. If we trace back to its fountain the mighty torrent which fertilized the land with its copious streams, or sweeps over it with a devastating flood, we shall find it dripping in crystal drops from some mossy crevice among the distant hills; so, too, the gentle feelings and affections that enrich and adorn the heart, and the mighty passions that sweep away all the barriers of the soul and desolate society, may have sprung up in the infant bosom in the sheltered retirement of home. "I should have been an atheist," said John Randolph, "if it had not been for one recollection; and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and caused me on my knees to say, 'Our Father, which art in heaven?'"

A maiden, like a fish, is often hooked by the lip.

[ORIGINAL.]

TO ANNIE.

~~~~~  
BY WYNIE WYLDE.  
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As across the Mystic river
We can see the firelights gleam—
Gleaming through the darkness ever,
As we sail adown the stream:
With a steady, constant motion,
Of their bright and lurid beam;
As we sail on toward the ocean,
Light they up the placid stream.

As we sail adown Life's river,
'Reft of many a brilliant hope,
We should still remember ever
We were made for noble scope.
Like the firelights on the seashore
Are the friends who, through life's ill,
With an undiminished friendship
Guard, and watch, and love us still.

There's some link that will not sever—
Some who ever will be true;
Some who will desert thee never,
Keeping friendship warm for you.
Onward, then, and do not falter,
Nor by sorrows be cast down;
If we bend before Heaven's altar,
We shall gain a fadeless crown.

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[ORIGINAL.]

## CONQUERED.

~~~~~  
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.
~~~~~

"ASHES to ashes, dust to dust—"

Argeline Vernon said the words over slowly—coldly—folding up closely the withered hearts-ease, and violets, in their wrapping of silver paper. There was a curl of soft, bright, chestnut hair twining around them—she put the whole within the little box that had treasured them for years, snapped down the lid, and dropped the whole upon the gleaming coals, in the grate.

There was a flash—a momentary sparkle—a wreath of thin, blue smoke ascended—a pale, ghastly flame shot up, quivered, and died, and then the fiery coals gleamed on, blood red as before.

"There, Philip Desmond, rest in peace!"

She rose, and went to the mirror, pushing back the heavy braids of hair from her face, as if they hurt her. The scrutiny to which she subjected herself was no light one. Perhaps she wanted to compare her negative at-

tractions with the fervid brilliance of Miss Montgomery's beauty.

She recalled the sparkling, blonde face, with its dark violet eyes; white and damask complexion; pearly teeth; hair like spun gold, and that nameless fascination of woman that made the young belle's admirers swear it was witchcraft that so enthralled them. Yes, there was no disputing the fact; Lettice Montgomery was very fair, nay, more than fair, she was beautiful. It was no matter of wonder that Desmond, with his artist fancy, should love her.

The face that looked out of the mirror at Argeline Vernon, would have lost by comparison with that of Miss Montgomery. It was rather pale; intellectual—passionate, perhaps, when the heart was stirred; unless the stern self-control for which Argeline was celebrated, chose to lock all passion away from sight. The features were regular enough; the eyes dark, reflective hazel; hair brown and abundant, confined to the back of the head with a single diamond pin.

Do you get any idea of this woman from the description? No. She was one of those to whom the pen or pencil do scant justice—her beauty, if she possessed any, lay solely in the charm of expression, the reflection of her heart.

Now this reflection was coldly void. There was no reflection to shine through. She was full of a dull endurance—an apathy to meet whatever lay before her with immobility. A week ago, she had been defiant, now that had passed. All fierce emotions are short-lived. She had built an idol, and found it only clay that perisheth.

For three years, Miss Vernon had been the belle of her set. She was an orphan heiress, residing with her father's widowed sister, a woman of fashion and influence, whose ruling ambition was to see her niece well settled in life. Mr. Desmond suited her, as far as personal attractions were concerned, but in the way of property he fell far short of Mrs. Marlowe's requirements.

But Argeline was of age, and had, besides, a will of her own, and would brook no interference, so Mrs. Marlowe had been obliged to hold her peace. Now, that the thing was all over, the lady secretly rejoiced at Philip's falsity; especially as Argeline, seeing the condition of things, had given him a dismissal, even before he had dared to think of asking it.

It was very hard for the girl to break off this connection. As one knows, who has

been through a like trial, how these ties of daily companionship and love wind round our hearts. No one knows how it hurts to sever them rudely, and take home to us the cold fact that what has been so sweet, can never be again! that all the pleasant hours, when heaven seemed drawing nigh to earth, are gone forever; and that henceforth we must go on to the end, lacking something; knowing and feeling always, that we have lost some sweetness and glory out of life that can never return!

There was a great struggle in Argeline's soul—she had nearly lost faith in all creation, because of this unstable Philip Desmond—but after the first bitter disappointment, better thoughts came back.

Two weeks after she had broken with him, she saw a phase in his character, hitherto concealed, that made her thank God devoutly that she had been saved from becoming his.

She was walking in Broad street, one morning, when a light phaeton drew up at the door of a shop near her. Philip sprang out, and assisted Miss Montgomery to alight. Just then, a tattered little beggar girl laid her hand on the dainty, trailing silk robe of the lady.

"Charity, sweet lady! for the love of heaven, charity!" said the thin, dead voice.

Miss Montgomery swept rudely on, the child still clinging to her garments.

"Only a few cents, lady! My mother is sick and hungry!"

"Begone, you little brat!" cried Philip, "or I will have you placed in the hands of the police!"

"Please, sir, my mother—"

"O yes, the old story!" and he struck the feeble arms clasping the end of Miss Montgomery's rich sables, with his whip.

The child's face crimsoned—she drew off a little distance, and looked at him with wondering surprise.

Argeline sprang forward, and laid her hand on the shoulder of the beggar.

"I will go home with you, my child," she said, "and see your mother."

The little girl, without a word, led the way; and Argeline followed. The young belle had never set foot in that part of the city before—but she unhesitatingly followed the lead of her conductor.

The room into which she was ushered was low and meagre; the utmost poverty reigned over the whole place. It was, indeed, as Philip had said, the old story. A woman widowed, poor, with only this little Edith; she

had tried to support herself by sewing, but close application had ruined her health, and now she was too near death to care for aught belonging to the world.

Argeline sat by her, listening to the plaintive story, while Edith, with the money their visitor had given her, went out to buy fuel and food. She returned in a little while, but no fire would ever warm that white, cold woman again!—for Mary Ashe, all suffering was ended!

Argeline took Edith home with her, and after she knew her better, she decided to keep her always. She was already thirteen years of age, and, thanks to the careful teachings of her mother, she was advanced far beyond the generality of girls at that age.

She now was sent to school, and neither pains nor expense was spared to perfect her education. Under the influence of kindness, Edith's dark face grew positively handsome. The great, black eyes lost their frightened appealing expression—the sunken cheeks glowed with faint crimson, and the mass of neglected hair fell into heavy curls, that were the delight and admiration of the whole school.

Argeline still held her old place in society, and many were the suitors who laid their fortunes at her feet. She rejected them all. She had been deceived, once, by one she thought faultless, and she was satisfied to let all these men pass from her thoughts. She said she should never marry; she should find enough in Edith to satisfy all her woman's craving after love.

A year and more passed. Spring was just opening. Philip and Miss Montgomery had gone to Europe with a party of friends. They were to be married in Paris. Argeline read the notice of the wedding—a grand affair, at the American Legation—without a thrill. Tifen she knew that she had overcome all tenderness for the banished past.

In May, there came a great shock for Argeline Vernon. Most women would have wept and stormed over it—she only sat quietly down to think.

A financial crisis was upon the country, and taking advantage of the general confusion, Elkins, the banker with whom Argeline's funds were deposited, had embezzled everything he could lay hands on, and fled the country! There was no help for it—the shrewdest detectives failed to obtain trace of him—he had escaped, and left nothing behind.

Though not absolutely penniless, Miss Vernon had not enough left to warrant her con-

tinuing in idleness, even had she been thus disposed. From the first, she knew she must work—she, who had never even dressed her own hair!

Her aunt was almost frantic at the change, and sought with all her power to dissuade Argeline from going out to earn her living. She should be welcome to remain with her as long as she chose, and Edith could go to the orphan asylum.

Argeline made all her arrangements quietly. Inclination pointed her to the country—she longed for the green hills, and fresh, free breezes that she knew swept the New Hampshire meadows into billowy seas of clover, in the sweet month of June.

At just the right time, a local paper fell into her hands. She could never regard it other than as a special providence. It contained an advertisement of the school committee of Ellwood—a village fifty miles away. They wanted a young lady “of education and respectability,” so ran the notice, “to take charge of a school of fifty scholars, situated in the beautiful and salubrious village of Ellwood, on the western borders of Lake Winnebago.”

The very thing! Argeline answered the advertisement immediately, and in less than a week she had the reply of the committee. She might come out to Ellwood, and if mutually pleased, she could enter upon her duties at once. She could come to the house of Esquire Dracut, where the teachers always boarded.

She packed up her wardrobe, took Edith, and went to Ellwood. The place disappointed her most agreeably. One might travel hundreds of miles, and not come across so attractive a spot as the quiet valley in which Ellwood was situated.

Esquire Dracut met her at the depot, and carried her home with him, in the superannuated, bellows-topped chaise. The Dracut farmhouse was a gem—she thought—as they wound slowly up to the broad porch through a green lane of sycamore trees. It was set down in the middle of a great field—old, rambling and roomy—surrounded by trees a century old; and commanding from its windows the most delightful view in the world. The blue, hazy hills stretching away into the distance, pile upon pile; the unruffled lake, mirroring every tree and shrub with life-like accuracy; the dense forests of maple and beech clad in their young green—O, it was beautiful to Argeline; and to Edith, the city child, who had never

seen a field larger than the dusty park, it was like a glimpse into paradise.

Mrs. Dracut was just the woman one likes to see the mistress of a farmhouse. Robust, ruddy, active, cheerful—she made her guests at home without ceremony.

The school would begin the ensuing Monday, if Argeline passed the examination. She did pass it, so splendidly that old Deacon Grimes rubbed his hands, and declared that she must have managed to smuggle herself through Dartmouth. The old man had a prevailing belief that no one ever achieved eminence unless he had been graduated at his own Alma Mater.

The school was new business to the young teacher. It was her very first attempt to apply herself to work, and it came hard, but she had brought to it a brave heart, and a determination to succeed.

She did well. The scholars liked her; she pleased their parents. She was solicited to take charge of the fall term, and gladly accepted the offer. She liked Ellwood—Edith could keep on with her studies the same as though she were in the city, and the country air made such a beautiful girl of her!

The term closed with an examination, and among the strangers present, Argeline saw a face that interested her strangely. She did not inquire to whom it belonged; it was not like her, but she heard George Phelps, the medical student, address him as Mr. Ashcroft.

So this pale-faced, dark-haired man, with the singularly expressive eyes, and smile of womanly sweetness, was Eugene Ashcroft, the master of Ashcroft Hall. Argeline passed the grounds of this fine old mansion every day on her way to school; and more than once she had stolen a blood-red rose from the profusion of vines that had crept over the high fence to brighten the dusty road.

She had heard a great deal of Mr. Ashcroft since she had come to Ellwood. He had been absent in New York through the summer; now he had come home to oversee the harvesters. Is there a country village under the sun which has not its celebrity? its own particular great man? Of course not. And Ellwood was no exception, for it claimed Eugene Ashcroft.

Argeline heard his praises rung, and his faults chronicled by every young lady whom she had met—they said he was handsome, wealthy and very self-conceited. Women have a way of flattering men till they fill them with self-conceit, and then blame them for it.

Mr. Ashcroft was naturally noble-hearted—but flattery, and the world's fame had tarnished the fine gold of his character, and given him, perhaps, too exalted an idea of his own attractions.

Argeline could not help thinking of him that night; seldom had she been more interested. She was obliged to confess the humiliating truth that she thought of him so deeply as to dream of him when she went to sleep, and remembered the very expression of his eyes the first thing when she awoke in the morning.

A week afterward, there was a picnic in Harvey's woods. Argeline was rather late. John Dracut, the eldest son of the esquire, drove her over. The party had straggled off, some in one direction, and some in another; John went to find some friends of Argeline, and she sat down behind a clump of trees to wait their coming. The fragrance of a cigar warned her of some gentleman's propinquity, and at the same time she heard George Phelps pronouncing her own name.

"Argeline Vernon—rather a romantic cognomen for a school-mistress, isn't it? There is another lady added to your train, Ashcroft."

"Thank you," replied a rich-toned, careless voice, languidly, "I have no *penchant* for school-mistresses. All that I ever knew were lean, snuffy, wore cork-screw curls, and had been just twenty-five for the previous twenty years. Excuse me, if you please."

"Wait till you see Miss Vernon. She is young, beautiful and has been a great heiress—also a belle."

"O, of course. A princess in disguise, no doubt."

"Miss Vernon is a *lady*—you will admit that when she comes."

"Don't get enthusiastic, Phelps; most likely she's seeking a husband, and it would hardly be safe to be too much exercised on the subject of her attractions."

The twain sauntered away. Argeline was high-tempered and proud. She was cut to the quick by the unmeaning insolence of this Eugene Ashcroft. He had no right, she said, to judge her thus, having never seen her; and when a half hour after he came up with Mr. Phelps, she was cold as an iceberg. Ashcroft's manner was deferential enough now, as his friend presented him.

"Mr. Ashcroft, Miss Vernon."

She swept his person with her calm, proud eye, and bowed slightly.

"Will you take my arm for the promenade?" he asked, courteously.

"Thank you, I am engaged."

"I regret it, but if you will dance the first set with me, the disappointment will not be so great."

"I have not decided to dance."

He looked a little disconcerted, but quickly recovered himself. He had a cluster of scarlet cardinal flowers in his hand. He offered them to her with some gallant speech.

"Excuse me—I do not like them. They burn me."

John Dracut came back and led her away. Ashcroft looked after her in silent surprise. A farmer's clod-hopper boy preferred before him! The thing was incomprehensible.

Through the day, Mr. Ashcroft made numerous attempts to enter into conversation with Argeline, but all to no effect. She avoided him persistently. And this very avoidance only made him the more eager to know her better. Surely the woman who had independence enough to turn away from his admiration, to the society of a bashful, country clown, must have something original about her, worth cultivating.

After that, they met frequently. Argeline was invariably cold—Ashcroft silent, reserved, though always courteous. He became the best of friends with Edith. They had taken to each other from the very first. He brought her books and fruits and flowers; took her out walking and riding, and taught her the barbarous Russian language, which he had acquired during a ten years' residence in that inhospitable clime.

One day, Argeline was returning from a walk to Frinton—a village four miles distant. It began to grow dark suddenly, and she saw the top of a dense thunder-cloud looking over the mountain. She hurried her steps, the cloud opened, the thunder reverberated among the hills, and the wind began to arouse in the forest.

Ashcroft was the nearest house, but she would not seek shelter there—not if she were drenched. A quick rumble of wheels behind her crossed the bridge over the brook, and in a moment halted at her side. Mr. Ashcroft stepped from the chaise.

"It is going to rain, Miss Vernon—let me assist you in!"

She would have resisted, but he did not stop for her remonstrances. He was seated beside her, and urging on his horse before she got breath to speak. The rain began to fall heavily—he turned into the avenue leading to the hall—she touched his arm.



"I will get out here, if you please. I do not wish to go in."

He pointed to a huge ash tree a little in front of them, that a fierce thunder-bolt had riven from top to root.

"I am sorry to force my hospitality upon you, but there is no other way. You must come in."

He stopped at the hall door, and lifting her out, ushered her into the sitting-room. While he was gone to find the hostler, Argeline opened one of the low, French windows, and stepping out on the terrace, crossed the lawn, and then the meadows, reaching the Dracut farmhouse in a few minutes, drenched to the skin.

Mr. Ashcroft called that evening to ask Edith to ride to Lily Pond with him, the next morning. He made no allusion whatever to Argeline's escapade, and she occupied herself with a book while he remained. Edith went out on the piazza with him. He put a shawl around her, his arm with it; she rested her head on his arm, and they talked in subdued voices. Edith was fourteen now, and royally beautiful. Argeline saw them, and wondered from whence arose the sharp pain at her heart. She dashed down the window, and went up to bed.

Late in October, she was walking with Edith on the shore of the lake. It was near sunset, and everything was wrapped in a glory of crimson and gold. Great piles of amber clouds reclined against the bosom of the west, and a light breeze swept down from Mount Belnap, ruffling the water into tiny ripples, and stirring weirdly in the forest branches.

Argeline sat down on a great rock, and gazed out listlessly over the blue sheet of water. Edith untied a little boat that floated near, and stepped into it. She bent her head, letting her heavy curls trail along in the water, as the little craft with almost imperceptible motion receded from the shore.

Argeline looked up with something like alarm in her face.

"Come back, quick, Edith!" she cried—"use the oars—you will upset that frail shell if you go further out where there is a current."

The beautiful child arose quickly to seize the oars—the boat careened—in another instant she was in the water, and before she could utter a single cry, it had closed over her. Argeline sprang forward—she would have lost her own life in the vain attempt at recovering Edith—but a strong hand forced her back.

"Remain where you are," said Eugene Ashcroft, "I will attend to Edith."

She closed her eyes, and sat down. Strangely enough, after she had heard his voice, she felt no more fear. A moment afterwards, she had Edith in her arms, pale, cold and wet as she was. Ashcroft stood by, silently regarding them. He held out his hand to Argeline.

"Will you touch my hand now, Miss Vernon?"

The fingers she extended were locked up in his firm clasp. He held her thus all the way to the house. Edith went in, and left them together at the door. Their eyes met. Something Argeline saw in his that made the crimson come to her very temples. She tore her hand away, and left him without a word.

The first week in November, there came a terrible rain-storm. Dwellers in sea-coast towns can hardly form any idea of what a "fresnet" is like in one of the mountain valleys. The little streams swelled to mighty rivers, and went tumbling, snow-white into the lake—low lands were inundated—roads submerged and bridges swept away.

Just below Ashcroft Hall, the road crossed a violent little stream known as Thunder Run, on a bridge more than twenty feet from its bed; but in times of great rains, this brook frequently rose to an unprecedented height—sometimes taking off the very planking itself.

Towards sunset, the rain having ceased, Argeline threw on her shawl, and went out through the wet grass to see the water foam over the rocks. It was quite a long walk to the bridge, and she followed the course of the stream, thus increasing the distance by, at least, one half. It began to grow dark, early night was coming on. She quickened her steps, and reached the bridge. The water roared madly through the narrow gorge, overflowing the banks in some places, and casting the spray, cold and drenching, over the figure of Argeline. She went nearer—good heaven! the covering of the bridge was gone! only the two "stringers" remained!

The water had fallen a little, evidently; it was not entirely up to the timbers, now; but some time during the afternoon it had been above them. She stood a moment, looking at the ruin, then turned to go home, but lightning-like a thought flashed through her brain that rooted her to the spot. She had heard Edith say that Mr. Ashcroft had ridden horseback to Frinton, and would return that very night, sometime before nine o'clock! He must be near there then, and by the time he

reached the Run, it would be pitch dark; and he, all unaware of the condition of the bridge.

She shuddered, and started forward toward the trembling timbers that spanned the angry mass of foam, gleaming up so ghost-like through the fast gathering gloom. She must manage to cross the stream, or all was lost! She forgot everything but the urgent necessity she felt of warning Mr. Ashcroft; of saving him from destruction.

She stood still a moment on the edge of one of the black, slippery timbers, and looked down into the cauldron beneath. Her head swam—she felt faint and dizzy. By a strong effort, she forced herself to look up; there was safety only in ignoring danger. A single misstep would plunge her into eternity—no living thing could exist in that mad whirlpool below.

She stepped out boldly—the timber trembled beneath her weight, her feet seemed almost sliding from the slanting edge. She felt an irresistible impulse to look down, but she did not yield; she fixed her eyes resolutely on the opposite shore, and went steadily on.

She was safe. She sank down on a wet stone, oppressed with gratitude that she had been permitted to achieve success. She must wait for Mr. Ashcroft. How very long the time seemed, and yet it was not more than half an hour before she heard the sharp clink of his horse's hoofs on the rocks below. It was thick darkness now—one could hardly see a yard before him. She stepped into the middle of the path, her pale face shining ghostly white through the mist. Ashcroft was coming at a full gallop—he had nearly ridden her down, but his horse halted suddenly, and then he saw her.

"How! what have we here?" he called out.

"It is I, Mr. Ashcroft. The covering is gone from the bridge. You cannot cross to-night."

He was off his horse in a moment, and standing close by her side.

"You, Argeline Vernon?"

"Yes."

"And why did you come to tell me?"

Why, indeed? his question recalled her to herself. She held by the trunk of a tree for support. She was overcome with shame. Had she indeed unsealed herself to this man, of all others? Pride helped her, though.

"I saw the condition of the bridge—I knew that you were expected to return by this road after dark, and I would make a great sacrifice to save a human life."

"How did you get across?"

"The stringers are left. I crossed on one of them."

He caught her convulsively to him.

"Argeline! Good heaven! and you ran all that fearful danger for my sake?"

She tried to get free, but he would not release her.

"Be quiet. I have borne your coldness and scorn patiently. Let me know what your love would be! I have loved you always—ever since that first day. What will you say to me?"

"I—I—thought it was Edith."

"Edith! My foolish darling! Edith is but a child. She looks upon me as a father. It is you—only you—that I want, Argeline."

"But schoolmistresses are snuffy, and wear corkscrew ringlets, and are always just twenty-five."

"Ha! So now I have the clue! Argeline, I was an insolent coxcomb. Forgive me. Remember I had not seen you, then."

She forgave him, she said, softly—she had been foolishly sensitive about it—and further confession he stopped with his kisses.

Mr. Ashcroft took his horse back to the nearest farmhouse, and arousing the men, he left Argeline there, and they returned to the bridge, where they built a large fire to warn others who might be travelling that way, of danger.

John Dracut came down to the Run to search for Argeline, was informed of her safety, and went home with the glad tidings. They had been very anxious at the farmhouse.

The next day, the bridge was repaired, Mr. Ashcroft and Argeline walked home together, the horse following, meek and docile, behind. Four weeks afterwards, Ashcroft Hall had a mistress. The school was given into other hands, and Argeline took upon herself the duties of Eugene Ashcroft's wife. Duties of love, always.

When Edith was seventeen, she refused the hand of the young widower, Philip Desmond, who had just returned from Europe, and was smitten with the charms of the little beggar he had once struck with his whip. And he knew her identity, at the last. Afterward, she was married to Charles St. John, the nephew of Mr. Ashcroft, a graduate of West Point, and now a distinguished Federal officer.

A goose-pen is a fitter thing for many authors to live in than to write with.

[ORIGINAL.]

## ALONE, ALL ALONE.

BY EVA ALICE.

O, the autumn winds are sighing, and the leaves  
are scattered wide,

The earth of all its beauty now is shorn;  
The birds have ceased their music, and the flower-  
ets all have died,

I wander sad, and desolate, and lorn.

The days and nights are dreary,

O, my heart is lone and weary;

In vain I look for pleasure to the morn,

For the leaves are falling, dying,

And the winds a requiem sighing,

And my heart is sad, and desolate, and lorn!

Yet still darker seems the future as the winter  
draweth near,

With its gloomy days of tempest and of snow;

O, my soul has lost its gladness, and my heart its  
wonted cheer,

And I'm laden with a heavy weight of woe!

No bright star of hope is shining,

No fair cloud with silver lining;

Darkness follows, quickly follows where I go—

When I'm waking, when I'm sleeping,

She her gloomy vigil keeping,

Still ruleth with her dismal reign of woe.

O, life has lost its beauty, since the dearest friends  
have fled,

And I wander sad and sighing evermore;

Their loved faces all have vanished, they are num-  
bered with the dead,

They have winged their flight to yonder brighter  
sphere.

Of dear hopes death hath bereft me,

Their kind voices all have left me,

Those sweet smiles I shall never welcome more;

Life's a desert dark and dreary—

O, I'm weary, lone and weary,

And I long for earthly sighings to be o'er.

[ORIGINAL.]

## ALLSTON.

BY ELLEN MALVIN.

"And all those fires of heart and brain,

Where purpose into power was wrought,

I'd bear, and gladly bear again,

Rather than be put back a thought."

As boys, Allston and I were inseparable.  
We went fishing in the same brooks, bird-nest-  
ing in the same orchards, and when the in-  
evitable separation came, he taking to pallet  
and brush, I to ledgers and accounts, we still

managed to take our annual vacations to-  
gether. When the glaring midsummer days  
came round, as soon as we could shoulder off  
those impertinences that people call duties,  
we were off to the mountains or the seashore,  
or wherever the stars led us, "grinding paint,"  
as Allston phrased it.

He did no literal work in those days, but  
when he lay idly stretched on the grass,  
through the sultry noons, and slow, summer  
sunsets, I knew that he was laying up gold  
and crimson against November nights and  
February days, and left him to himself, while  
I wandered off to open accounts with the  
pickerel or the grouse.

Our roivings had been erratic enough. We  
had been up Mt. Katahdin and down the St.  
Lawrence, had camped in the Adirondacs, and  
"roughed it" in Kansas; being drawn thither  
in the wild days of the young State's infancy,  
"to breathe the air of revolution." We fed  
on frontier fare, with a frequent flavor of Mis-  
souri civilization thrown in, and at the end of  
three months, came back, scant of purse,  
shaggy of aspect, and with our opinions on  
several social questions materially modified.

The next summer, Allston wrote:

"I go to Saratoga, in July, as escort to  
Aunt Wentworth and sister Nelly, who is just  
out of school. Thanks to the fresh Allston  
blood, only two removes from the soil, they  
didn't spoil her, you shall see. Say, you and  
I form a junction at the Springs, and take a  
run up to our old camping-ground in the  
Adirondacs. Concord and Cambridge have  
made it classical since our days. Who knows  
but the blackberry vines will be gossiping of  
Thoreau, the 'boogs' of Agassiz, and the  
trees talking transcendentalism over our heads?  
'Twill be worth the hearing. Be at Saratoga  
the tenth; just see the ladies established, and  
on the following day we'll take up scrip and  
staff and sandal shoon—symbolically—steam-  
boat and rail-car, literally—and in twenty-four  
hours we forget that engines rattle, or cities  
hum. Remember, you are 'due' on the  
tenth. Don't condemn me to a sojourn in  
that midsummer Babel."

I fully purposed to go; but spite of my ef-  
forts, the appointed day saw me still a pris-  
oner over my books. On the fifteenth, I ar-  
rived at the Springs, en route for the moun-  
tains, expecting to find Allston chafing at my  
delay.

"Have you been horribly bored, Al?" was  
my first interrogatory.

"Not in the least," was the brisk reply. "On the whole, I rather like it—for a change, you know. I fancy you would, after your musty ledgers. Suppose we try it for a couple of weeks? Time enough for the mountains after that."

This sudden interest in society was a new feature in my boy's character. But I assented willingly enough; all the more willingly for the glimpse I had had of Ellen Allston.

I had not seen her since our schooldays, when she was a wee child, toddling about in pinafores. She had blossomed into a fresh wild-rose beauty, that was perfectly indescribable. Enough, that she was seventeen, and an Allston. Beauty is their family heirloom, and some fair-faced ancestor had "thrown her down that morning she was born, the undeniable lineal mouth and chin."

Her brother had the same. I noticed it, as he stood there idly drumming on the window-pane with his girlish fingers. How handsome the boy looked! With a sudden impulse, I went and laid my arm over his neck.

"Do you know, Al—if you were a woman, I believe I would fall in love with you."

He looked up, with a laugh.

"I wish somebody would."

Our eyes met an instant. He meant it, for all the light laugh, and I turned away abruptly, with the faintest flitting shade of jealousy. He had always been my boy—his life transparent as crystal to me; but there was something indefinable in his eyes.

It was defined, however, that same evening. We went out to see the sunset—four of us. Nellie and I were friends, directly. She was shy and young, and took to me, naturally, as a family friend. Two minutes' chat about the old homestead and its inmates, put her at ease with me, and I slid quietly into her brother's place. Allston escorted Miss Grey—Arabella Grey, to whom I had just been introduced.

We stood awhile, lavishing adjectives on the magnificent picture, but at length fell into a more appreciative silence. Presently Ellen whispered:

"Look at Miss Grey. Isn't *she* a picture?"

The two were a little in advance of us, and the lady stood motionless, her light scarf floating back from her shoulders, the fair, classical head and clear-cut features outlined in the fading light; the brown hair sweeping back in masses from the brow, and her brown eyes like birds flying straightway to the light. One slender hand rested against the gray

rock. The whole figure perfect in symmetry, the attitude perfect in grace.

Unconscious of all else, her eyes seemed reaching out for something beyond the sunset, as if she saw with inward vision further than sight can travel.

She had forgotten us, and herself, and even the boy at her side.

I looked from her to him. He had forgotten the sunset, in her—regarding her with the still, adoring gaze of a devotee.

By-and-by she turned, and laid a hand lightly on his shoulder. He drew the scarf about her, and we went down to the house in silence.

When we met in the evening, of course every trace of that exalted, twilight mood was past. Miss Grey was brilliant and graceful. Her face, now that the rapt, Madonna-like expression had departed, was not strictly handsome. Her fascination lay rather in her manner, which was strangely bewitching, full of fitful freaks, and vivid little surprises; one moment haughty as a queen, the next lapsing into the abandon of a child. No stereotyped coquette of the novels, but a coquette, *sui generis*. I studied her for Allston's sake. I knew from the first that she would cost him dear.

She drew him out, and listened with genuine interest while he talked of art, and spoke eloquently of herself, all the time that she petted him like a younger brother. Nothing could be more winning; yet through all her evident and undisguised preference, it was clear she did not love him.

She was ever the queen, he the adoring subject. Ever gracious and superior, she held him with her subtle spells—the nameless power that carries men captive. But herself was never timid nor subdued. It was only play to her. It almost angered me to see it, for as days went on, I could see it was growing unmistakably earnest to him.

"Allston, boy, it is time we were out of this."

He read my face with his appealing woman's eyes—they always softened me—then turned silently to the window, leaning out.

The intense midsummer moon had dimmed the nearer stars; only one silver planet shone clear and soft through the white radiance.

"I'll not touch that star, you think?" he said, after a little while.

The tone was low and sorrowful. He was in one of his self-doubting moods, faint of heart.

Some people would have given him a glass of wine. I knew how to inspirit him with a finer elixir, through his quick, poetic sense. Not with any didactic purpose, certainly, but obeying some sudden impulse, I quoted the stirring words that came to my lips.

"Give all to Love;  
'Tis a brave master,  
Let it have scope;  
Follow it utterly,  
Hope beyond hope."

The response was instantaneous. Looking up, with his bright smile, he took up the words beyond, leaping over the intervening lines.

"It is not for the mean.  
It requireth courage stout,  
Souls above doubt,  
Valor unbending."

He stood before me, himself again.

"Yet, hear me yet,  
One pulse more of firm endeavor—"

I said, laying my hand on his shoulder.

He interrupted me hastily.

"Hush! no more to-night. Give me another day."

"And then, Allston?"

"And then—to the wilderness, if we must."

Somehow, though I had proposed it myself, it gave me a dreary feeling to think of going away. I wondered if my reluctance had anything to do with Ellen Allston. I took myself to task, and after a severe self-examination, decided that I was *not* in love. I acquitted myself of that offence—for a grave offence it would be. I had no fortune, and no expectations, save the very modest expectation of slowly plodding my way up towards a competence, in the course of years. Besides, Nellie was a mere child, hardly free of school-masters yet. Better to go at once, while I was safe. So I planned it over night.

"Past midnight, almost time for the moon to rise—is it not?" asked Nellie, as we stood on the piazza, whither we had strayed, out of the heated hall, where the dancing was at its height.

"Let us see it rise from the hill, yonder," I responded, with a sudden desire to stand with her alone, under the silent sky. It was my last evening—I might be pardoned.

We strolled out among the trees, slowly climbed the little acclivity, and stood beside

the rock where we stood to view the sunset—only three weeks before.

"How much nicer it is out here," she said.

"Why, isn't it nice in there?"

"I don't know. I can't see why people care to come to Saratoga more than once."

"You are not tired of it, so soon?"

"No. It will be very stupid, though, when you are gone—you and my brother. Though, to be sure, I've not seen much of him. Do you think he loves Miss Grey?" she asked, abruptly, in a low, wistful voice.

"Loves her? Do you think so?" I asked, with evasive intent.

She laughed softly.

"I don't know how people seem who are in love—men, I mean. I've seen school-girls in love, and it made them very ridiculous. Miss Grey is not, I'm sure, for all she treats him so. But then she is beautiful, and I suppose doesn't mean to be cruel."

"How, cruel?"

"Making him love her. That is what she tries to do."

"Is it?"

"I should think any one could see it. I would not do so for the world. I don't believe any girl who has a brother would. She has not—I asked her one day."

I smiled at the simplicity of her words. I knew it was venturing on dangerous ground, but I could not forbear saying:

"So you would not try to make any one love you?"

"Of course not, if I could not love him back."

Her sweet, childish face, with the dawning womanhood in it, was upturned to mine; the little hand gleamed white on my arm. There was some inexpressible witchery in this personal catechism, and I plunged on.

"But what if some one should be so foolish as to love you, all of his own fault, without your trying in the least, wouldn't you be glad? Aint you wicked enough for that?"

"Pshaw! no one does."

What made me do it, I cannot guess. I had not fully known, till that moment, that it was true. With a swift, irresistible impulse, I bent down, and said, hardly above a whisper:

"Nellie, child, but some one does."

She gave a start, and half withdrew her hand, and I know not what would have been the punishment of my folly, but at that moment we heard voices approaching. One I recognized as Miss Grey's. I think we both forgot ourselves. I certainly thought only

that it was her and my friend who were coming—and we ought to be anywhere but here. It was Allston's hour, not mine. I whispered softly, "They are coming here. Let us go." But the next instant we stood still, arrested by another voice—not Allston's—that of a stranger.

"Sit here, darling," it said; "here, with the moon on your face."

Lover-like words, spoken in a more lover-like tone.

"Have you been happy—ma belle?"

"Happy? Yes—in one way. Not happy like this."

How low and bird-like the voice was. It was the loving woman who spoke—not for our ears. I looked for some means of escape, without attracting their attention, and revealing to them that they had been overheard. While I stood thinking, the voice we did not know said:

"And now you are to tell me who is this young man you introduced me to—the handsome artist. He didn't look overjoyed at seeing me. One of your adorers?" in a tone of playful rallery.

"Foolish," responded the low, trilling voice.

"He is a charming boy, and I have adopted him for a younger brother."

"Regardless of my jealousy?"

"You jealous—you, my king?"

Nellie's hand slid down into mine, hot and impatient.

"Come!" And, careless of the rustle we made, she hurried me along the path towards the house. Just before we reached it, some one sprang down the steps, and, passed us, without looking up.

"Allston!" I exclaimed; but he hurried on, paying no heed. "Your brother, Nellie; I must go with him."

"Yes, leave me here," she said.

"Good-night." I touched her hand with my lips, and turned back in pursuit of the light figure striding away through the moonlight. Once I looked back. The little white-robed figure stood motionless on the steps, one hand apparently shading her eyes against the glare of light from the open door. The summer air wafted back a whispered blessing from my lips, and I hastened on. I was the best walker of the two, and came up with Allston in a few minutes. Without a word, I quietly linked my arm in his, and we paced along in silence for an hour, it might be. I was the guide, for Allston seemed to take no heed of his steps. We had kept the open

street for a long distance, but now the sound of our footsteps was muffled in the soft carpet of pine leaves. The air was balmy and resinous, not a breath stirring. I was familiar with the place, for I knew the country for miles around. I had traversed it in solitary walks, in the long mornings, when Allston was too much occupied to accompany me. My knowledge of the locality stood me in good stead that night. In this smooth, fair-furnished nook—one of Nature's clean-swept parlors—I stayed our walk.

"Let us rest here."

"Rest? I am not tired," he said.

"I am, then;" and I threw myself down on the bank.

He sank down beside me, and lay with his head resting on his arm, as if he never cared to move again. I watched him awhile, as he lay with upturned face, and dark, wide-open eyes. I thought of the many nights we had slept so, on ruder couches, under rougher skies, in our wild Kansas life. I had seen him fall asleep with the lightnings playing over his head, and had wakened on cool September mornings, to find him sleeping sweetly as a babe, with the hoar frost creeping stealthily over his heavy locks and silky brown beard. But here, to-night, though cradled fit for a forest prince, even this slumberous summer air could not soothe him into rest. I was not proof against it. Sleep overcame me at last, and I wandered away into dreamland, down a dim forest aisle, amid flickering shadows and flecks of golden sunshine, and ever fitting on before, an airy, white-robed figure, beckoning me on and on, into the deeper shades, and ever vanishing from my touch, to re-appear at some distant point, the motionless white figure that watched us wandering out into the moonlight; simple Ellen Allston one moment, the next a dryad of the forest, drawing me after her with half-alluring, half-defiant gesture; and I plunged on in a reckless chase, till I overtook the fitting sprite, just grasped the hem of her floating vesture, and—woke, to find myself sitting upright in the green and leafy nook where we fell asleep.

I looked round for Allston, and saw him standing on the brow of the slope, his head bare to the morning breeze, that lightly lifted the locks on his temples. The early dawn was crimsoning up the east, and a rosy glow warmed his pale cheek. He turned as I came up, and held out his hand.

"Now I will hear it," he said, with a half smile; and I flung them out on the morn-



ing air—the ringing, inspiring poet-words:

“Yet, hear me yet,  
One word more thy heart behoved,  
One pulse more of firm endeavor.  
Keep thee to-day, to-morrow, forever  
Free as an Arab of thy beloved.  
Cling with life to the maid;  
But when the surprise,  
First vague shadow of surmise  
Flits across her bosom young  
Of a joy apart from thee,  
Free be she, fancy free;  
Nor thou detain her vesture's hem,  
Nor the palest rose she flung  
From her summer diadem.”

“He is a teacher for heroic hearts, that poet. He has climbed the heights of love.”

A color, not reflected from the sky, sprang up his cheek, the light leaped into his eyes. There was no heart-break for him, whom Nature and noble thoughts could medicine so kindly. Alive at every pore to all sweet influences, the universe would work in his behalf.

That day we took up “scrip and staff and sandal shoon,” and went into the wilderness. Nellie said not a word to detain us. Our good-by was of the quietest. With a deliciously vexatious recollection of last night's folly, I did not trust myself to prolong it. Just a touch of her cool finger-tips, a hearty promise to take care of Allston—that was all. But how I wished the child was going with us. Daring as the dream was, it persisted, and dreamed itself along, the whole of that summer sojourn among the mountains. I pursued her shadow up and down the woodland paths, and wandered away into the darkest recesses of the grand old woods, seeking out her covert. I fancied her sleeping there under the stars, nestled like a pink rosebud on a fairy couch of hemlock boughs.

Ah! she has done it since then. Last year, it was our bridal tour. This year I take no vacation. The days are all holidays to me now. Allston, too, is hard at work. Yesterday I strayed into his studio—a bijou of a place; daintily, not luxuriously furnished, and exquisitely neat. Not a trace of the minor vices visible. A smoking-cap or cigar-case would be as out of place as in a lady's boudoir. I found him at his easel, singing to himself while he worked. He met me with a joyous smile, and assailed me with a score of questions.

“But don't you know it is August?” he

said at last. “Why are you not off to the mountains?”

“August, is it? It is June to me the whole year round.”

“Ah! well, Nellie is a darling.”

While we talked, I had been opening and shutting the picture-cases that lay on the table—family likenesses, most of them. Nellie was there daguerreotyped and photographed all the way from baby to woman.

Presently I opened a small, oval case, in purple velvet, and revealed a new face—that of a young girl, with no trace of the handsome Allston features, but surpassingly lovely. A delicate face, framed in wavy brown hair, and overspread with some hovering, elusive sweetness, as of a smile just coming in the eyes, or just vanishing from the full, half-parted lips.

“A cousin on the Wentworth side?” I said, quietly. “She is not an Allston?”

“No.”

He came and looked over my shoulder.

“Would she make one's January June, think you?”

“Yours, my boy?”

His eyes met mine, confessingly. I looked back to the little picture in my hand, content.

“And Arabella Grey?” I asked, naming her for the first time since that fateful summer.

With the gentle gravity of his manner undisturbed, he answered:

“I have ground her into paint.”

#### HOW MIST IS GENERATED.

The cause usually assigned for mist, is the access of cold air, and its admixture with warmer air, saturated, or nearly saturated with moisture (such as that resting on the surface of large bodies of water), and strikingly exemplified in our autumnal and winter fogs, when the water, owing to the heat absorbed during summer, is of a higher temperature than the air. Dr. Davy, however, refers to another cause, not so much noticed—viz., a mild, moist air, coming in contact with a colder air, equally humid, resting on cold surfaces, whether of land or water, about the end of winter or beginning of spring. He describes mists which he considers to have been thus formed in the lake district of Cumberland. To a similar cause, also, he refers the phenomenon termed sweating, which is the precipitation of moisture on walls and flagged floors excluded from the influence of fire.

[ORIGINAL.]

**TRANSIENT IS OUR STAY.**

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

We are only travellers here:  
 Fleeting is our life;  
 Hastening to another sphere,  
 Every moment rife—  
 Rife with hopes of endless bliss  
 In a glorious region:  
 In a fairer world than this,  
 Far from cares a legion.

Transient is our stay on earth,  
 Fleeting is our day;  
 Heaven hath joys of endless worth  
 O'er life's thorny way.  
 May we seek to gain that shore  
 Decked with gems immortal,  
 When this journeying is o'er,  
 And we've crossed death's portal.

[ORIGINAL.]

**THE LOADED DICE:**

—OR,—

**THE GAMBLER OF ST. MARTIN.**

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**CHAPTER I.**

HIGH rode the bright silver moon above the city of Paris. The police abated somewhat from their usual vigilance; for, beneath the revealing beams of the night-queen, the swarming rogues dared not venture forth upon their labors; and, save where towering buildings threw their shadows across the narrow, dirty streets, the vast city wore almost the aspect of noon-day. It were a hopeless task to search out, from the crowding multitudes that thronged the more frequented thoroughfares, any individual of whom you might be in quest; but he whom we would introduce to the reader, has been under our immediate watch ever since he left the Place Vendôme—and now, as the clock upon the dome of St. Roch strikes the hour of ten, he stands beneath one of the trees which adorn the spacious communication between the main points of the faubourgs St. Martin and Montmartre.

He who has thus arrested our attention, was a young man not far from twenty years of age; and, as ever and anon, a bright ray of the moon fell aslant his features, as he paced

to and fro, beneath the trees, the momentary glimmer revealed a face of more than ordinary beauty and intelligence, coupled with that general tone that at once bespeaks the offspring of "gentle blood." For fifteen minutes after the clock of St. Roch struck ten, did the youth maintain his post beneath the deep foliage, but, at the expiration of that time, he was startled by a sharp slap upon the shoulder, and, turning suddenly around, he beheld one whom he recognized, and for whom he had been waiting.

"Well, De Vernicourt, you see I have come at last," said the new-comer, as he found that he was recognized.

"Yes, Girard," replied the other, "but I have not waited long, however—not over a quarter of an hour."

"Is that all? I feared that I might have kept you waiting longer. But come, let's be on the move."

Louis de Vernicourt placed his arm within that of Girard Dynie, and together they wended their way towards the faubourg St. Martin. They passed on through several of the principal streets, until at length they stopped for a moment before a gorgeous building, that stood slightly back from the less showy neighbors, having in front a small garden, which was adorned with vine-clad arbors. The heart of young De Vernicourt fluttered with an unwonted excitement, as he stopped for a moment upon the pavement, but on the next he had entered the trellised walk, and ere long he stood in one of the most sumptuous cafes of the faubourg St. Martin. A dozen friends sprang forward to meet him, and as many glasses of wine were offered. The former he received warmly, and of the latter he imbibed enough to quell whatever disturbance might have been engendered in his rebellious heart. After spending a few moments in "small talk" with those who lounged about the liquor tables, De Vernicourt tapped Dynie lightly upon the shoulder, and motioned him to follow.

"Tell me, Louis," said Girard Dynie, in an undertone, as he turned to follow, "do you play to-night?"

"Certainly," was the quick response. "For what else, think you, should I have sought this place?"

"Just as you please," returned Girard, in a tone that seemed to indicate that he spoke to one to whom he did not care to dictate; "but you may depend upon it, you will be unlucky. Last night, you lost; night before last, you lost, and—"

"Tut, tut, Girard; don't preach to me in that fashion. Sir Raoul de Maronnay has already lectured me sufficiently."

"And Rose—did she lecture you, too?"

As Girard pronounced that simple name, Louis de Vernicourt turned his glance quickly into the eyes of his companion; but no shade rested there save that of kindly feeling, and for a moment the impulse of his features gave place to a look of sadness, and his nether lip trembled; but the effect was only momentary, for, with a slight effort, the opening pinions of conscience were closed, and the gentle monitor settled back once more to rest, while the youth, with a heightening countenance, exclaimed:

"I know I have lost—I have lost much, Girard; but to-night, I win! To-night, I tell you, I win!"

The two young men passed out through a small door, at the end of the bar, and ascending a flight of marble steps that led to the spacious room overhead, they were soon ushered into a small drawing-room, which served as a kind of entry-way to the main hall of the building, and, without the least difficulty, they made their way into this hall. From the loftily arched ceiling hung numerous clusters of brilliant lights, while beneath, on every hand, stood exquisitely carved and ornamented tables, or banks, upon which the bankers had already placed their tempting piles of gold and notes. Some of them were in operation, around which were gathered small knots of players, while numbers were eagerly watching the changes of fortune, so that our two friends entered almost unobserved.

"Do you try one of the banks?" asked Girard, as the two sauntered down the hall.

"No. I shall try the dice again," replied De Vernicourt. "There is luck for me in them yet. So far, I have lost, but fortune must change; and when she does show me the smiling side of her face, I shall bet heavily."

"But be sure that you bet *carefully*," suggested Girard; "and be sure, too, that you know with whom you are playing, for *all* dice do not turn by *luck*."

Louis de Vernicourt was on the point of a reply, when an object met his eye that caused him to tremble slightly, and speaking, in a low tone, to his companion, he asked:

"Do you see that man, Girard?"

"Which one?"

"That tall, dark-looking man, whose eyes seem constantly shooting their glances at me."

"Ah, yes—I noticed him last night, and I also noticed that he watched you sharply. He is an old hand at it, you may depend."

"Do you know his name?"

"No," answered Girard; "but it is easy enough to ascertain."

In accordance with his last remark, Girard turned to one of the unemployed bankers, and asked for the desired information.

"Do you mean him with the black eye, and gray moustache?" asked the banker.

"The same."

"Well, as to that," replied the man of whom the information had been asked, with an ominous shake of the head, "it would puzzle the old fellow with the cloven foot, to tell who or what he is. He has been in the faubourg St. Martin about two months, and is only known as '*Le Mystérieux*;' but of one thing I can assure you, he has utterly ruined a dozen wealthy young men, since his appearance, and bids fair to ruin as many more."

After receiving this intelligence, the youthful pair moved on, and, ere long, De Vernicourt had grasped within his hand the luring dice-box. As no one appeared at the moment anxious to play at hazard, Louis amused himself by throwing the dice out upon the table. A dozen times had he thus thrown the little ivory fortune-gods, when he was startled by a peculiarly deep and musical voice from the opposite side of the table.

"You throw well, Monsieur de Vernicourt. I have won a viscount's fortune with lower casts than those which you have just turned upon the table."

Louis looked up, and beheld the dark stranger, with regard to whom he had been so inquisitive. Though the bold and striking features were dark and commanding, yet, there was an indescribable something in the light of the clear, brilliant eye, and the warm, kindly smile, that disarmed the beholder of all immediate dislike, and, as he took the box from the hand of the young man, and threw a few casts of the dice, which averaged far below those which had just been thrown by De Vernicourt, he asked in a careless manner:

"Do you ever play at hazard?"

"Sometimes," replied Louis, over whom the desire for play was beginning to wax strong, and whose appetite was sharpened somewhat by this dalliance.

"Then, suppose we try for a few crowns. I have no desire to lose, nor, on the other hand, have I much desire to win; but, I must own a love for the excitement of the chances."

The youth needed no urging. Girard Dynie would have remonstrated, could he have done so unobserved; but thinking, or, at least, hoping, that fortune might favor his friend, he took a seat by the table, and saw the game begin. Louis de Vernicourt was fairly set against the mysterious gambler of St. Martin; but, little did he then dream of the mighty power, for weal or for woe, which that strange man was destined to hold over his future course.

## CHAPTER II.

WHAT a subtle, fascinating music is that which emanates from the rattle of winning dice! Where can we find a fitter simile for the powers of the charming snake? Rattle, rattle, go the dice—higher and higher grows the glittering pile of gold and silver! How the eyes of the demon sparkle, and how brilliantly varying in their thousand glowing hues, gleam the syren spots of the coiled serpent of the gaming-table!

"Now, De Vernicourt, let us go," urged Girard, as, for the twentieth time, Louis raked down a large pile of money.

"Not quite yet," replied Louis, while the quick, eager sparkle of his eye spoke more plainly than could his tongue. "I told you if fortune smiled upon me, I should bet heavily; she has smiled, and now is my chance."

"But she may frown the next time you seek her. You have won enough for one night. Come, let us go."

"Wait a moment," answered Louis, as he pushed forward five hundred francs, which sum was immediately answered by his antagonist. "Look at this?" As he spoke, he threw the dice out upon the table.

"*Six quatre!*" cried Le Mysterieux, as young De Vernicourt threw. "I hardly need throw against you, for you seem fated to win."

And so it proved. Again the excited youth drew down the stakes, and five hundred francs more were added to his pile. Again did Girard Dynie urge him to stop, and again did he resolve to go on. When Louis once more took the box, Girard cast a furtive glance into the face of Le Mysterieux, and, though the dark features wore the general expression of cool, quiet indifference, yet, the youthful observer could detect a peculiar twinkle of the sharp eye—a kind of half-hidden smile, which seemed to arise from a meditated plan, that was to result in good to himself. Girard saw in that lurking smile a cloud that must soon dim the

fortune of his friend, and, laying his hand somewhat nervously upon the arm of Louis, he exclaimed:

"Come, come, De Vernicourt, you have stretched fortune to the utmost; stop, while you are yet in luck."

"Never!" cried Louis, as he threw the dice out upon the table, where were piled up fifteen hundred francs.

"*Six quatre*, again!" quietly remarked Le Mysterieux, as he gathered up the dice, and placed them in his box. As he sent them forth, the before hidden smile slightly spread over his features, and he cried, "*Six cinq!*"

"Now will you stop?" asked Girard, as the gambler of St. Martin drew down fifteen hundred francs.

"In a moment. I must first get back seven hundred and fifty francs."

It would not have taken a very shrewd student of human nature to have read the fortune of Louis de Vernicourt, as he seized the dice-box, after his loss of seven hundred and fifty francs. His winnings already amounted to about eight thousand francs, and still he anxiously tempted his fate, to redeem a mere nominal loss. Le Mysterieux played calmly, and with a constant smile of content upon his features, while, on the other hand, De Vernicourt became nervous and excited. The piles of coin began to change their relative appearance, until, at length, just as the clock struck four, Louis de Vernicourt had staked his last sou—and lost!

Now, Girard plead to some effect, and taking his friend by the arm, the two quitted the hall. Upon the brow of Louis there was a heavy cloud, but the loss he had sustained was a trifle compared with his vast income; and a few deep-drawn breaths of the fresh air revived him once more into cheerful life. He did not, however, allude to his loss, nor did his friend care to press the subject upon him; so they walked on towards home almost in silence. They soon reached the boulevards, and with rapid strides they were hastening on towards Montmartre when they were intercepted by a dark form, that had just issued from one of the passages that led off towards the Bourbon Villeneuve. The two young men would have avoided the intruder, and for this purpose they crossed over to the opposite side of the walk; but the dark figure seemed not at all inclined to be thus slighted, for it followed their movement, and, as it came near enough to be distinguished, it was found to be a monk.

"How now?" exclaimed Girard, as the monk stopped directly in front of them. "Do you seek alms?"

"No," replied the monk. "I seek one Louis de Vernicourt."

"Then you need seek no further," said Louis, "for I am that individual."

"So I supposed," returned the monk, "and now, if you have no objections, I should like a few moments' private conversation."

"I will go on," said Girard, as he heard this last remark.

"Well, you may as well walk on," answered Louis, "for, thanks to my fortune, I have nothing of which to be robbed; but don't go far. And now," he continued, turning to his strange intruder, after Girard had gone, "what do you want?"

"Louis de Vernicourt," said the stranger, in a low, meaning tone, "I have sought you that I might warn you of impending danger."

"\* Danger!" repeated the youth, with a sudden start. "What mean you?"

"Sir Raoul de Maronnay wants not a beggar to be the husband of his daughter."

"Do you jest?"

"I should not have sought you at this time for such a purpose," calmly replied the monk.

"Then, what do you mean?"

"I mean just what I have said. Sir Raoul will never give his daughter's hand to a beggar!"

"No; nor will he ever be asked," returned Louis, with considerable earnestness, "for he has already promised it to me, who am worth twenty thousand francs a year."

"Louis de Vernicourt," said the strange monk, drawing nearer, and raising his finger, "you are not worth so much, by five thousand francs, as you were six hours since!"

"Ha!" exclaimed the youth, "have I been watched? Has Sir Raoul set spies upon me?"

"No—no!" quickly returned the monk.

"Sir Raoul knows nothing of this; but he must know of it, if you continue. Within six months, an hundred fortunes, as heavy as yours, have been lost, in the gambling house upon the Rue des Morts, and how shall you escape, if you continue to go there?"

"I know not who you are, nor why you should thus take so much interest in my business," said Louis, in a tone of mingled uneasiness and irony, "but I believe I can take care of myself; or, at least, I cannot feel thankful for any advice with regard to my private affairs that come unasked and undesired."

"I have, at least, done my duty," said the

monk, in a kind of saddened tone, "and you may or may not, profit thereby. But, before I leave you, De Vernicourt, let me assure you that the time shall come, when you will think better of what you are pleased to term *unasked advice*. The next time you lose a stake upon the cast of the dice, call to mind the monk who you met upon the boulevards. I tell thee, Louis de Vernicourt, *beware!*"

As he spoke, the monk glided away, and, ere the young man recovered from his state of mental trance, into which the words of his mysterious visitor had thrown him, the dark form had disappeared down the same passage up which he had come.

"Who can he be?" murmured Louis, to himself, as he started thoughtfully on. "*Me!* What can I be to him? Me, a beggar—and lose Rose de Maronnay? No, no, sweet Rose! I've lost a year's income, to be sure; but I'll win it back, and then I'll stop."

When De Vernicourt joined his friend, he was sad and thoughtful. The words of the monk hung heavily upon his heart, and conscience could afford no lever with which to raise the weight.

### CHAPTER III.

ROSE DE MARONNAY was the only daughter of the old count, Sir Raoul; and, several years previous to the opening of our story, when Sir Walter de Vernicourt lay upon the bed of death, an arrangement had been entered into between the two old nobles, that, should no serious obstacle prevent, she should wed with Louis. At the time of this arrangement, the young man had just returned from Italy, and, after he had seen the mortal remains of his loved father placed in the cold tomb, he spent several weeks with Sir Raoul, and then returned to Florence. He knew nothing of the arrangement regarding his matrimonial prospects; but the time passed at the house of Count de Maronnay, and the almost constant companionship of the beautiful Rose served to place his heart in the right path for the consummation of the parents' plans, for, between himself and the count's fair daughter, there sprang up a love as true and as strong as can bloom upon this earth. Both were young—both were happy—both were good, and both loved with all the fervency of pure and noble souls. They trembled not at the acknowledgement of their mutual love, for both felt proud in wearing its silken meshes, and when De Maronnay

frankly gave his consent to their union, two happier hearts never beat in human bosoms. Only one provision did the old man make—If, when Louis de Vernicourt came into possession of his property, he was worthy of the prize, and maintained that integrity necessary to the happiness of both, then Rose should be his.

Time sped rapidly on. Louis attained to the possession of the wealth which his father had left him, and, closing his studies at Florence, he returned to Paris. Of course his company was sought by all the dashing young men of the great metropolis, and it is no wonder that, in many instances, he was led into trifling excesses. Naturally of a light and buoyant heart, with a decided predominance of the social qualities, he was easily worked upon by the thousand and one temptations that beset him on all hands, and the possession of an income of twenty thousand francs served not a little to lift him from the solid foundation of prudence. Like the needle of the compass, to its true point in the north, still clung his heart to the tender love he bore for Rose de Maronnay; and, though he may have formed strong convivial ties, yet was he true to his plighted faith. Not less strong was the love that still burned within the bosom of the fair Rose. Her happiest moments were passed by the side of Louis de Vernicourt, and she still hung upon his love, as the tender ivy clings to its native oak.

On the second evening after Louis visited the gambling saloon, in the faubourg St. Martin, he was seated by the side of Rose, in her father's spacious mansion. There was a look of dejection upon her fair features, and a tear stood trembling in her eye.

"Why so sad, dear Rose?" said Louis, as he took the small, white hand, and pressed it to his lips. "What harm can there be in a few throws of the dice? Surely you do not suppose that I would go far enough to endanger my property?"

"Property!" uttered Rose, in a tone of deep reproach. "Rose de Maronnay has property enough for both; but she has but one heart, and should that be broken— Ah, Louis, 'tis not your property, but *yourself*, that I would save! The ruined gambler—forgive me the word—is no longer the man! He is a mere thing, to whom life itself is a burden. O, Louis, promise me that you will gamble no more."

"But, dearest Rose, you do not understand me. Your fears are entirely unfounded."

"No, no, Louis—not so. See De Varney, Du Barry, Sir Hugh de Pommoy, Guiscard de Linnieres and others, with whom you once associated. Where are they! Tell me, dear Louis, would you tempt the fate that has so utterly crushed them? They have lost their property; but, is that all? Peace of mind, buoyancy of heart, love of friends, and even the very stamp of manhood itself, are gone—all gone! Promise me, Louis."

As Rose ceased speaking, she placed her hand upon his shoulder, and raised her tearful eyes imploringly to his face. There was a volume of earnest prayer in that look, and an unqualified promise rested upon his lips; but, in a moment more, the voice of the tempter rose in its place, and placing his hand upon her brow, he said:

"I'll tell you what I will promise. Once more, and only once, will I play at hazard. I have partly promised to play again, and that promise once redeemed, I will play no more. That will satisfy you, I know?"

"I suppose it *must*," replied Rose, vainly endeavoring to throw off the gloom which had settled upon her.

"*Must!* No, no, Rose! Do not speak so! I am confident that you can find no fault with that."

"I meant not to find fault with anything you may wish to do," answered Rose. "I only would warn you as a friend, and—and—"

"And what, Rose?"

"And quiet the fears of my father."

"Your father has already spoken to me on the subject, and perhaps I may have answered his admonitions rather testily, but I meant no harm; and now, dearest, let me once more try the chance of hazard, and I have done—so cheer up, and let's to more pleasant topics. Come, I have a box at the opera, this evening shall be passed there."

Rose did not care to disappoint her lover, and so she consented to accompany him, not that she would have hesitated in refusing, had she so desired, but, under the present circumstances, she wished to hold as much sway over his mind as possible, and, with an apparently light heart, she dressed herself for the opera. The carriage was soon at the door, and in a few moments, Louis and Rose entered the box at the Academie Royale de Musique. It was not long ere the fears and doubts of Rose de Maronnay were all absorbed in the interest of the play. Tears and smiles rested upon her features by turns, and not until the piece was nearly half through, did she find time to spend



upon the various parties that thronged the neighboring boxes.

"What is the matter, Rose?" asked Louis, as he felt her hand tremble upon his arm.

"There—see there," returned the fair girl, as she inclined her fan towards one of the opposite boxes. "Who is that man who watches me so narrowly?"

Louis ran his eyes over the people in the direction pointed out, and a slight exclamation escaped from his lips, as he recognized the mysterious gambler of St. Martin. The large, black eyes of *Le Mystérieux* were fixed upon Rose, with a flashing glance, and from their lustrous depths there beamed something that meant more than a mere casual observation.

"Who is he, Louis?" asked Rose.

"I do not know his name," evasively replied Louis, while a blush suffused his handsome features. It was the first time he had ever prevaricated with Rose, and she seemed to observe it, for she asked no more questions, and once more she endeavored to fasten her attention upon the play; but it was of no use, for the dark form of *Le Mystérieux* was still before her, and of nothing else could she think. In no way could she account for the strange misgivings that possessed her, but still she clothed that dark form in evil, and she felt that that evil was in her coming fate.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"THIS once, and then I stop! I must win what I have lost!"

Thus spoke Louis de Vernicourt to himself, as he started forth towards the *fauxbourg St. Martin*. Night had closed over the vast city, and its dusky mantle had wrapped itself most thoroughly about the huge piles of architecture, the deep foliage of the boulevards and the tall spires that shot up like huge sentinels over the sleeping city. Not a star twinkled through the gloom, and, save where the street lamps threw their struggling beams across the thoroughfares, all was darkness. The young man was alone, for he chose that no one should be nigh to remonstrate. His old classmate and fellow-student, Girard Dynie, was too prone to point out his errors, so even he was left in ignorance of the intended visit to the saloon at the *Rue des Morts*. But with all his vigilance, there was one companion whom he could not get rid of. Conscience went with him, was constantly by him, and spoke to him, "oft and again," of his folly. When Louis reached the trellised garden in front of

the café, he felt by no means content with what he was doing. A dark cloud overshadowed his naturally buoyant spirits, and sank its gloom deep into his heart. He hesitated a moment upon the marble pavement. Conscience spoke sharply at first—then sadly murmured the name of Rose de Maronnay. Louis vainly endeavored to answer the monitor—then crushed the gentle spirit beneath the heel of a resolution to pursue his course.

He entered the café—the wine cup sparkled before him—its exhilarating power rolled through his veins, and, with his rebellious monitor somewhat stilled by the wine, he sought the large hall. *Le Mystérieux* had anticipated his coming, for, no sooner had Louis entered the hall, than the strange gambler smilingly approached him.

"You are true to your appointment, *De Vernicourt*," remarked *Le Mystérieux*, as he approached.

"I always am," returned Louis, somewhat soothed by the frank and pleasing manner of his former antagonist.

"And have you come to play?"

"For what else should I seek this place?"

"Perhaps to look on, and study the various natures and dispositions of men. Ah, *De Vernicourt*, this is the place to study human nature."

"Then I suppose you have studied somewhat deeply," said Louis, in a sarcastic tone. But immediately dropping the sarcasm, he continued:

"Will you take a turn at hazard?"

"If it so pleases you—yes," returned *Le Mystérieux*.

Louis sought an unoccupied table, and ere long the rattle of the dice lulled to rest what little of conscience still remained, and in its place the evil genius of reckless cupidity began to dance through his brain. Throw after throw added almost uninterruptedly to the pile of the now excited young man, until at length his antagonist exclaimed:

"*De Vernicourt*, you have won even now more than you lost the other night, will you play more?"

Louis thought he detected the signs of alarm in the countenance of the gambler, and exultingly, he replied:

"Do you fear? If so, I can seek some other opponent."

"Go on," calmly replied *Le Mystérieux*. "I will sit it out with you."

A peculiar change came over the countenance of the gambler, as he spoke, but Louis

noticed it not. He noticed nothing but the dice and the gold upon the table. He threw the dice—*un, trots*—and lost! The clock struck twelve!

The bets ran high—thousands were staked upon a single cast. De Vernicourt became more and more excited. Could he now win back what he had lost within the last two hours, he would stop! To this end drafts upon his banker were drawn, and warranty deeds were set against the dark gambler's gold. As the clock struck four, Louis de Vernicourt, with a trembling hand, drew the massive golden chain from his neck, and laid his jewelled watch—his father's last gift—upon the table! He threw the dice—*six, cinq*! Could Le Mysterieux beat it? With eyes almost bursting from their sockets, and a heart as still as death, did De Vernicourt watch the box in the hands of his opponent. Click, click—and the throw was made. *Six, six*! Louis de Vernicourt was utterly, unredeemably ruined! For a moment he stood, half bent forward over the table, like one in a trance. Then a full sense of his utter destitution—his everlasting disgrace, came wheeling over his soul, and, with a tottering step, he staggered forth from the hall.

A few short hours before, he had gone into that place with five hundred thousand francs—now, he left it without owning a sou! But what was the loss of his property compared with the complete wreck of his manhood! Hardly knowing whither he went, with bowed head and drooping form, he pursued his way towards the city. He entered the boulevards, and turned down the Rue St. Dennis. He did not hear the light footfall that followed on behind him; he heard nothing—he knew nothing, save the chaotic crashing of his earthly hopes. Still he tottered on, until he reached the quays, and, in a few minutes, he stood upon Pont Neuf. A grayish, shadowy tint of morning was just beginning to relieve the darkness, and the dark waters of the Seine were plainly visible, as they rolled beneath the bridge. High above the head of Louis de Vernicourt, towered the colossal statue of Henry IV., and, as he leaned against its base, he wished in his heart that he might have been constructed of like "impenetrable stuff."

"Fool, fool that I have been!" murmured Louis to himself. "All is gone—money, fame, friends, and all that made life valuable. What is life to me, now? How can I meet her whom I have so wronged? From the

Pont Neuf to the grave of utter oblivion, is but a single step—others have taken it before me, and the way is open still. All that is left to me on earth, is a miserable existence, and a tortured body—let the dark Seine take them both! Farewell, sweet Rose, farewell!"

With a stronger, bolder step than he had made since he left the fauxbourg, he started towards the edge of the bridge. One moment he clasped his hands in agony over his brow, and on the next he had leaped upon the parapet.

A powerful grasp, like the grip of a vice, was laid upon the arm of the intended suicide, and he was suddenly drawn back upon the bridge. For a moment he stood, utterly unconscious of what had taken place; but, as his consciousness returned, he raised his eyes, and beheld the monk who had intercepted him on the boulevard Montmartre. An angry exclamation rose to his lips, but an overwhelming sense of his shame silenced him.

"Foolish youth, what would you do?" asked the monk, as he saw that the young man had become aware of his situation.

"I would die!" replied Louis, mournfully.

"And wherefore?"

There was something in the appearance of the monk that awoke the awe, if not the reverence, of Louis; and the manner, the tone, and the whole bearing of the holy man was so strangely familiar that he bowed almost instinctively before him, and in a trembling tone replied:

"You, who know the temptations against which I have been warned, can easily guess why life has become a burden to me."

"Then you have lost again at play?"

"Everything."

"And now you would rob your friends. Because you have sinned against yourself, and have received the just retribution of your crime, you would rob the world of a soul, and sink still deeper the stain of shame upon your memory."

"True, true," murmured the miserable youth; "I have sinned; but why should I live? Rose de Maronnay is lost to me forever! She, on whom the whole happiness of the future hung, is no more mine. O, God! Wretched, wretched!"

Louis de Vernicourt wept like a child.

"Louis de Vernicourt," said the monk, as he laid his hand upon the shoulder of the youth, "that you have lost Rose de Maronnay I may not gainsay; but still life may yet be useful, and time may work wondrous changes

Now, will you promise me that you will return to your hotel, and remain there during the day?"

"Why should I promise?"

"It matters not to you. All I ask is the promise. To-night I will see you again, and then you may follow the bent of your own inclination. Will you promise?"

"Yes—thus much I will promise," replied Louis.

The monk seemed satisfied with the pledge, and taking the youth kindly by the arm, he led him from the bridge.

#### CHAPTER V.

ON the afternoon succeeding the incidents recorded in the foregoing chapter, Louis de Vernicourt arose from his bed more wretched and miserable than he had ever believed it possible for his nature to bear. A fevered delirium fired his brain, and the dark cloud of utter degradation had sank down upon his soul. All the remonstrances of the gentle Rose came like so many witnesses to testify against him at the bar of his own conscience, and deep and dark was the guilt that appeared in condemnation. Only one step could he see, and that was but a deeper step in crime; his promise to the monk should be fulfilled, and then—he would die!

In this mood he paced to and fro in his chamber for half an hour—sometimes stopping to curse his fate, but oftener to pray God to pardon him for his sin. At length, just as he had stopped to gaze out of the window, he was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who handed him a sealed note. Louis tremblingly opened it, and read as follows:

"27, Rue de —."

"M. DE VERNICOURT:—*Dear Sir*:—From a somewhat vague source we have gained the intelligence that you have lost all your property at the gaming-table, even to the last sou of your estates. We, as you are aware, hold some fifty thousand francs on deposit from you, and if you wish to make any arrangement with us before your drafts are presented, you had better do so at once.

"Yours, etc., S— & DE H—."

"So the affair is already public," uttered Louis, as he crumpled the note in his hand. "No, no, my kind bankers, I will not add treachery to my present guilt. My written bond shall at least be free from dishonor; and though I may have been grossly, cruelly cheated, I will not cheat in turn."

Night once more settled down over the city of Paris, and soon after its dusky mantle had enveloped surrounding objects. Louis was not a little startled at beholding two officers of the police quietly and unannounced, enter his apartment.

"M. de Vernicourt, I believe," remarked the leader, as he approached.

"You are right, sir," answered Louis; "and may I ask to what purpose I am indebted for the honor of this visit?"

"At the end of your journey you will probably ascertain," laconically answered the policeman; "but at present you will please accompany us, and ask no questions."

Louis knew too well the character of the French police to hesitate in obeying, though, to tell the truth, such summary proceedings were anything but agreeable to him. He asked various questions of his companions, but they had no answer to give him, and as he entered the carriage, which stood at the door to receive him, he calmly resigned himself to his fate. At the end of a ten minutes' ride the carriage stopped, and the youth was requested to alight; and then, without having time to notice where he was, his conductors took him by the arm and led him into the building in front of which they hauled up. As Louis de Vernicourt entered the brilliantly lighted hall, he started back in amazement. He was within the dwelling of the old Count de Maronnay! He turned to speak to the police, but they had gone, and with his brain all on fire, he started for the door by which he had entered. He seized the knob—threw open the door, and—was confronted by the monk! A footstep was heard behind him, and in a moment more the hand of Sir Raoul de Maronnay was laid upon his shoulders!

With a drooping head, and a face all crimson with shame, the youth tottered back into the room. He had not expected this. The Bastille would have been welcome—the gallies would have been endurable; but thus to be confronted by the father of the girl he had so cruelly wronged, was more than he could bear, and covering his face with his hands, he sank back into a chair, and wept. Deep and painful sobs broke forth from his heaving bosom, and with a heart almost broken, he exclaimed:

"O, God! why am I brought here! I am ruined—disgraced! Forgive me, sir, and let me go; and when—when—Louis de Vernicourt dies, let the thought sometimes possess you, that, if he deeply sinned, most deeply

did he atone for his guilt, in heart-broken, soul-searing misery! I have no excuse—no palliation."

As he ceased speaking, he would have risen from his chair, but a gentle hand held him back, and as he raised his head, he met the soft, tearful glance of Rose de Maronnay. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, but still there was a heavenly, joyful expression beaming forth, and for a moment the youth forgot his wretchedness in the mellow light of those love-beaming orbs. Ere he could speak, the monk stepped forth, and laying his hand upon the youth's arm, he said:

"Louis de Vernicourt, I told thee this morning that I would meet thee to-night. It is the last time you will be troubled with the presence of my hood and gown."

As he spoke, the dark brown robe of the monk was thrown aside, and Louis started to his feet in surprise, as he beheld before him the tall form of the *Gambler of St. Martin*! At first the most bitter reproaches arose to the lips of the astonished youth; but the whole scene was so strange, so inexplicable, that he settled back, totally unable to comprehend the nature of his situation. The strange man noticed the embarrassment of the youth, and at length he continued:

"De Vernicourt, you will now have an explanation of all that seems so strange. Before your father died, he was well aware of your easy disposition, and it required no very extraordinary stretch of his observation to see that when you came into full possession of his wealth, the dazzling charms of fashionable dissipation might lure you away from the true pleasures of life, and that subtle rock upon which so many fortunes have been wrecked—the gaming-table—stood foremost in his fears. To me, who had met so many kindnesses at his hands, he entrusted your case, and I pledged him that if it laid in my power, I would save you from the evil he feared. Remonstrances and entreaty were alike in vain. I saw that practical experience, and that, too, of the most bitter kind, was all that would be likely to move you, and to that end I watched you as you entered the gaming-house, and at length, when your love of play became a fixed passion, I took you to myself, and you well know the result. What I have done, thousands of others in Paris would have done, had they had the opportunity. The lesson has been a severe one, but, I trust, no less beneficial. And now I have but one more duty to perform. Here are the notes,

drafts, deeds and bills which I took from you: on yonder table is your gold and silver, and *here is your father's last gift!*"

Instinctively Louis reached out his hand and took the watch, but he would have dropped it to the floor had not the mysterious gambler still held it by the chain, so wild and delirious were the throbblings that shot through his brain. At length, however, a full sense of his true situation obtained possession of his mind, and slowly rising from his chair, he grasped the strange man by the hand, and bowed his head upon his preserver's shoulder. A moment he remained thus, and then he tremblingly turned towards the count. The old man's eyes were wet with tears, and his hand was extended—Louis grasped it with a bounding heart, and lowly murmured:

"I am forgiven, for in the bosom of the past all my sins and follies are forever buried."

"Yes, yes, Louis," answered the old man, "most freely are you forgiven."

Louis turned to where stood the gentle Rose. Like an angel of love and peace, she looked, while a smile, made up of bounding, joyous truth, irradiated her features. Her arms were half opened, and in a moment more Louis had pillowed his head upon her heaving bosom.

"All was forgotten—all forgiven,  
And happiness, like dews of heaven,  
Rolled o'er his bounding soul."

"Now," said Jean Marton—for such was the name of the guardian gambler—"I have one more gift which I desire you should keep in your possession. It is not much, but still it may serve as a silent monitor, should you, in years to come, ever feel a desire for gaming."

As he spoke, he handed the young man a small ivory box. Louis opened it, and as his eyes rested upon the contents, a sudden tremor shook his frame. He took them out, and handled them, and then, with a fervent "*Never—never again!*" he replaced them, and closed the box. They were **LOADED DICE!**

Every period of life has its peculiar temptations and dangers. But youth is the time we are the most likely to be ensnared. This, pre-eminently, is the forming, fixing period; the spring season of disposition, and habit, and it is during this season more than any other, that the character assumes its permanent shape and color, and the young are wont to take their course for time and for eternity.

### THE OLD ELEPHANT IN EXETER 'CHANGE.

How well I recollect the old elephant in Exeter 'Change! He had been confined there for many years, and, in consequence of his having been regularly and well fed, his size was enormous. He was very obedient to his keepers, very susceptible of kindness, but mindful of an injury and ready to resent it. In proof of this, I may mention that a man, while looking at him, struck the proboscis of the elephant with his stick, when the animal projected it in hopes of receiving some food. The keeper immediately pulled the man out of the reach of the elephant, advising him at the same time not to go again within his reach. The fellow went with his companions to see the other animals, and on his return thought he would take another look at the elephant, forgetting what he had been told. As soon as he was well within its reach he was knocked down by the trunk of the animal, who selected him out for his revenge amongst several of those who accompanied him. This is no solitary instance, for many similar ones are on record. One is somewhat ludicrous. An elephant passed a tailor every day, who was at work in his small shop by the roadside, and this man was in the habit of giving the animal something to eat. One day, however, when the elephant put out his proboscis to receive his accustomed donation, the tailor pricked it with his needle. The animal took no notice of it at the time, but on his return he collected a quantity of filthy water in his trunk, and deluged the unfortunate tailor with it.

I used often to go to Exeter 'Change to see the old elephant, who was, as I have remarked, of a most stupendous size. When it was arranged that the buildings in which this animal was confined should be taken down, and houses built on the site, forty beasts were removed to the old stables near Carlton House, besides the monkeys; but as it was found impossible to remove the elephant, it was decided that he must be killed. The way in which his death was at last accomplished, not only shows an extraordinary tenacity of life, but is not a little affecting. The account was furnished by the head keeper at the time, a very intelligent man. They first of all tried to poison him, and for this purpose a pound of arsenic was mixed in three mashes, but it produced no effect. Then corrosive sublimate was put into three buns out of twelve. He ate nine of them, but refused to touch the three poisoned ones, although there was neither taste nor

smell in them. His hay was then poisoned with a solution of arsenic, but he would not touch it, although he began to be famished, but refused all food, as if he had a suspicion that it was intended to destroy him.

Under these circumstances, a detachment of the Foot Guards were called in, and they fired one hundred and twenty shots into the elephant—three balls entering his brain, and seven into other parts of his head. Still he survived; his keeper next ordered him to kneel down; the poor animal immediately obeyed the order, and his head thus presenting a surer mark, the last shots caused his death, but he survived the one hundred and twenty shots for an hour.

There is something to my mind extremely affecting in this account of the torture inflicted on a poor beast, and of his docility and obedience to his keeper under his sufferings. That he was possessed of no common intelligence is proved by the fact of his refusing to eat the poisoned buns and hay, and the following instance will also show that he occasionally evinced qualities which almost amounted to reason.

On one occasion I went to see this elephant, and on entering the space before his den I observed a bucket containing a quantity of small round potatoes. I took one of them, and as he was in the act of removing it out of my hand it dropped on the floor by accident. The animal tried to reach it with his proboscis, but as it was round it rolled away from him. After two or three ineffectual efforts to pick it up, he leant against the bar of his den, straightened his trunk, blew strongly against the potato, and sent it against the opposite wall, from which it rebounded towards him, when he was enabled to secure it. Here was an instance of sense or sagacity, and, as I said before, almost of reason. Indeed the elephant has been called a *half-reasoning* animal, and in this instance it could not have been instinct alone which taught him to procure his food in the manner I have described. It must have been some intellectual faculty which I am unable to define, but it was at all events an extraordinary circumstance. Milton, in speaking of animals, says, "They also know, and reason not contemptibly," and the more I have watched the proceedings of some animals, the more I become convinced that this is the case.

I may here mention, that on the occasion above referred to, when the animals in Exeter 'Change saw the scarlet coats and fur caps of

the soldiers who were called in to destroy the elephant, they manifested the greatest surprise and alarm at the sight of them.

Amongst the animals there was a large old lion, so tame that he was often suffered to walk about, when he would gently rub himself against any person present, although I must confess I felt inclined to decline his caresses.

It is a curious fact, with reference to what has been said about poisoning the elephant, that the cage of one of the tigers was painted white, and the animal became paralytic in two days, and remained so when the menagerie was removed to the old stables at Carlton House.

Nothing can show the intelligence of elephants more than the several accounts which have been published of the assistance they render when a troop of wild elephants has been driven into a corral. A tame elephant will then assist in fastening ropes round the legs of the wild ones; will push them towards the trees round which the ropes are to be wound in order to secure the victim. When this has been done, and he becomes aware of his captivity, the poor animal evinces the greatest rage, and struggles violently to free himself, but ineffectually, while the tame elephant shows much satisfaction at what has taken place. When thus subdued and no longer able to roam undisturbed amongst the beautiful forests of Ceylon, or to ascend those sunny hills covered with gorgeous flowers and the brushwood on which he delights to browse; instead of this, the poor brute utters choking cries, while the tears trickle down his cheeks, and his captivity is from thenceforward secure. His ropes are slackened, and he is marched down to a river between two tame elephants, to whom he is fastened, to drink and bathe, the tame ones having the greatest control over him. It generally takes two months before the captive elephant can be put to work, his first ignominious employment generally being to tread clay in a brick-field.

Sir Emerson Tennent, in his pleasing work on the natural history of Ceylon, gives so interesting an account of a young elephant captured with its mother, and sent to the government house at Colombo, that I cannot resist transcribing it. He says:

"This young elephant became a general favorite with the servants. He attached himself particularly to the coachman, who had a little shed erected for him near his own quar-

ters at the stables. But his favorite resort was the kitchen, where he received a daily allowance of milk and plantains, and picked up several other delicacies besides. He was innocent and playful in the extreme, and when walking in the grounds he would trot up to me, twine his little trunk round my arm, and coax me to take him up to the fruit trees. In the evening the grass-cutters now and then indulged him by permitting him to carry home a load of fodder for the horses, on which occasions he assumed an air of gravity that was highly amusing, thus showing that he was deeply impressed with the importance of the service entrusted to him. Being sometimes permitted to enter the dining-room, and helped to fruit and dessert, he at last learned his way to the side-board; and on more than one occasion having stolen in in the absence of the servants, he made a clear sweep of the wine-glasses and china in his endeavors to reach a basket of oranges. For these and similar pranks we were at last forced to put him away. He was sent to the government stud, where he was affectionately received and adopted by one of the tame female elephants; and he now takes his turn of public duty in the department of the commissioner of roads."

EDWARD JESSE.

#### AN EMPEROR'S JUDGMENT.

Among the amusements at Compeigne—in which Louis Napoleon took his part—with studious affability, and as much geniality as is compatible with his cold and reticent temperament—the emperor included a full supply of English papers and periodicals for his British guests. One of them had been dangerously ill during his visit, and the emperor was assiduous in visiting him during his convalescence. One day he came into the sick-room with Punch in his hand—the number containing the cartoon of "The Bulls don't come." "I've brought you Punch for this week," he said to the invalid. "I always gauge my English popularity by Punch's representations of me. When I am popular, he flatters my physique; when I am in bad odor, he makes me ugly. He has made me hideous this week. I suppose I am very much out of favor *la-bas* just now."

Death, in almost any form, can be faced; but knowing, as many of us do, what is human life, who of us could, if foreseeing the whole routine of his life, face the hour of birth?



## The Florist.

The snow-flower tall;  
And throwing up into the darkest gloom  
Of neighboring cypress, or more sable yew,  
Her silver lobes, light as the foaming surf  
That the wind severs from the broken wave.

Cowran.

### Pinks.

The culture of pinks is much less difficult than that of carnations; they are hardier, more easily propagated, increase more abundantly, and are less liable to incidental casualties than the latter. A good fresh loamy soil, dug and well pulverized, about twelve or eighteen inches deep, and well manured and mixed with cow-dung two years old, is all the preparation that is necessary for this charming flower. The plants designed for the principal bloom should be planted where intended to blow in September or early in October, as they do not flower quite so well if removed later in the season; they should be planted at about the distance of nine inches from each other, and the bed should be laid rather convex or rounding, to throw off excess of rain, but will require only a slight covering<sup>or</sup> protection in case of frost; and this only for the superior kinds. The beds should be kept free from weeds, and the surface stirred up a little, if it inclines to bind. They may also be propagated now freely by slips from their roots, or removed, if necessary. If desired to have them in pots, you may pot a few of the finest kinds.

### Double Daisies.

These beautiful little flowering plants may, about the end of this month, be taken from the winter repositories and planted for edgings in shady borders; for if planted in open exposures, the summer heat will totally destroy them, unless they are removed into the shade as soon as their first bloom is over. The roots may now be separated for increase, as every shoot of them, if *slipped off*, will root freely. They may also be removed into pots with balls of earth adhering to their roots, where they will blow handsomely; but it would have been better if they were planted in these in September or October.

### Planting Roses.

You may plant roses any time this month that the weather will permit; and indeed there is a particular advantage in planting some every ten days, even to the middle of May, for the flowering of them may be retarded in this way, and the bloom of those delightful shrubs continued for a much longer period than if all were planted at the same time; but such as are planted after the twentieth of April, should the season prove dry, will require shade and water until they have taken fresh root. The early planting, however, will be the most successful in growth, and flower in greater perfection than the others.

### Clean the Pleasure Garden.

Every part of this garden should now be well cleaned and put into the best order. Give the flower borders, beds, etc., a general spring dressing, by digging, hoeing and raking; let the edgings of box, etc., be regulated where disorderly, and the gravel-walks be well cleared from weeds and litter, and occasionally rolled. Keep the grass lawns, walks, etc., now well cleared from litter and worm-cast earth, which appears unsightly, and spoils the compact evenness of the sward; give them, therefore, occasional rollings with a heavy roller, whereby to preserve a clean, even, firm surface, neat to appearance, and that can be mowed close and regular with greater facility. The edges of all the grass walks and lawns should now be cut even with an edging-iron, which will add greatly to the general neatness.

### Sowing tender Annuals.

A hot-bed may be made the beginning or any time this month, in which to sow the seeds of tender annual flowers, such as the ice-plant, sensitive plant, browallias, etc. A few plants may be raised in any cucumber or melon hot-bed now in cultivation, to a proper size for transplanting. The plants raised from the above sowings will blow strong and beautiful in May, June, July, etc. Remember they are not to remain in the hot-bed where raised, but are to be transplanted, some into pots, and some into the borders.

### Hyacinths.

The choice kinds of hyacinths should now be protected from severe frost, for if permitted to penetrate so far into the soil as to reach the bulbs, especially about the time that the plants begin to appear above ground, it will produce a singular effect, by causing some of them to shoot forth or discharge their stems or blossoms; but if at this time the roots become entirely frozen, they are in danger of being destroyed, or at least so weakened as to produce but indifferent flowers.

### Planting Hedges.

Finish planting all the kinds of deciduous hedges as early in the month as the weather permits, and if the season proves very favorable, you may, in the last week thereof, plant evergreen hedges. China arbor-vitæ forms a very ornamental hedge for a flower garden. The American makes the best hedge.

### Planting Bulbs of various Kinds.

As early in this month as possible finish planting all your hardy kinds of bulbous roots, such as hyacinths, tulips, polyanthus-narcissus, jonquilla, star of Bethlehem, etc., as they must be considerably weakened by being kept too long unplanted.

## The Housewife.

### Indian Light Biscuit.

A quart of Indian meal, a pint of sifted wheat flour, a very small teaspoonful of salt, three pints of milk, and four eggs. Sift the Indian and wheat meal into a pan, and add the salt. Mix them well. Beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately. The yolks must be beaten until very thick and smooth; the whites to a thick froth that will stand alone of itself. Then stir the yolks gradually (a little at a time) into the milk. Add by degrees the meal. Lastly, stir in the beaten white of egg, and give the whole a long and hard stirring. Butter a sufficient number of cups, or small deep tins; nearly fill them with the batter. Set them immediately into a hot oven, and bake them fast. Turn them out of the cups. Send them warm to table; pull them open, and eat them with butter.

### Beeswax.

To obtain wax, boil the combs in a strong muslin bag, in a sauce-pan, with water sufficient to keep the bag from burning; and while boiling, continue to press the bag with a wooden slice or spoon, to extract the whole, as you skim off the wax. Drop the wax into cold water, where it will swim on the surface. The wax thus obtained will still want refining, to effect which, place it in a sauce-pan, and melt it over a slow fire. Then pour off the clear wax into proper vessels, and let it cool.

### Macaroons.

Blanch a pound of sweet almonds, and dry them well; then pound them fine in a mortar; add the whites of three eggs; then one pound of sugar, sifted through a lawn sieve; mix it well together for ten minutes; take it all out of the mortar; have ready your baking boards or sheets, covered with wafer paper. For Italian macaroons, you will form them round, with the slices of almonds upon the top of each; if for English, oval, and sift sugar upon the top of them; bake them in a moderate oven.

### Black Ink.

Take four ounces of galls, two ounces of copperas, and one ounce of gum Arabic. Beat the galls, and put them in a quart of warm soft water. Soak it eight or nine days in the hot sun, or by the fire, shaking it often. Then add the copperas and gum, and it will be fit for use in two or three days. The gum Arabic must be dissolved in warm water, and a half ounce of powdered alum added to the whole.

### Baked Soup.

Cut into slices a pound a half of lean beef, put it into a stewpan or earthen jar, and two onions sliced, the same number of carrots cut up; add also three ounces of rice, which has been soaked two hours previously, and thoroughly washed, a pint of white peas; season with pepper and salt; cover down close, and bake two hours.

### Chocolate Custard or Cream.

Beat up separately the whites and yolks of six eggs; add to the yolks a cup of fine white sugar; stir the whites into the yolks; dissolve a quarter of a pound of chocolate in half a pint of hot water; add a pint and a half of cream, give it one boil, and turn it on the eggs, stirring it all the time. Then put it into a pitcher; put the pitcher into boiling water, stirring the custard constantly until it thickens. To be served in glasses, and eaten cold.

### Lemon Cake.

To the whites of ten eggs add three spoonfuls of rose or orange flower water; whisk them for an hour; then put in a pound of sifted sugar, and grate in the rind of a lemon; mix them well, and add the yolks of ten eggs, beaten smooth, and the juice of half a lemon; stir in three-quarters of a pound of flour; put the mixture in a buttered pan, and bake it in a moderate oven for an hour.

### Pound Cake.

Take a pound of sifted sugar and a pound of fresh butter; mix them with the hand ten minutes, and put to them nine yolks and five whites of eggs, well beaten; work all together, and add a pound of sifted flour, some caraway seeds, four ounces of candied orange-peel cut into slices, a few currants, well cleaned; mix all together very lightly.

### Almond Icing for Bride Cakes.

The whites of six eggs, a pound and a half of double refined sugar, and a pound of almonds blanched and pounded, with a little rosewater; mix all together, and whisk it well for an hour or two; lay it over the cake, and put it in the oven.

### New Bedford Pudding.

Take four tablespoonfuls of flour and four of Indian meal, four eggs, one quart of boiling milk, a little salt, and a cup of molasses; stir the other ingredients into the milk, and bake it three hours.

### Boiled Indian Pudding.

Take four cups of Indian meal, two cups of suet chopped fine, one cup of molasses, one tablespoonful of salt; mix this all together; tie it in a cloth, leaving it to swell one-fourth; boil it six hours.

### Boiled Suet Pudding.

Take a pint of milk, three eggs, and sifted flour enough to make a thick batter, a cup of suet chopped fine, and a spoonful of salt; mix it all together, and boil four hours. Serve with wine sauce.

### Barnard Cake.

One cup of butter, two and a half cups of sugar, four cups of flour, one of milk, four eggs, and a little soda. Flavor with fresh lemon, or extract of lemon.

## Curious Matters.

### Extraordinary Death.

The Toulon journals relate the following strange story:—"A warder of the bagné here, named Durand, has just met with his death in an extraordinary manner. He was amusing himself, while off duty, with fishing in the dock from a narrow floating raft, when, having caught a mullet, and not knowing where to place it to prevent it escaping into the water, he conceived the idea of holding it between his teeth while he baited his hook. The fish struggling in the convulsions of death, ended by slipping his head first into the mouth of the man, and down his throat, completely filling up the cavity. The man rushed out of the dock for medical aid, but soon dropped dead from suffocation. The autopsy, which took place on the following day, showed that there had been no possibility of saving the man's life. The position of the fish, and the action of the viscous matter with which the scales were covered, while facilitating the mullet's entry into the gullet, rendered its extraction impracticable without such injuries to the throat as would have caused death. The author of this involuntary homicide measured about seven inches long and two broad."

### Explorations in China.

A Frenchman has reached Shanghai upon his return from a tour of exploration of a hitherto unknown portion of this vast empire. He started under the orders of the French emperor, and received letters from the imperial authorities at Peking to various mandarins upon his route. His observations are to be published in France. The Chinese papers state in general terms that the regions visited by him are densely peopled, and that a large and prosperous business is carried on, principally in the silk trade. One of the curiosities noticed was the wax tree, the wax being deposited by an insect living in the tree. The people appear to be intensely hostile to Christianity, and the English and French nations. The navigation of the Upper Yang-tse-Kiang River is difficult on account of rapids.

### Modern Economy of Time.

The Scientific American thus shows how time has been economized by the application of machinery:—"One man can spin more cotton yarn now than four hundred men could have done in the same time in 1789, when Arkwright, the best cotton spinner, took out his first patent. One man can make as much flour in a day now, as a hundred and fifty could a century ago. One woman can make as much lace in a day as a hundred women could a hundred years ago. It now requires only as many days to refine sugar as it did months thirty years ago. It once required six months to put quicksilver on a glass; now it needs only forty

minutes. The engine of a first-rate iron-clad frigate will perform as much work in a day as forty-two thousand horses.

### Gangrene and Oxygen.

A remarkable instance of the advantage which medical men may derive from chemistry has been published in the reports of the hospital Hotel Dieu, at Paris. A young student wrote a thesis, in which he showed that gangrene and deficiency of oxygen were to be regarded as cause and effect. Dr. Laugier, surgeon-in-chief of the hospital, having a case of spontaneous gangrene under his care, proceeded to test the theory. The patient, a man seventy-five years of age, had the disease in one foot, one toe was mortified, and the whole member was in danger. The diseased part was enclosed in an apparatus contrived to disengage oxygen continuously, and in a short time the gangrene was arrested, and the foot recovered its healthy condition. A similar experiment, tried upon another patient equally aged, was equally successful, from which the inference follows that treatment with oxygen is an effectual remedy for a disease which too often infests hospitals.

### Singular Fact.

A curious fact has just been published in some communes in France. It has been found that the use of threshing and winnowing machines has produced an immense amount of bronchitis and disease of the throat and chest among the laborers employed, who are exposed to an atmosphere charged with dust, which affects them so powerfully, that in some parishes there are whole families of confirmed invalids. To such an extent has this evil gone, that the maires have issued an order that laborers employed near this machinery must work in veils.

### Petrified Tree.

A remarkable petrification of an entire tree was lately discovered in the Baltimore mine, at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, by the miners while blasting for coal. The piece of the trunk taken out weighs five thousand pounds, and still there remain the roots and the top of the tree embedded in the coal. There are also to be found in the same mine petrifications of the cactus, and other plants peculiar to a tropical climate.

### A Phenomenon.

During a recent storm in New York, a ball of fire, apparently about the size of a man's fist, flashed into the telegraph office, and so stunned the operator, that he did not recover from the effects of it for several hours. Three or four other persons were in the room at the time, all of whom felt the shock more or less. Several gentlemen who were standing on the opposite side of Fifth street witnessed the strange sight. They say that the room for a moment appeared to be filled with fire.

## Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

### MODERN FOOD AND DRINKS.

The adulteration of food and drinks has long been practised in England, and with so much success, that scarcely an article can be purchased at the grocer's or the wine merchant's which has not been tampered with. We regret to state that the same can now be said of articles sold in this country. Our grocers and liquor dealers have learned all the dirty tricks of the trade from their English relatives; consequently we have to suffer because they have discovered that pulverized marble and sand weigh much more than sugar, and that, through the aid of chemistry, our wines can be poisoned and made to taste like the vintage of sunny France, and some good Judges can hardly tell whether they are drinking champagne which was put up in France, or champagne bottled in New Jersey.

But with all our feelings of disgust and indignation at the imposition practised, and at the terrible messes which we are compelled to swallow, we feel a little gratified to know that modest, uncomplaining John Bull is more of a victim than his American cousin, for his beer is doctored with quassia, tobacco juice, grains of paradise and *Cocculus Indicus*—none of these very wholesome materials. But every great brewer has his feudal tenantry, his scores of publicans, bound over to buy and sell monthly so many casks of ale from the brewery. Scarcely any pure beer can be bought by retail; it is made the most of, with water to add bulk, and drugs to add potency. Ignorant men are said rather to prefer the houses where the beer is richest in narcotics; they get intoxicated at a cheaper rate, and sit, sodden and blinking, like ruminating owls, upon the benches.

The wines sold in England are, like the beer, doctored. Port and sherry, the "red and white" of old days, are elaborately manufactured. A good deal is done in Portugal, where the chemistry of wine is well understood, but London improves on Lisbon. What with logwood-chips, boiled to a pulp—what with sloe and elder-berries, with apple-juice, brown brandy, and essence of fruit, the

Lusitanian grape is transformed with a vengeance. It is said that raw beef, left to soak in a cask, improves the flavor. Be that as it may, Paterfamilias sips a sophisticated port, and that is but a queer cordial which Irish Mike absorbs at the Plasterer's Arms. Branded sherry, loaded claret, vin ordinaire whose acidity is counteracted by sugar of lead, champagne that owes its frothing amber to the turnip, the rhubarb-stalk, the gooseberry—what gallons of these vile potations are forced down the throat of a thirsty and gullible public! Coarse spirits, too, whether gin or brandy, contain a liberal percentage of turpentine, cayenne pepper, and other fiery ingredients. There is death in the wine-glass, death in the tumbler, or, if not death, sickness and impaired vitality.

As far as tea and coffee are concerned, our English friends suffer as much as ourselves. The tea sold in some of the shops of London has done duty before, and the stale leaves have been heated and stained with metallic oxides, to restore their virgin lustre. Coffee is sternly pronounced to be no coffee at all, but Belgian hickory and roasted beans; while butter is composed of animal fat and bruised moss. Misery likes company, it is said; so, while we endure the effects of adulterated food, let us be thankful that John Bull fares a little worse than ourselves.

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PIANO FORTES.—Boston is justly celebrated for the excellence of its pianos. Among our best manufacturers are Messrs. A. M. McPHEIL & Co., whose instruments possess the quality of great brilliance and of standing long in tune. Their advertisement appears on the cover of this number of the Magazine.

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SCHOOL EXERCISE.—"Master William Auburn, how did Socrates die?" Boy (perfectly confounded)—"How did Socrates die, sir? He died—" Prompter friend on the bench in a whisper—"Of hem-lock." Boy (triumphant)—"He died of lockjaw, sir!"

## CASHMERE SHAWLS.

We doubt if there is one lady in ten who, when she spreads her rich Cashmere shawl over her shoulders, gives a thought as to the place or the manner in which the article was manufactured. If the shawl is genuine, and cost a large sum, she is satisfied, and perhaps perfectly happy; but the latter feeling depends very much upon her female acquaintances. If they do not own a shawl that will rival her own, then she is blissful; but if they possess one superior in cost and color, then our fair friend is only satisfied, not quite happy.

Cashmere embraces the upper regions of the river Ithlum, and is surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains. It is ruled over by Maharajah Rumberg Sing, a friend of the English, and consequently under the patronage of Great Britain; and there is not the slightest doubt but that England would seize the territory, if Rumberg would give them a pretence for the same. But he is keen, and refuses; so during the India rebellion, instead of making common cause with the rebels, he sent some thousand horsemen to the assistance of the English, and thus proved his good will and preserved his power for some years to come.

The kingdom over which Rumberg rules contains ten towns and 2000 villages in its area of about 4500 square miles; and, besides great wealth in vegetable productions, possesses some manufactures of fire-arms of beautiful workmanship, lacquered ware, saddlery, and paper.

But it is within Rumberg's territory that the famous Cashmere shawls are made, and we need not state how highly they are prized in this country. Husbands and fathers groan when Cashmere is mentioned; but ladies always look interested when the topic of shawls is introduced, especially if it is stated that they came from

—“the Vale of Cashmere,  
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave.”

But to resume our subject. When the Mogul emperors ruled Cashmere, as many as 40,000 looms are said to have been employed in producing shawls. These decreased to 16,000 during the Afghan rule; and now the number probably does not exceed 5000. The material employed for the manufacture is the inner fur of a species of goat which is principally reared upon the table-land of Thibet, at an elevation of 14,000 ft. to 16,000 ft.; and the first cost of this valuable wool when purchased at Kilghil, in Thibet, is two shillings a

pound. Expensive as is the material, however, its cost is nothing to that of the labor employed in its manufacture. Of the finest shawls not more than half an inch is completed in a day, although three workmen are employed on each piece, the shawl being composed of a number of separate pieces, which, as they rarely correspond in size, will account for that peculiar defectiveness which is often to be observed in the real “Cashmere.” The operation of the manufacturers is, of course, slow, in proportion to the quantity of work which their patterns may require. On plain shawls two persons only are employed, and a long, narrow, but heavy shuttle is used; those of which the pattern is variegated are worked with wooden needles, there being a separate needle for the thread of each color. The people at the loom (which bears a close resemblance to the rough looms of the French provinces) are superintended by an oostade, or foreman, who is, in his way, a very skilful artist, with a fine eye for color and ornamental design. If they are working a new pattern, the oostade explains to them, in a peculiar chanting tone, the figures, colors, and threads they are to use, while he keeps before him the pattern drawn upon paper. During the whole operation the rough side of the shawl is uppermost on the frame, notwithstanding which, the oostade never mistakes the most intricate designs.

When the goods are completed, the merchant carries them to the custom-house, where each shawl is stamped with the royal seal, and he pays a certain *ad valorem* duty. The shawl is not complete, however, until all the separately-woven pieces of which it is to be composed are taken to the Rafu-gar—men who are employed in sewing all these portions together, so as to form a harmonious whole. At this tedious and, as it would seem, puzzling work, they earn about three annas (or a penny) a day; and the experienced superintendent who overlooks their operations is very little better off than themselves. It is customary, when this last process is effected, to treat the fabric with a kind of varnish of rice glue; but this substance is generally washed from those shawls which are intended for the European market.

The final packing requires especial care, each shawl being folded upon a carpet placed on the ground, and a sheet of paper being inserted between each pleat. After this, they are submitted to a sort of press in which the packers are enabled to draw the bundle tight

by pulling at cords so arranged as to bind the whole mass firmly together. The external protection of the package is secured by wrappings of hide, tree-bark, felt, and thickly-matted linen. These bales are transported by coolies, who travel from Cashmere to Yemmu in about twelve days: here the shawls are examined and re-taxed, and are afterwards forwarded to Lahore or Amritsir on camels, a journey which occupies five days; thence they are despatched by railway to Bombay or Calcutta, where they are released from their first packing and consigned to iron cases, without which there is some difficulty in procuring their reception on board.

Now our lady readers understand the trouble and expense of manufacturing a shawl, and they will value them accordingly.

### THE MORALS OF MUNICH.

Munich is the capital of Bavaria, and contains, including the suburbs, about 150,000 inhabitants. It is a handsome city, but not a moral one, because the morals of the people are regulated by law, and as law is not always respected by those for whom it is intended, it unfortunately happens that the very measure which the parliament of Bavaria resorted to, for the purpose of suppressing misery and unhappiness, is one that causes it; and yet the sapient legislators do not repeal the obnoxious measure, and will not until their eyes are open wider than they are at present, and some little sense and regard for the welfare of the human race enters their brain.

The authorities of Munich are possessed with an idea, like their fathers before them, that it is a crime for young people to marry unless they can show some signs of prosperity, or some token that they will never come to want, after they are united; and it is necessary not only to prove that such is the case, but give bonds in good respectable sureties that the moral city of Munich shall never be called upon to support you or your children.

For instance, you are a young man, and suddenly fall in love with a girl whom you consider perfection, angelic, etc., etc. Fearful of losing her, you pop the question, and she says yes, if you suit her. Now in this country, after such a short courtship, all would move on most smoothly. You would get married, and there the matter would end; but in Munich, matrimony is not so easy. If you fall in love, it is necessary to write the full particulars to a government official; you must state how much you earn each day, how

many suits of clothing you own, what property you possess, and what your prospects are. The lady's history must be written out, and statements made as to her financial condition, and all these accounts must go through a lawyer's hands, and when they are sent in, a certain amount of cash must accompany the petition, or it will be thrown into the waste basket. If the official reads your papers, perhaps he is not satisfied with your ability to take charge of a wife; so he tells you that marriage is impossible, that you must wait until you have more ready money, or a bit of real estate, and a home—and there the matter rests, for every time you petition, you must part with quite a sum. Consequently, the poorer classes soon learn to do without marriage, and the result is shown by the large number of illegitimate children which makes Munich like a plague-spot on the face of the earth.

A correspondent, at the present time residing in Munich, writes as follows on this painful subject:

"If you inquire of the servants in Munich, you will find that almost every one is engaged, and almost every female servant above a certain age has one or two children. One cook that I had was engaged eighteen years, and had two children out at nurse. Another was engaged seven years, in the middle of which her lover left her and married another who had more money, returning to her on the death of his first wife. I have heard of a case of two poor people having to wait fifteen years for permission to marry, and spending 200 florins on applications.

"An operative, earning twelve shillings a week, was engaged to a girl earning seven, and owner of a house valued at \$600, and a cow. They applied for permission, and were refused—"means of subsistence not assured." Time went on, they had two children, and still their application was refused on the same ground. The owner of the manufactory took up their cause, and pleaded it himself with the official, saying that this refusal was not what was intended by the government. The official replied, curtly: 'What does that matter to us? The government may have its own ideas on the subject, but we have ours; and I, in particular, am of opinion that such marriages are neither right nor useful.'

"While I am writing, my servant girl, aged fifteen years, comes in dressed for a feast-day, and says that her father and mother are to be married to-day, and she must henceforth be



called by her father's name. Twelve times her father's application for license to marry was rejected, and each time he had to pay fees and expenses, lawyers' bills, etc."

Comment on the above is useless. It tells its own story of sin, stupidity and bad legislation; and yet the government makes no effort to remedy the evil.

#### HARMONY OF PROSE.

In every good prose writer there will be found a certain harmony of sentence, which cannot be displaced without injury to his meaning. His own ear has accustomed itself to regular measurements of time, to which his thoughts learn mechanically to regulate their march. And in prose, as in verse, it is the pause, be it long or short, which the mind is compelled to make, in order to accommodate its utterance to the ear, that serves to the more complete formation of the ideas conveyed; for words, like waters, would run off to their own waste, were it not for the checks that compress them. Water-pipes can only convey their stream so long as they resist its pressure, and every skilled workman knows that he cannot expect them to last unless he smooth, with care, the material of which they are composed. For reasons of its own, prose has a rhythm of its own. But by rhythm is not necessarily meant the monotonous rise and fall of balanced periods, nor amplification of needless epithets, in order to close the cadence with a Johnsonian chime. Every style has its appropriate music; but without a music of some kind it is not style—it is scribbling.

#### MUSICAL GLASSES.

When a clean wet finger is passed round the brim of a goblet, a pleasing vibration is produced, and the sound is purer, more musical, than when the glass is struck. This fact has led to the construction of a cheap musical instrument, upon which those who have an ear for music may easily play simple airs, and thus amuse themselves and their friends. Any air can be played in the compass of an octave; thus, eight goblets will make a set—or, better still, twelve will extend to an octave and a half. The best form of goblet is the bell shape, uncut, and having a foot. The goblets must vary in size; the large ones forming the bass notes, the smaller the treble. If the tones of the glasses are required to be very correct, they must be selected and compared with the notes of musical strings,

minute variations being readily corrected by placing more or less water in each goblet. Thus tuned, make a mark to where the water reaches in order to save the trouble of future tuning. Now fix the glasses about an inch apart in an oblong tray, and they are complete to perform upon. Clean the hands from grease with soap and pumice stone, so that the fingers may be more sensitive to touch. Wet them frequently, and draw them over the glasses according to the sound or musical note required, and by passing them rapidly from brim to brim, harmony is readily produced. Though such instruments are now rarely seen, we may infer, from what Goldsmith says in the "Vicar of Wakefield," that they were in use a century ago. "They talk," says Goldsmith, "of nothing but high life and other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses."

#### TALENT APPRECIATED BY TALENT.—

The notion that genius will excite the deepest reverence in those by whom it is least understood is an ever-recurring yet manifest delusion. Talent is best appreciated by talent; and the man who imagines that the higher he is removed above his judges the more they will admire him, might equally expect that he would look larger the further he receded, or his voice sound louder the greater the distance from which he spoke. Excellence must be perceptible before it can be applauded, and for a cultivated understanding to display its stores before untutored ignorance, is much like exhibiting colors to the blind.

ALAS, IT WAS COUNTERFEIT!—A contemporary relates: "While travelling recently in a neighboring State, we received in change a silver three-cent piece. We were, of course, surprised, but kept discreetly mum. On retiring for the night, having first closed the blinds and secured the door, we took out the precious coin to indulge in a good look at its shining face, when we discovered, to our sorrow, that it was bogus.

#### MASON AND HAMLIN'S CABINET ORGANS.

—Our readers' attention is solicited to the advertisement on the cover of this Magazine of these really excellent instruments. We understand that the demand for their cabinet organs has induced Messrs. MASON AND HAMLIN to build large additions to their manufactory, which will enable them to turn out over one hundred instruments per week.

## Facts and Fancies.

### A COLD BEDFELLOW.

An Irishman, about half seas over, some time since applied at a country tavern for lodgings. The landlord was lazy, and had patronized his own bar most extensively, so he said to the new-comer:

"If I give you a light, and tell you where the room is, can you find the place?"

"Och, and it's meself that can do that most illigantly. Just show me the way, an' I'll find it as aisy as the Holy Virgin showers down blessings upon the sinful," rejoined the Irishman.

The directions were given him and also a candle; he was directed to go to a room on the second floor in the house. By the time he had reached the top of the stairs his light had become extinguished, and he had forgotten in what direction he was to go. Seeing rays of light issuing from a room, the door of which stood slightly ajar, he reconnoitred the inside of the room, and found it to contain a bed, in which lay a man, and a stand with a small lighted lamp upon it. Feeling disinclined to make any further search for the room to which he had been directed, he divested himself of his clothing and quietly crept into bed.

He had been in bed but a few moments when a young lady and gentleman entered the room. The Irishman eyed them closely. They seated themselves on the chairs, in close proximity to each other, and after chatting merrily for a short time, the young man threw his arms around her waist in a very cousinly manner, and imprinted a kiss upon her tempting lips. The scene amused the Irishman vastly, and being free from selfishness, he concluded that his sleeping companion should be a participant with him in the enjoyment of the scene, nudged him, but his sleeping companion stirred not. He put his hand upon him, and found that he was tightly locked in the embrace of death. Synonymous with this discovery, he bounded out of bed, exclaiming:

"Murder! murder! Howly saints of hiven protect me!"

He had scarcely touched the floor with his feet before the young lady and gentleman were making rapid strides towards the stairway, terror being depicted on their countenances. They had just reached the top of the stairs when the Irishman came dashing along as though the fiends of Erebus were closing at his heels, intent on making him their prey, and the whole three went tumbling down the stairs, and it is hard to determine which of the three reached the foot of the stairs first.

The landlord stood aghast as the Irishman rushed into the bar-room, with nothing between him and nudity but a garment vulgarly styled a shirt, the hair on his head standing upon end, his eyeballs ready to leap from their sockets, and he gasping for breath. It was a sight that would have made a man laugh who had worn a vinegar face

from the day of his birth. Nothing could induce him to again seek a bed that night.

When the young lady and gentleman found that it was not the corpse that had so unceremoniously bounded from the bed, they returned to the room (they being the watchers for the night), and doubtless commenced their courting at the point where it had so suddenly broken off.

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### THE RULING PASSION.

In the "Bald Eagle Ridges," in Clinton county, Pennsylvania, lives a certain maiden lady. Twice in her lifetime she was engaged to be married, and twice some unforeseen event interposed to destroy her hopes of matrimonial bliss. Her's was a sad case. Time began to wrinkle her fair brow, and no new suitors were there to offer themselves. To add to her distress she became sick, "nigh unto death." The junior preacher on the circuit—a large, overgrown and bashful boy—was sent for. The sick room was well filled with sympathizing neighbors when the young divine made his appearance—and after some remarks, proceeded to read a portion of Scripture. He fell upon the chapter in which the woman of Samaria is introduced. When he read the words, "Go call thy husband," the sick woman groaned a little; but when he uttered the words, "The woman answered and said, I have no husband," the dying woman rose upright in her bed, her eyes flashing fire as she squeaked out the following:

"I aint agoin' to stand yer taunts, if you are a preacher—clear out of the house now! I've had *two* chances for a husband, and will live to see another—see if I don't!"

She recovered, but the war interfered with her matrimonial prospects.

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### SPIRIT MYSTERIES.

When spirit-rapping excitement was at its height, an excellent clergyman, a man of culture and an able preacher, being alarmed at the prevalence of the delusion, announced his intention of making a thorough investigation of the subject. Calling at the store of one of his flock, a shrewd man and a practical joker, the latter said:

"Mr. —, I hear you are about to examine the mysteries of spiritualism. Have you heard that the spirits are visiting me?"

"I have not," replied the minister.

"Well," continued the merchant, "observe that measure on the floor. It will move in obedience to my order."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Rev. Mr. —. I should like to see it done."

"Move to the right," said the owner. It did so.

"Now to the left." It obeyed.

"That is wonderful," said the astonished divine. The performance was successfully repeated. The reverend investigator departed perplexed and wondering.

Shortly after he had left, a plain, practical man entered. The merchant, flushed with his late success, said:

"I can order that measure upon the floor to move up or down, right or left, and it will obey me."

"Can?" said the plain man; and giving the half-bushel an honest kick, over it went, revealing the long blade of a butcher's knife thrust up through a crack in the floor. Looking down, the visitor spied in the cellar a man holding the knife-handle, ready for orders! The joker concluded to close business for the day.

### SATISFACTION IN PERSPECTIVE.

A very zealous and devout layman of the Free-will faith, at a certain factory village in New Hampshire, who was ever ready to do his share of "speaking in the meeting," had the ill luck to beard at a house where the most of the inmates were anything but good, steady and pious men—and who seemed most delighted when they could play some mischievous prank upon our good man. One Sunday morning our saint, to complete his toilet, inserted his two forefingers into the straps, and his foot into the leg, of a pair of bran new boots; he gave a smart pull, and smack! his toes came full tilt against an egg of dubious age—dropped by some cruel wag. After a little time and trouble, the martyr was ready for church, although somewhat late. During the sermon our victim bit his lip and "nursed his wrath;" but as soon as the discourse was finished, he arose and thus let off his ire:

"My brethren, the reason of my being late this morning at the sanctuary, was on account of a prank played upon me by one of those children of sin who sojourn under the same roof with me. I don't know for certain who it was that did the mischief; but it was one consolation to know, that at the great judgment day we shall see, then—all of us will know who laid the rotten egg in my brand new boot!"

### WHISKEY "KNOCKING" A COLD.

There is much sameness of appearance as well as intelligence among the people who are found occupying cells in police station houses of a morning. They are far from being the happiest creatures in the world. However jolly or oblivious some of them may have been the night before, the cold gray eye of morning stared away all that is visionary and unreal, leaving the uncomfortable realities of wretchedness and a prison.

Looking in at the Second station-house one morning, and glancing at the miserable creatures collected there, our attention was particularly attracted by a prisoner who bore the appearance of more than usual wretchedness. He was lying on his face upon the floor of his cell, and groaned heavily at intervals. We felt curious to know

something of him, and accordingly questioned him.

"What brought you here, my friend?"

He raised himself upon his elbow, disclosing a face battered and bloody. The seediness of his coat was but partially concealed by a coat of mud, in which it was encased. His hat lay by his side with a terrible mash in it. Eyeing his interrogator a moment, he replied, in a voice scarcely "legible;"

"A cold brought me here, sir. How I wish it would carry me off—only way I can get out of this scrape."

"A cold?"

"Yes, sir. A cold was the proximate cause; whiskey the immediate cause."

"Explain."

"I will. I have had a severe cold for a week or two past; tried all sorts of remedies with no avail. A friend advised me to try whiskey—said it would knock a cold quicker'n lightning. I objected at first. My cold called for something loosening—afraid whiskey would produce a tightness. Friend said I was going into a decline sure—didn't decline any longer. Took some—felt better. Got into a draft going through an alley and took little more cold, then took a little more whiskey. A man invited me to drink his health; he was hoarse and coughed badly, so I drank some whiskey for his cold. He said that he felt relieved."

"Of his cold?"

"No, of twenty cents."

"Go on."

"I did go on. I knocked off glass after glass of whiskey under the impression that it was knocking my cold. I finally undertook the job of curing all the colds in Boston by the same process. Whiskey knocked me at length, and here I am, my clothes ruined, my face bruised by the pavement, my money gone, and my cold worse than ever. Let me give you a word of advice—Never try to knock a cold with whiskey. You hear me?"

The last we heard of the unfortunate, he was sent to the Island to recover.

### ABRUPT PROPOSALS.

Speaking of abrupt proposals of marriage, we will cite the case of a gentleman who had retired from business at the age of forty, and built himself a beautiful house, determined to enjoy life to the utmost. One day a friend was dining with him, and said, half jokingly:

"You have everything here that the heart can desire but a wife."

"That's true. I'll think of it," and then relapsed into silence for a few minutes, at the end of which time he rose, begged to be excused for a short time, and left the room.

He seized his hat and went instantly to a neighbor's, and was shown into the parlor, with the information that neither master nor mistress were at home. He told the servant that he wanted neither, and requested that the housekeeper be sent to him.

She came, and the gentleman thus addressed her:

"Sarah, I have known you for many years, and I have just been told that I want a wife. You are the only woman I know, that I would be willing to entrust my happiness with, and if you agree, we will be instantly married. What is your answer?"

Sarah knew the man that addressed her, and knew that his offer was serious, and as well weighed as though considered for a year, and she answered him in the same spirit:

"I agree."

"Will you be ready in an hour?"

"I will."

"I shall return for you at that time."

Which he did, the gentleman who had suggested the idea accompanying him to the clergyman's. Many years have passed since then, and neither party has seen any cause to regret the abrupt proposal.

Here is another case, which will bear relating. A merchant who, one day dining at a friend's house, sat next to a lady who possessed rare charms of conversation. The merchant did not possess this faculty in a very rare degree, but he could do that which was next best, he could appreciate—which he endeavored to show by the following mode of action:

"Do you like toast, Miss B —?"

"Yes," responded the lady, slightly surprised at the question.

"Buttered toast?"

"Yes."

"That is strange; so do I. Let us get married."

There cannot be much doubt that the lady was taken slightly aback—a fact that did not prevent the marriage coming off in a month afterwards, nor the accession of the lady to one of the finest establishments in the city.

### A HORSE LOVING MINISTER.

In one of the suburban towns, some years since, dwelt an aged minister, by the name of Mead. He was all his life marked with eccentricity, and about those days of which I speak, his mind was rendered yet more erratic by a touch of paralysis. He was, however, still able to preach, and on a certain Sunday he was in the pulpit, and engaged in making his opening prayer. He had already begun his invocation, when David P——, who was the Jehu of that generation, dashed by the front door upon a horse—a clever animal, of which he was but too proud—in a full, round trot. The echo of the clattering hoofs filled the church, which, being of wood, was sonorous as a drum, and arrested the attention as well of the minister as the congregation, even before the rider had reached it. The minister was fond of horses, almost to frailty; and from the first, his practised ear perceived that the sounds came from a beast of bottom. When the animal shot by the door, he could not restrain his admiration,

which was accordingly thrust into the very marrow of his prayer:

"We pray thee, O Lord, in a particular and peculiar manner—that's a real smart critter—to forgive us our manifold trespasses, in a particular and peculiar manner, etc."

The congregation tittered, but they knew his weakness and forgave him.

### BUYING EGGS.

Our friend Jones was at the Quincy Market the other day; his special object of pursuit was "fresh eggs." After some little search he found the desired article outside. A Milesian lady, with a basket full of eggs, awaited purchasers. Jones stepped up to the Milesian lady, examined the "new fruit," and asked its price.

"Thirty-five cents a dozen," was the prompt reply.

"Isn't that rather high, ma'am?" suggested Jones.

"High? Divil a bit! Av you wor a hin, Mither Jones, would you be willin' to lay eggs for less than thirty-five cents a dozen? I ax ye now!"

Jones looked reflective for a moment, and then allowed the force of the argument. In view of its effectiveness, Jones "bought out" Milesian female, and sent her home rejoicing. The mother wit of the exotic from the land of the shamrock will never cease.

### JOKE IN EARNEST.

A Scotchman was in the habit of saying his prayers in a field behind a turf-dyke. One day this individual was followed to his retirement by some evil-disposed persons, who, secreting themselves on the opposite side, prepared to listen to what he should say. Jock commenced his devotion, and, among other things, expressed his conviction that he was a very great sinner, and that were the turf-dyke to fall upon him, it would be no more than he deserved. No sooner had he said this, than the persons on the opposite side pushed the dyke upon him. Scrambling out, he exclaimed, "Hech, sirs! it's an awfu' world this; a body-canna say a thing in joke, but it's ta'en in earnest."

### THOUGHT IT WAS COUNTERFEIT.

A ten cent currency note—one of the new issue—was shown to a clergyman, a day or two ago, as a curiosity. "Is that a counterfeit?" he inquired. "No; that's one of the new ten cent bills." "Well," replied the clergyman, with a comical look, as if he smelt the joke in the distance, "there was a contribution at my church last Sunday, and we found one of those bills in the box. The deacon and I both thought it counterfeit, and tore it up!"

At dinner yesterday we put this question to the guests:—"Which is the stronger, *lie* or truth?" After a moment's consideration, Mr. Joseph Proctor answered, "Truth; for you may re-*ly* on it!"



# Mr. Shoddy having made much Money through Contracts, is invited to an Evening Party.



Dressing. Kicks the servant out of the room for suggesting subdued colors are most fashionable.



Dressed. Is admired by mother and sisters.



Shoddy is introduced to his hostess. The result of a low bow.



Shoddy is a little awkward while polking.



Shoddy is independent. He breaks a vase, and offers to pay for the same.



The supper table. Shoddy is at home, for he has both hands full.



# THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



As the liquor is free, Shoddy is determined to obtain his share.



Under the influence of champagne, Shoddy exhibits to the company some of his lucrative contracts.



And for impertinence and drunkenness, is kicked out of doors.



Shoddy clinging to a lamp-post, instead of hanging to it, as he deserves.



Shoddy insensible to contracts or evening parties.



Shoddy in disgrace. The usual fine, \$3 and costs, for being drunk.



# DOLLAR MONTHLY

VOL. XIX.—No. 4.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1864.

## THE SUPPOSED NANA SAHIB.

The readers of the DOLLAR MONTHLY have heard of the capture of the supposed Nana Sahib—whose portrait is given on this page—but they may not be aware that our English friends are mourning because the police of India, enthusiastic in their work, and determined to arrest some one, made a blunder, and locked up the wrong person, while the veritable Nana, the man who is charged

by the newspapers with committing the most atrocious crime, plotting and working the ruin of his country as active as ever, remained untried and unmolested. He was a man of great energy and pluck. We have not the slightest doubt that Nana behaved in a very bad manner, when the revolt commenced, but our readers will recollect that the accounts of his atroci-



THE SUPPOSED NANA SAHIB.

and an escort  
 re. This was ef-  
 here, where the men  
 they were surprised, and  
 e. The captors themselves  
 of their identity, just as the but-  
 of Oliver Twist had no doubt that  
 was the head of a gang of burglars; but  
 they could not substantiate the point, they  
 e obliged to sent for proof from a distance.  
 Accordingly the principal man of the three  
 was photographed, and his portraits sent to  
 Cawnpore and elsewhere, wherever he was  
 likely to be known.

In the meantime his appearance was consid-  
 ered to correspond so entirely with the de-  
 scription of his person in the possession of  
 the government, that his identity was quite  
 established in the eyes of every person on the  
 spot. At last came an order that the prisoner  
 should be taken to Cawnpore, to be confront-  
 ed with hundreds who would be able to de-  
 nounce him. Great preparations were ac-  
 cordingly made. A large escort was provid-  
 ed. Every precaution was taken to prevent  
 a rescue on the road. The whole party at  
 length set out. The march was long and  
 very fatiguing, but it was accomplished at  
 length.

Arrived at Cawnpore, nothing seemed neces-  
 sary but to parade the prisoner before the peo-  
 ple, hear him denounced with universal ex-  
 ecration, and then bring him to trial. But a  
 sad disappointment here arose. At Ajmere,  
 before the march, several persons who had  
 seen the Nana declared the resemblance to be  
 perfect. But at Cawnpore everybody who  
 had ever caught a glimpse of him—to say  
 nothing of those who had known him intimate-  
 ly—asserted that there was no resemblance  
 whatever. How then, it was asked, had the  
 man borne so strong a likeness to the descrip-  
 tive roll when at Ajmere? The solution of  
 the difficulty appears to be this: During the  
 march the appearance of the prisoner had un-  
 dergone an almost entire change, so that he  
 no longer resembled even the photograph  
 which had been taken of him when first cap-  
 tured. This statement, strange as it may  
 seem, has been made by several writers in  
 India in perfect good faith. The phenomenon  
 may be accounted for in part by the supposi-  
 tion that the prisoner was changed on the  
 route, but the English scratch their heads and  
 say that it could not have been done, and yet  
 they are not quite certain but that they have  
 been tricked.

But we were speaking of the capture of the  
 individual whose portrait is on our first page.  
 He was arrested by one Colonel Davidson and  
 a small squad of military. The prisoner was  
 one of three men, apparently religious mendi-  
 cants, who had been travelling about Central  
 India for some time. The police made up  
 their minds that one of them was the Nana,  
 and set spies on their track. Feeling, at last,  
 certain on the point, they communicated with  
 Colonel Davidson, who became at once con-  
 verted to their belief, and proceeded him-



LOADING GRAVEL TRAINS AT NEEDHAM.



**LOADING GRAVEL TRAINS.**

The spirited engraving on page 259 is an exact representation of the manner in which gravel trains are filled at Needham, where all the dirt intended for filling the Back Bay is obtained. Great changes have taken place in the region of the Milldam since the State, the city and the Water Power Company united to fill the Back Bay territory, and so vast have these changes been that even our own enterprising citizens have been astonished at the result. Useless mud has been converted into solid earth, and this earth sold at prices varying from two to four dollars per square foot, and buyers are eager even at such figures.

About two-thirds of the Back Bay territory is now filled up, comprising 160 acres. The whole area is about 250 acres, and it will take nearly three years more to complete the work. Two engineers are constantly employed in surveying the ground. Of the hundred acres owned by the State, ninety have been filled, and only ten remain. Between the Boston and Worcester Railroad and the Milldam there are a hundred and ten acres belonging to the State and in part to the Boston Water Power Company. Fifty acres have been made on the south side of the Boston and Worcester Railroad, and fifty acres more remain to be filled under the contract. This is owned by the Boston Water Power Company, as are also twenty-five acres on the west side of the Providence Railroad, which are to be filled. North of the Worcester road there remain fifteen acres to fill. Columbus Avenue is completed out to Dedham street, with the exception of a bridge over the Boston and Worcester Railroad, which is to be constructed in the spring. By July next the avenue will reach its intended terminus, extending from Grenville Place (near Church street) to Northampton street.

The gravel which is used is brought from Needham, and the pits are located within half a mile of Newton Lower Falls, which is the most convenient station for reaching them. A visit to the spot only can afford an adequate conception of the magnitude of the labor. On the north side of the Charles River Branch Railroad and within sight of the Upper Falls station, lies the old gravel hill, which was exhausted three years ago; a hill forty feet high, and covering fifty acres, having been completely consumed. The new hill, which has been worked ever since, is situated south of the other, and covers the extent of a hundred acres. The hill is fifty feet high, and already

fifty acres of it have been cut away. The digging contract is consigned to O. S. Chapman & Co., who use two monster shovels, or "excavators," as they are called. They are worked by two steam engines, and it is estimated that each performs the united labor of one hundred men. The shovel takes at a dip two cubic feet of earth, and a car which holds four cubic feet is filled in less than a minute.

The excavators made a single cut through the hill—from one end to the other—in six weeks. The side of the hill presents a curious succession of sand strata, varying in density, and in grain—some layers exceeding flour in fineness, while again others resemble gravel in coarseness. Between the stratas are often to be seen an interlining of pebble stones. Laborers are at work day and night, and there is no cessation of toil, one gang immediately succeeding another. During the five-and-a-half years they have been engaged here, the severity of the weather has only once prevented the progress of digging. It is believed that the present pit is sufficiently large to answer the demand for gravel. Mr. Munson may be said to carry on the road himself, for he owns all the rolling stock, and that portion of the tracks of the Charles River Branch and Worcester roads on which his cars run, are kept in repair by him. He has running a hundred and seventy-five cars and eight locomotives, and two more locomotives are retained for use at the pit. On the average thirty trains proceed daily to Boston, each containing above thirty cars. The road is now worked to its highest capacity, and has been for several years; and the marvel is how so many of these trains have passed to and fro, without meeting any serious damage, or in any way retarding the regular thoroughfare on the road.

**THE STRUGGLE IN POLAND.**

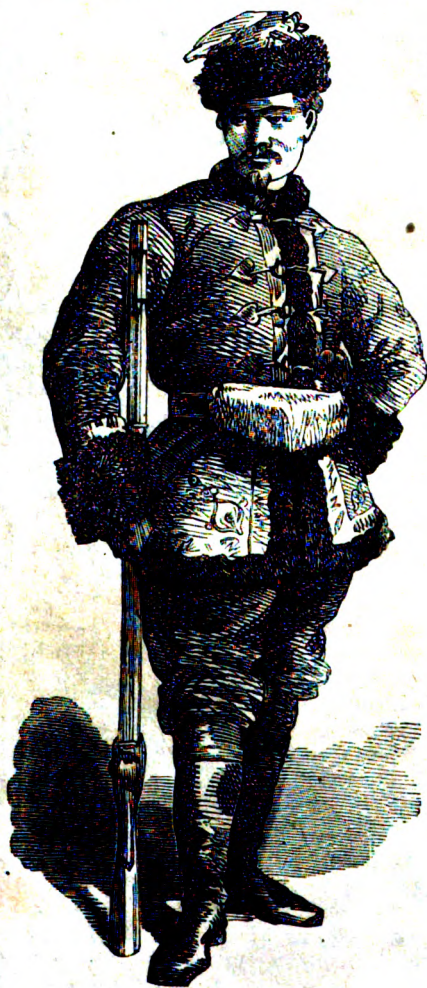
The struggle in Poland is still continued, and now looks as though it would last through the summer. It is impossible to obtain definite accounts of what is going on in that country, for the Russians allow nothing to be published which reflects upon their government, and all the details which reach us come through English and French sources, so our readers can imagine how reliable they are. Both countries hate and fear Russia, and would destroy her if possible; but as it is not possible, the newspapers content themselves with magnifying every Russian transaction for the entertainment of the John Bull public.



Affairs are bad enough in Poland. We have not the slightest doubt of it. According to one account (and we quote it as a fair sample of the news received through English sources), Mouravieff's decrees fall more heavily on the peaceful population than on the insurgents. The latter at least sell their lives dearly in the woods and marshes where they take refuge; it is the defenceless land-owners, the intelligent peasantry, the officials and servants on the estates, the local functionaries, the priests and the students—all, in a word, who can be suspected of political national feeling, that are most hardly used. Detachments of savage soldiery devastate the land; corn, brandy and other provisions are seized for the army; plate, clothes, dresses and cattle are taken to the nearest town, and there being few purchasers, are sold at merely nominal prices. If no purchaser can be found, all are destroyed, and the furniture and other articles which cannot be easily removed, are broken to pieces or burnt on the spot. The proprietor, with his whole household, is surrounded by soldiery, and taken, amid insults and outrages of every description to the town prison. If his wife and children do not accompany him, they are turned out of the house, and the unfortunate woman, a wealthy lady an hour ago, but now a beggar, goes on foot or in a cart to her neighbor to seek refuge for herself and children. It often happens, however, that the house and estate of her neighbor is in ruins. What is she to do next? The greatest severities of the Russian government are now directed against the women of Poland. About one hundred women linger in the prisons of Wilna alone, from mere children, like Julia Misiwicz, who is barely fourteen, to venerable matrons, like the mother of the late insurgent chief, Narbutt, who is sixty years old. Among others, Theola Kwiatkowska, a young lady of twenty, belonging to a wealthy and distinguished family, was seized at night on the estate of one of her relatives, taken to Wilna under escort, and shut up in the station-house with the scum of the town. It was only after much interest had been used in her behalf that she was removed to another prison, but she had scarcely been there three days when she was sent off alone to Siberia, without even a chambermaid. As she was being taken to the railway station, she perceived several of her friends in the street, who, on seeing her, burst into tears. She rose up in the carriage, waved her handkerchief, and exclaimed, "Sisters, I am not worthy of your

tears; keep them for our brothers that fall in the field, there are so many of them." The carriage drove on, the police dispersed the weeping women, and a fresh sacrifice to Russian fury was shut up in a barrel wagon, in which hundreds of Poles are sent every other Friday to the saddest and hardest of exiles.

If these stories are correct, the Russian na-



A POLISH OFFICER.

tion has much to answer for. We should like to see Poland free, but fear that the wish is an idle one. Russia will not quit her hold of her victim, so that all the blood that is shed will be useless as far as freedom is concerned. On this page the reader will find an accurate engraving of a Polish officer, armed and ready for the field. He looks like a brave soldier.



**A WINTER SCENE.**

The spirited engraving on this page will recall to the minds of many of our readers the days of their childhood, when cares were unknown, and health, a vigorous appetite, & to-

tal disregard of clothing and a joyous spirit were the characteristics which made boys think more of play than learning, or position in the world. We can well recollect how we used to rush from the school-room, in the win-



A WINTER SCENE—SLIDING DOWN HILL.

FOX



ter months, to the hill just back of the town, where the best coasting in the neighborhood was always to be found, from Thanksgiving until early April, and all our friends can remember the fast sleds which they owned, many of them of home make, but loved none the less on that account. How we used to laugh at the trifling accidents, and scoff at our mother's fears. Ah, as we think of those days, and of the mother reposing in the village churchyard, our eyes become dimmed, and we wish that we could live our childhood over, and prove to our mother how much we valued the love that was then bestowed upon us. But all such wishes are vain, and with a sigh we resolve to be more tolerant of the faults of our youngster, who will tear his clothes and wear out his boots in a most surprising manner. The picture is one to cause reflection. Let fathers examine it and contrast their early life with the one they lead at present, and then see which they like best.

#### MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.

The remarkable engraving on page 285 is an excellent view of the Marischal College, Aberdeen, which was founded by George Keith, Earl Marischal, in 1593. The old buildings, which were mostly of the seventeenth century, were neither elegant nor commodious, and had latterly become ruinous. They were taken down and lately rebuilt, partly at the expense of the government and partly by subscription. The college forms three sides of a quadrangle, and rises to the height of two lofty stories, presenting unbroken ranges of mullioned windows. From the centre of the building springs a tower, to the height of one hundred feet from the ground. This tower contains the principal entry and the staircase leading to the hall, library and museum. Each of these rooms is seventy-four feet wide, and upwards of thirty feet in height. There are, besides, a common hall and sixteen class-rooms, to each of which is attached a private room for the professor. The total expense of the building was about £30,000. Marischal College contains the usual professorships, and the session commences the first week in November and ends the first week of April. The curriculum of arts extends over four sessions, and a student's expenses during each session may be from \$75 to \$200 dollars. There are numerous bursaries connected with this college. Among its alumni are many who have distinguished themselves in every branch of science and literature. The name of the

college is pleasantly familiar to the readers of Scott, as the place where Dugald Dalgetty received his education, and where he laid the foundation for that pedantry so amusingly displayed in his long-winded discourses.

#### THE DUKE ORSINO AND VIOLA.

The beautiful picture on page 287 is illustrative of a scene in the third act of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," that glittering gallery of splendid portraitures, which has furnished so many themes for the emulous pencil. The reader, of course, recalls the "situation." Viola, wrecked on the coast of Illyria, has assumed a male disguise and entered the service of Duke Orsino as a page, but has fallen in love with him, while he, all unconscious of her sex and of her attachment to himself, sends her with love-messages to the Lady Olivia, who spurns his suit. The duke says, in the scene with Viola:

—make no compare,

Between that love a woman can bear me,  
And that I owe Olivia.

*Viola.*—Ay, but I know—

*Duke.*—What dost thou know?

*Viola.*—Too well what love women to men may owe.

In faith they are as true of heart as we.  
My father had a daughter loved a man,  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your lordship.

*Duke.*—Now, what's her history.

*Viola.*—A blank, my lord; she never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought,  
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?  
We men say more, swear more, but indeed  
Our shews are more than will; for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

*Duke.*—But died the sister of her love, my boy?

*Viola.*—I'm all the daughters of my father's house,  
And all the brothers too—and yet I know not.

It is the moment when the disguised girl, with a sly shyness, makes the last declaration, that the artist has seized upon. The figure of Viola, in her boy's clothes, is very delicately conceived, and is well contrasted with that of the duke. Indeed, the whole design and grouping are fine.

The man who would like to go to heaven alone, will never get there either alone or in company.

# CHANGE OF SEX IN THE BEE.

In every hive of bees the majority of individuals are neuters, which have the organs of the female sex undeveloped, and are incapable of reproduction, that function being restricted to the queen, who is the only perfect female in the community. If by any accident the queen is destroyed, or if she be purposely removed for the sake of experiment, the bees choose two or three from among the neuter eggs that have been deposited in their appropriate cells, which they have the power of converting into queens. The first operation is to change the cells in which they lie into royal cells, which differ from the others in form, and are of much

larger dimensions; and when the eggs are hatched, the maggot is supplied with food of a very different nature from the farina or bee-bread which has been stored up for the nourishment of the workers, being of a jelly-like consistence and pungent stimulating character. After the usual transformation, the grub becomes a perfect queen, differing from the neuter bee, into which it would otherwise have changed, not only in the development of the reproductive system, but in the general form of the body, the proportionate length of wings, shape of the tongue, jaw and sting, absence of hollow in the thighs where pollen is carried, and loss of power of secreting wax.

## "MY EMMA AND CUPID."



"No earthly love my path shall cross,"  
Romantic Emma cries. "Love's dross,  
And hearts are foolish empty toys,  
For moon-struck maids and sillier boys.  
No! happy in my single state,  
I'll live and die without a mate."

Sly Cupid heard the fair maid's vow,  
And, chuckling, drew his amber bow,  
Then whispered in mine ear, "My friend,  
Fear not, this whim will find its end;  
Fair Emma is not what she seems,  
And when a young maid vows, she dreams.

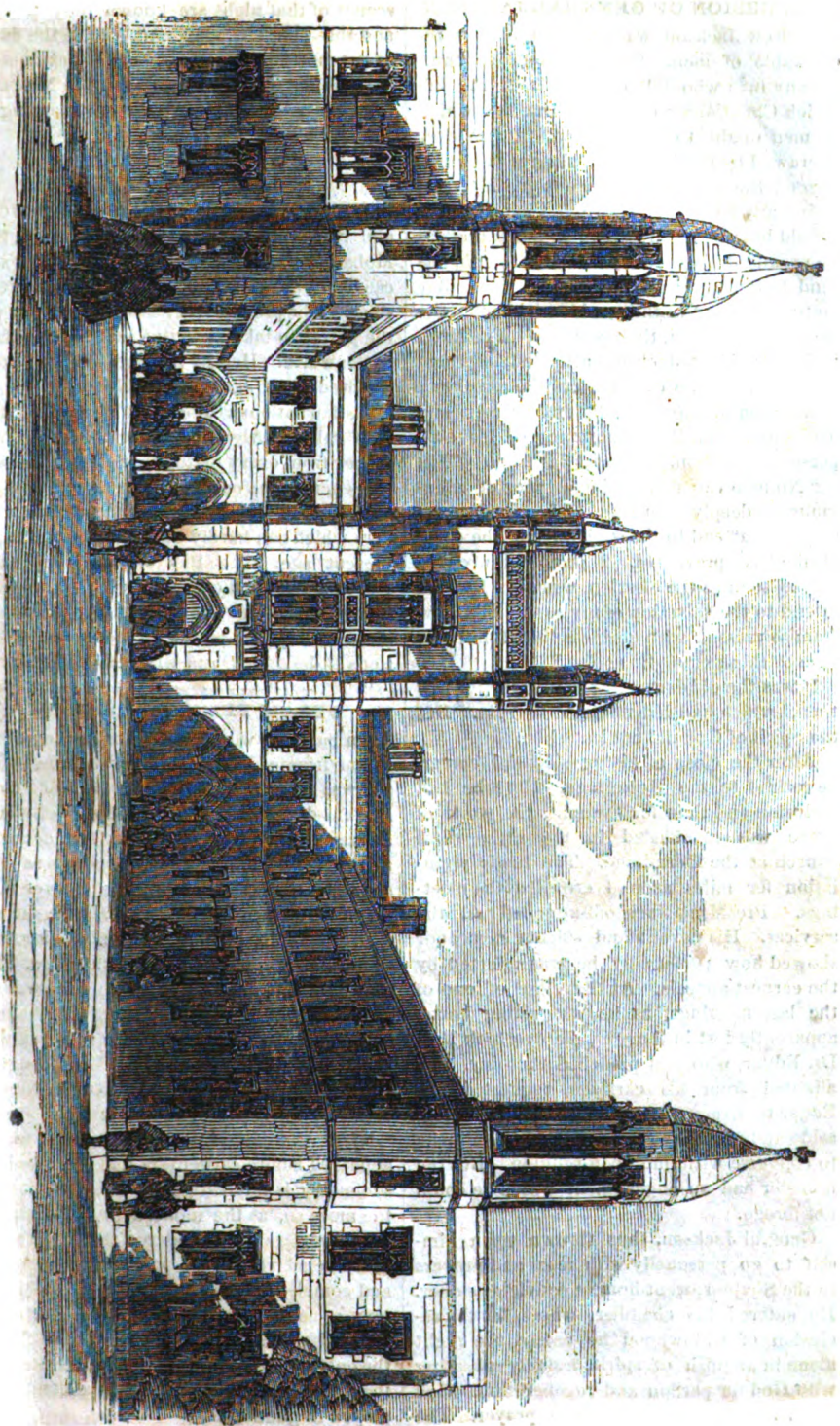
"I swear by these unerring darts,  
I can read maidens' inmost hearts;  
And what is true of A. B. C.  
(Not to say anything of D.)  
Can scarce be false of E. F. G.

"Trust me, your Emma means but this—  
Should some fond lover steal a kiss,  
Standing upon her left or right,  
She'll not let slip the lucky wight,  
But do her best to hold him tight."

The sports of children satisfy the child.



MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND.



**CONVERSION OF GENERAL JACKSON.**

Andrew Jackson was one of the most remarkable of men. He expressed contempt for any man who did not admit that the life which Christianity enjoins is the life which all men ought to live. His spirit was ever overawed by sublime conceptions of the world beyond the grave. He always frankly, and before any company expressed a hope that he should become a Christian. Again and again he promised his good wife that he would attend to the salvation of his soul. Soon after he took his seat in the presidential chair, the Rev. Mr. Danforth, then pastor of the church which President Jackson attended, informed the writer that he called upon the president in a season of unusual religious interest, and urged upon him the importance of his own personal salvation. General Jackson replied:

"No man can feel the importance of religion more deeply than I do. I have often resolved to attend to the subject, but the cares of life have prevented. I promised my wife that as soon as the election was over I would attend to the salvation of my soul. But now I am so pressed with business that I have no time to think of anything else."

It was the old excuse, "Go thy way for this time," which had led millions to ruin. But the Spirit of God did not leave him.

After the close of his presidential career, he retired to the Hermitage. Here he had seclusion and time for thought. A work of grace was manifested in the little rural church at the Hermitage. The rustic population for miles around crowded the meetings. President Jackson attended all the services. His devout and solemn demeanor showed how profoundly he was affected by the earnest appeals. At the close of one of the last meetings, as he was riding home, apparently lost in thought, he overtook Rev. Dr. Edgar, who had preached that day. He alighted from his carriage, requested Dr. Edgar to dismount from his horse, took him aside and urged him to accompany him home to converse with him upon religion. But the minister had an engagement which he could not forego.

General Jackson, thus thrown upon himself to go personally with tears and prayers to the Saviour, went home a convicted sinner. He entered his chamber, where, in the seclusion of widowhood he passed the night alone in anguish of spirit, humbly pleading with God for pardon and regeneration. God never turns a deaf ear to such prayer. The

scenes of that night are known only to God and the penitent suppliant. With the dawn of the morning he came from his chamber a new man. His face shone, for like Moses he had been with God. It was the morning of the Sabbath.

**BEY OF TUNIS.**

The portrait on page 268 is an accurate one, and represents a proud, ambitious man, Sidi Mohammed, the noted Bey of Tunis, who succeeded to the crown of Sidi Ahmed, some years since. The present ruler has the will but not the power to take an active part in the affairs of the world. Had he lived some eighty or a hundred years ago, he would have given the Christian nations as much trouble as the Turks who ruled at Algiers and demanded tribute money from every nation that dared to send ships across the ocean. That the villain obtained what he asked for is one of the wonders which can hardly be accounted for in the present age. The Bey of Tunis probably sighs for the good old days of his ancestors, but we thank Heaven that sighing will not restore them. The power of the barbarous nations is destroyed, and will never be restored.

**STEAM FRIGATE NIAGARA.**

On page 269 we publish an engraving of the steam frigate Niagara a few months before she was taken into the Charlestown dry-dock, and cut down from a first class ship-of-war to a razeed, and a failure at that, if all accounts are to be relied on. The Niagara was considered the most perfect model that ever floated on the ocean, yet at the same time she was not a fast ship by any means, ten knots an hour being the most she would average. The ship had seen some service before she was cut down, having assisted in laying the Atlantic Telegraph, and was despatched to Japan with the Japanese ambassadors. We hope that some measures will be taken to make the ship efficient, for it has cost an immense sum of money. An engraving of the vessel, as she appeared before carpenters had destroyed her symmetry, is interesting at the present time, the more so, as the modern improvements of naval warfare have rendered the construction of iron-clad vessels an imperative necessity, and completely overturned all the old systems of naval defence, inaugurating a series of monitors and vessels of like character, as the only invulnerable means of defence against the terribly powerful and heavy shot now employed in gunnery.





THE DUKE ORSINO AND VIOLA.





SIDI SADOK-BACHA, BEY OF TUNIS.

**INDIAN ANTELOPES.**

We take pleasure in presenting our readers with another splendid specimen of a zoological character, knowing that this is a subject that will particularly interest the young. The Indian antelopes are found in abundance on our broad Western plains, between Utah and Missouri. Their flesh is delicate, but they are shy and require careful stalking to obtain a shot. These animals are beautiful specimens of grace and fleetness, and remind one of the gazelles of the East, so often pictured in poetic strains in descriptions of oriental life and attractions.

**HENRY CLAY'S MONUMENT.**

The truthful engraving on page 271 was designed by Mr. I. R. Hamilton, of Cincinnati, as a monument for Henry Clay. It is original and beautiful, and embraces many novelties. The artist intended that the statue of Henry Clay should be inside of the monument, but at the same time visible from the exterior. The design is the best that ever appeared on paper in this country, and will bear comparison with Scott's celebrated monument at Edinburgh. It is a worthy tribute to the memory of one of America's greatest statesmen.

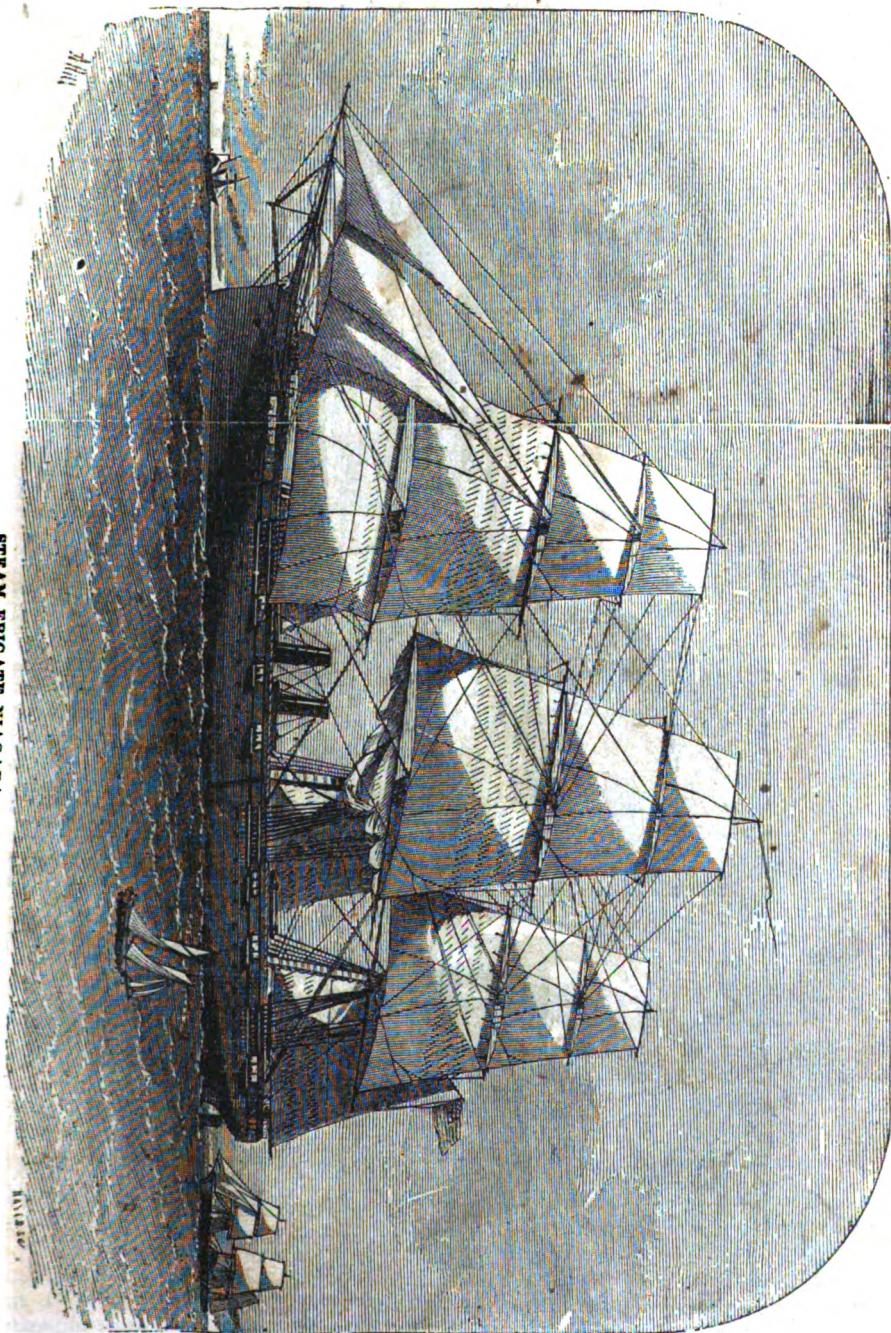


**THE ROYAL PALACE AT BERLIN.**

We present, on page 272, another striking European scene, and a friend who sends us the sketch writes as follows respecting it:

"The Royal Palace of the city of Berlin is a most magnificent and imposing structure, consisting of four stories, and subdivided by spacious and lofty departments. The entrance

STEAM FRIGATE NIAGARA.





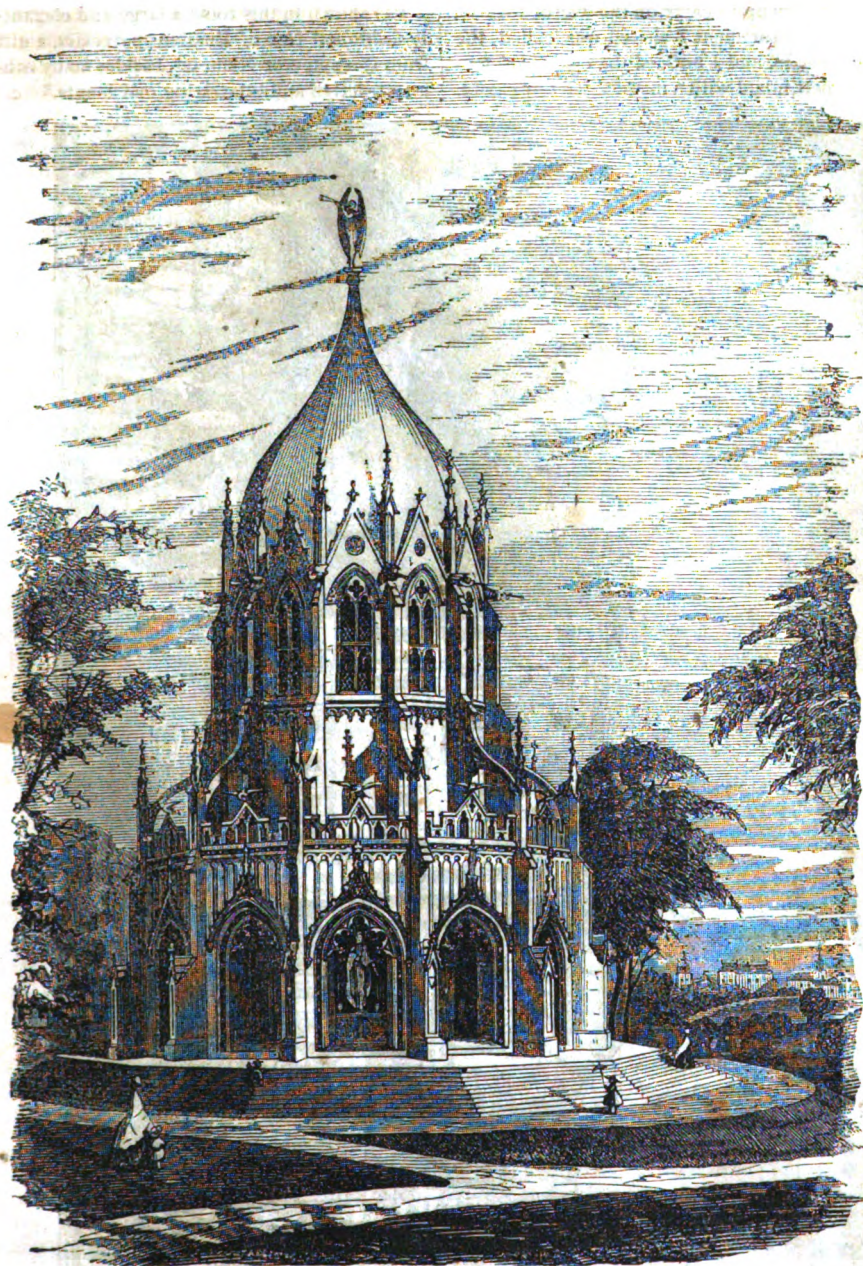
from the Linden side is ornamented by ten large bronze horses, the gift of the emperor of Russia. Altogether, I found the interior the most elegant and magnificent exhibition

of richness I have yet seen. The ante-room contains full length portraits of Napoleon and Maria Louisa, Blucher pointing to the hat of Napoleon, etc. The first room I entered con-



INDIAN ANTELOPES.





HENRY CLAY'S MONUMENT.

tained portraits of Louis XIV., and several kings and emperors, and most superbly furnished in gilt and rich hangings; the second contained a fine large picture of Frederick the Great as crown prince; several succeeding apartments were only striking from the ele-

gance of the furniture and ornaments, until I came to the Throne Room. This room is very fine and rich in its belongings, containing vast outlays in silver and gold ornament. The entire orchestra was formerly of solid silver, but is now only plated, the original having



been broken up to carry on the war of 1812-13. The next apartment I visited was called the Black Eagle, and I noticed the chairs of tortoise shell, inlaid with a metal resembling gold.

I was shown in this room a large and elegantly fashioned vase of Russian porcelain, a gift from the emperor Nicholas, besides many other attractive and interesting ornaments."



ROYAL PALACE, IN BERLIN, PRUSSIA.



[ORIGINAL]

## THE ANGLER.

BY G. S. SESSIONS.

Beneath a rustic canopy  
Of trailing river-vines,  
Whose growth of interwoven shoots  
A silver birch entwines:  
On a bank of velvet meadow-grass  
The angler old reclines.

Merrily over the pebbly beach  
The brooklet bubbles by;  
Tremulously on its glassy breast  
Nestles the mirrored sky;  
Where warily sports the spotted trout  
Around the tempting fly.

Gently the years have laid their hands  
On the old man's locks of snow,  
And gently the zephyrs beat their wings,  
To fan his placid brow;  
And his eye is bright, and his step is light,  
And his heart is young, I trow.

Lightly he clasps the slender rod,  
And patiently trolls the line;  
And his pulses swell with a joyous thrill,  
For he loves the craft divine—  
As he gazes down in the wavy blue,  
Where the golden minnows shine.

He hears the noisy cicadas,  
And the faintly droning bees;  
He hears the plash of the waterfall,  
And the rustling summer breeze—  
As it skims o'er fields of bending grain,  
Or stalks through the tall old trees.

But the scornful laugh and bitter threat  
O'er the beaker's beaded brim,  
The wretched mould of the helpless slave  
Of oppression, old and grim;  
The tale of wrong, and the tale of woe—  
They're all untold to him.

Ay, a pleasant life the angler leads—  
Pleasant from day to day;  
His soul his blithe, and his thoughts are fresh,  
As a maiden's in her May;  
The hours all seem like a pleasant dream,  
And dream-like, glide away.

A WITTY OFFICER.—At a banquet when solving enigmas was one of the diversions, Alexander said to his courtiers—"What is that which did not come last year, has not come this year, and will not come next year?" A distressed officer, starting up, said; "It certainly must be our arrears of pay." The king was so diverted, that he commanded him to be paid up, and his pay increased.

[ORIGINAL]

## THE POOR COUSIN.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

## CHAPTER I.

"I HAVE just received a letter from your Aunt Irwin," said Mrs. Becket, addressing her two daughters, one of whom sat near the fire, reading; while the other reclined indolently upon a lounge, with her violet eyes so nearly closed that their long silken lashes almost rested on her cheeks, smooth and delicate as a rose-colored shell.

"What a tease Aunt Irwin is," said she, without raising her snowy eyelids.

"What does she say in her letter?" said Miranda, the eldest daughter.

"I hope she has not written you another begging letter," said Anna, languidly.

"I hardly know what to call it," said Mrs. Becket. "I will read it to you, and then you can advise me what to write in answer."

She accordingly read as follows:

"DEAR SISTER:—As you think you cannot spare fifty dollars to enable me to pay Mr. Harden, I shall be obliged to let him have the cow, and several articles of furniture, which, though it will cause us great inconvenience, we must manage to do without. How we are to get through the winter, which is close at hand, I am unable to tell; but I try not to distrust Providence. Willie and Lucy, as you know, are too young to do anything towards their own support, and Eva can find no employment here, except at very low wages. Her education is good—much better than that of most girls of her age, as, during her father's life, when we were in comparatively prosperous circumstances, she enjoyed the advantages of a good school, where, besides attending to what are considered the more useful branches of education, she acquired a knowledge of the French and German languages, and made considerable progress in music. But in nothing did she excel so much as in drawing and painting. Her teacher thinks her fully competent to give lessons in either of them. Do you think it possible for her to obtain a class in your city? If she could, and you would be willing to board her for the assistance she would find time to render you with her needle, she thinks the proceeds might enable me and the children to get through the winter, when added to what I

hope to be able to earn myself by taking in plain sewing.

"I beg that you will answer this as soon as you can conveniently, it being necessary that something should be decided on at once.

"From your sister,

"MARIAN IRWIN."

"I do believe," said Anna, when her mother had finished reading the letter, "that Aunt Irwin imagines you have nothing to do besides attending to her."

"If she really understands drawing and painting," said Miranda, "I should like to take lessons of her."

"Do you suppose she does, ma?" said Anna.

"She has, probably, painted a mourning-piece at the famous school alluded to by her mother—an achievement quite sufficient to excite the admiration of the entire community in such an out-of-the-way place as she lives in. Her mother ought to know that something more is required *here* to make a prodigy of her."

"You painted a mourning-piece once, did you not, ma?" inquired Anna.

"It is of no consequence whether I ever did or not," replied her mother.

"At any rate," said Miranda, "there is one in an old chest, which stands in the attic. The urn leans so far to one side as to look as if it were just ready to tumble down; and what is intended to represent a stream of water, looks like a sky-blue ribbon."

"Come," said Mrs. Becket, "we want to talk about your aunt's letter, not about mourning-pieces."

"I, for one," said Anna, "should like to have Eva come. She will do to amuse me when I get tired of my music and embroidery, and everything else of the kind that is available, as I sometimes do. The worst of it is, people will find out that she is our cousin."

"And what if they should?" said Miranda.

"I don't like to be laughed at on account of my poor relations."

"I should like to have any one laugh at me on that or any other account," said Miranda. "I think the experiment would be one which would be gladly abandoned."

"On the whole," said Mrs. Becket, "I think we had better let the girl come. I have a great deal of sewing on hand—enough to employ a seamstress for months, and you know that her mother offers to have her sew for her board."

"If she can sew nice, I shall want her to do a great deal of sewing for me," said Anna.

"You needn't think to monopolize her," said Miranda; "that is, if she really knows anything about drawing and painting."

"We must try to get her a class," said Mrs. Becket.

"Now, ma, we cannot have a dozen girls coming to the house to take lessons," said Anna; "and if she were obliged to call at their own homes to give them, I suspect she would have little time left for sewing, or anything else."

"It will be time enough to settle that, when we ascertain whether or not she is qualified to give lessons," said Miranda. "If she is, I am determined that she shall devote most of her time to me."

"How, then, is she to earn anything to help her mother along?" said Mrs. Becket. "Of course she won't be so ungrateful as to accept anything for giving *you* lessons, when she is indebted to us for a home."

"And *such* a home," said Miranda, while a sarcastic smile—so slight as to be imperceptible to her mother and sister—curled her lips.

"Yes," said Mrs. Becket, "it will be quite different from the poverty-struck home she has been accustomed to."

"Poverty-struck in worldly splendor, though rich in what is better, and which gold cannot buy," murmured Miranda, to herself.

"What can that be?" said Anna, who overheard her sister's remark.

"If it be an enigma to you," was Miranda's answer, "I had better leave you to find it out at your leisure. If it should always remain so, then so much the better, as you will never realize the want of it."

"What a queer girl our Miranda is!" said Anna. "Half of the time I don't understand what she means."

"It is not likely that she does herself," said Mrs. Becket.

"Not at all likely," was Miranda's rejoinder.

"Are you going to answer Aunt Irwin's letter, ma?" inquired Anna.

"I should prefer to have Miranda answer it; I always did, and always shall, hate to write letters."

Without speaking, Miranda brought forward a writing-desk, and arranged her materials for writing. The letter was speedily written.

"Do you wish me to read it to you?" she asked, staying her hand as she was preparing to fold it.

"No," replied her mother. "Just mention what you have written, that will be enough."

"I have told Aunt Irwin that you have authorized me to say to her that you are willing Eva should come and remain a few weeks on trial."

She did not tell her mother that, in addition, she had promised to pay the expenses of her journey from her allowance of pocket-money, so that her aunt could retain what was intended for that purpose to go towards the maintenance of herself and children.

## CHAPTER II.

EVA IRWIN, though nineteen years old, had never been in one of our larger cities; and when, at the close of a cold, misty day—the mist having changed to a dull, heavy rain, a little before sunset,—the coach which she had taken at the depot stopped in front of a large brick house, she had never in her life felt so lonely and desolate.

"This is the place," said the coachman, opening the door of the vehicle, and letting down the steps.

He assisted her to alight, placed her baggage on the door-steps of the stately mansion that seemed to look down upon her with a frown, and was about to resume his seat on the coach-box, when he returned, pulled the bell-handle, and said:

"That will bring somebody, I guess."

And it did. The door was at once opened by a servant in livery, who said:

"Miss Irwin, I presume? Mrs. Becket is expecting you. Walk, this way;" and with quite a patronizing air, he preceded her to the door of a small back parlor, which he held open till she had entered.

The remains of a coal fire were in the grate, and a brass lamp was burning on the mantel, but neither aunt nor cousins came to welcome her. She ventured to divest herself of her bonnet and damp shawl, and then, shivering with the cold, she drew her chair close to the nearly extinguished fire.

Five, ten, and, at last, twenty minutes had passed away, when the door opened, and a young lady, with a quick, elastic step entered, and approaching her, held out her hand. Eva arose.

"I am your cousin Miranda," said the young lady, "and I have been trying to break away from a few tiresome people in the drawing-room, ever since you have arrived. You

must be cold, for I see that the fire is nearly out—and hungry, too, for I suppose you have not dined."

"No, I have not."

Miranda was about to ring the bell, and order something to be brought up, when a girl entered, bearing a tray, on which was a cup of weak tea, and a few thin slices of bread and butter. Miranda looked at the contents of the tray, then to Eva with a kind of comical smile. She next turned to the girl.

"Take this tray down again," said she, "and make an addition to the bread and butter, such as my mother, sister, or I should require, if we had been travelling ever since sunrise without having had anything to eat. Instead of this sloppy stuff, bring up some tea, also, such as I like."

"Yes'm, I understand," said the girl.

Miranda now replenished the grate from the contents of a coal-scuttle, which she found in a closet, and seated herself opposite her cousin.

"I hope," said she, "that you are not one of those delicate young ladies who would be shocked at my ordering more substantial food?"

"Far from it," replied Eva. "I really feel the need of something a little heartier than thin slices of bread and butter, so thin as to be transparent."

"I am glad of it. I have known girls of our age who imagine it is not genteel to have a good appetite. Anna has a dear friend (the friendship subsisting between them was formed at a boarding-school, and in their own estimation, will end only with this life), who pretends she can dine on a slice of pine-apple, or a quarter of an orange."

"You know that I am a country girl," said Eva.

"And so is Anna's dear friend. But I suspect she can eat the wing of a chicken behind the closet door. And now I want to ask you if you really understand anything about drawing and painting?"

"I must leave that for you to decide. I have brought a few specimens, which will help you to judge."

"To confess the truth, I am rather a good judge for a girl of twenty. I have always, ever since I can remember, had a fondness for pictures, and have availed myself of every opportunity to gratify my inclination to look at them. This, however, has generally been done in too idle a mood to enable me to profit by it as much as I might have done. Yet,

after all, as I have said, I am rather a good judge."

"So good as to condemn my poor attempts, I am afraid."

"It is not impossible but that I may see faults in them; yet I hope to find you able to be my teacher."

"O, I cannot think of such a thing."

"We shall see. I have never, as yet, done anything more than to make a few sketches. But here comes Janet with something more inviting than weak tea, and bread and butter. Do you know, Eva, that I like you a great deal better than I expected to?" said Miranda, as she handed her cousin a cup of tea.

Eva smiled, as she replied:

"I can say the same of you."

"How did you form an opinion of me—from imagination or description?"

"From description."

"And there were some traits in my character that were not remarkably amicable, you thought?"

"I certainly have been told that you are a little apt to laugh at people in your sleeve, and being an awkward country cousin, I expected to yield you a double share of merriment."

"The imputation may not be without foundation; but I assure you I never laugh at what is really silly nor ridiculous, therefore, you may be certain that I shall never laugh at you."

"Much obliged to you," said Eva.

"And what information did you receive as to my personal appearance?"

"Such as to prepare me to find you much less good looking than you are."

"While Anna was described to you as very beautiful?"

"Yes."

"I thought so—and so she is; yet I would not exchange this phiz of mine, had I the power, for hers. I like my face altogether the best, and so I think you will, for there is more character in it."

"If so, I certainly shall."

"Anna has mind enough, but she is too indolent to use it. She will, probably, show you, by the manner she treats you, that she feels herself much above you; but you must not mind it, so as to feel unpleasantly about it. Having been told so, she takes it for granted. As for mother, she is terribly afraid of Mrs. Grundy. Some invisible imp is constantly at her ear, whispering, 'What will the world say?' There, I hear steps in the pas-

sage. A messenger for me, I dare say, and I must not too long neglect those stupid people in the drawing-room, for, as they may be spiteful as well as stupid, it is best to keep friends with them. The fire and supper have wonderfully improved your personal appearance. You looked very blue and miserable when I first saw you this evening, and no wonder. Well, Milly, what do you wish?" said she, to a little servant girl, who had been standing at the door, waiting patiently for an opportunity to speak.

"Mrs. Becket wants to know if you will please come to the drawing-room."

"Certainly I will. Eva, there are a few books which may serve to amuse you till I return, which will be in season to show you to your room—a privilege of which I intend to deprive Milly, at least, for to-night."

The ensuing day, a consultation was held, relative to the few pictures and sketches which Eva had brought as specimens of her skill.

"She will do to teach me," said Miranda.

"Don't judge too hastily," said her mother.

"It appears to me that the colors are not brilliant enough."

"That is what I think," said Anna. "I should not imagine the coloring to be at all Titan-like. It was Titan, was it not, Miranda, who was so celebrated for the brightness of his tinting?"

"If I am not mistaken," said Miranda, gravely, "the Titans were more celebrated for their strength and dexterity in hurling rocks, than for their skill as painters."

"Well, I should think," said Anna, "that Charles Lyndale would know, as well as you, for he has been through college, and travelled all over Europe and Italy, and he said, the other day, that Titan was one of the finest painters that ever lived. Ah! here he comes, I will ask him."

"You mean Titian," said Eva, so softly as not to be heard by a young gentleman, who, at that moment, entered the room.

But Anna either did not understand what she said, or did not choose to be set right by her poor cousin, the appellation which she and her mother had already commenced applying to Eva whenever they mentioned her. She, therefore, appealed to Mr. Lyndale, in order to settle the question.

"Yes," said he, "Titian was a fine painter, and, as you say, a distinguished colorist, though more as it regarded tone and shades than for peculiar brilliancy, for which he was less celebrated than Rubens."

"There, I knew he was a great painter," said Anna, pouting her pretty lips.

"You merely left out the *i*," said Miranda, "a fault you are never guilty of in reference to yourself. You are too much of a egotist for that."

In the meantime, Lyndale found opportunity to make Miranda understand that he wished to be presented to Eva. She accordingly introduced her as her cousin, and, in return, received an angry glance from her mother, who, by way of apology, remarked to Lyndale that she supposed Miranda imagined that he had as great a fondness for making new acquaintances as she had.

"I shall certainly be happy to have the honor of Miss Irwin's acquaintance," said he.

This was said in such a manner that Eva could not doubt his sincerity, and though she remained silent, he could see by her countenance that she, on her part, entertained no objection to becoming better acquainted with him.

"What do you think of these paintings, Mr. Lyndale?" said Anna. "Do you think the person who could paint such capable of teaching me?"

"I think that must depend on yourself," was Lyndale's reply.

"Anna has quite a genius for painting," said Mrs. Becket.

"If so," said Lyndale, "she can, doubtless, take lessons of Miss Irwin with advantage to herself."

"I am quite certain that she can teach me," said Miranda, "so I shall commence taking lessons at once."

### CHAPTER III.

"How do you like Mr. Lyndale?" inquired Miranda of Eva, as they sat together in a small apartment fitted up as a school-room.

"I have, as yet, had little opportunity to form an opinion concerning him."

"No matter for that; you have formed one, I know."

"To confess the truth, I have, and, as I think, a pretty correct one."

"And you consider him superior to any young gentleman you ever saw?"

"Which may not be any great admission, as I never saw many."

"Nor I, though I suppose I have seen many more than you have; never but one, however, who might be considered Lyndale's equal, and he, poor fellow, found that he

"—to foreign lands must hie,  
Pursuing fortune's slippery ba—"

"Who is he?"

"His name is Berrington, and some time I will tell you all about him."

"Is not Anna pleased with Mr. Lyndale?"

"Yes, with his good looks."

"And your mother?"

"She is pleased with his well-filled purse."

"Is he not partial to Anna?"

"He was at first, I think, but not now. His is not a mind to be long held in thrall by mere personal beauty. I am glad you have come, for he began to be in danger of falling in love with me, which would have been an unfortunate affair, as my allegiance is due to another. You will avert the threatened danger, for, though not before aware of the deficiency, he will now find that I lack several qualities which you possess, and which, now that he has discovered them in you, he will consider indispensable."

"You are a strange girl," said Eva, "and imagine an impossibility. Mr. Lyndale is too much of a gentleman not to treat me politely when we chance to meet; but if I should leave here to-morrow, I do not imagine that he would ever bestow on me a single thought. Then, there is Anna."

"Any other handsome face will please her as well, and better, as it will have the charm of novelty, and, as I have said; there must be something more than personal beauty in the lady who holds any permanent control over him. As for Anna, her education is so woefully deficient, that, if she were his wife, he would tremble every time she opened her lips, with the expectation that she would betray her ignorance. I used, formerly, to blush when she committed some gross mistake; but I have become hardened now, and frequently feel quite amused. You would hardly believe that she has had the best advantages for acquiring a good education—better than I have had, she being the favorite. Her pretty face and unlimited indulgence have come near making an imbecile of her."

Mrs. Becket now entered the room with a large work-basket on her arm.

"Miranda," said she, "it won't answer for you to engross so much of Eva's time with your drawing. Here is a great deal of sewing which must be done."

"Why don't Anna finish her morning-dress herself?" said Miranda. "I am sure she has time enough."



"Why, you know as well as I that she is too delicate to sew much, and even if she could, she so dislikes to have her fingers scarred with a needle, just as if she were a common seamstress. Eva, see that you complete that morning-dress before you sleep, as Anna wishes to put it on in the morning. You had better waste no more time, but go to work at once."

Eva quietly took up the dress and commenced sewing.

"Be very particular to do it nice," said Mrs. Becket.

"I will," was Eva's reply.

"I have just realized the force of example," said Miranda, when her mother had left the room. "I was about to make a rather pungent remark when mother spoke of your wasting time, but the calm way in which you listened to her showed me the magnanimity of forbearance."

"You know, as a dependent, it is necessary that I should exercise self-control."

"I should have thought Aunt Irwin might have known that it would not do for you to undertake to sew for your board without certain restrictions. I don't believe, were you to work twelve hours out of every twenty-four, that you will do more than will be expected of you."

"The evenings are long now."

"Do you intend to finish Anna's dress?"

"Yes, I can do it by ten."

"I don't think you will, for I intend that you shall spend a part of the evening in the parlor."

"For what reason?"

"No matter now. I may tell you when the time comes."

"I am so glad," said Anna, when her mother returned, "that I thought of something that would keep the poor cousin away this evening, for I heard Charles Lyndale tell Miranda that he and Mr. Lascelles were coming."

"Who is Mr. Lascelles?"

"The gentleman I saw at Mrs. Barstow's party. If Lyndale don't mind, he will throw him quite into the shade. O, he dresses so elegantly, and is so polite."

"That may be, yet I don't believe him to be equal to Charles Lyndale. I am certain he is not so wealthy."

"Who cares for wealth, ma? O, I always thought it would be so pretty to live in a cottage half covered with vines, and close to a purling stream, and to dress in simple white muslin, and to play on the harp and guitar,

and have plenty of strawberries and cream, and not be plagued with servants. My friend Juliet told me, in her last letter that no consideration on earth would induce her to marry a rich man. The idea was so unromantic," she said.

"Anna, dear," said Mrs. Becket, "you must recollect that simple white dresses need washing, and that even strawberries and cream cannot be prepared without labor."

"I never thought of that, and I don't believe Juliet did."

"I suppose not. I advise you, now that I have reminded you of it, to bear it in mind; also, that a Charles Lyndale is not to be met with every day."

#### CHAPTER IV.

As was expected, Lyndale and his friend Lascelles came to spend a social evening. Anna, whose head had been full of Lascelles all day, consumed as much time at her toilet as if she had been going to attend a ball, or a soiree, and, as Miranda said, she looked like a beautiful piece of wax-work.

The time she had not spent in dressing, had mostly been devoted to studying the most graceful attitudes. Her mother, as she gazed with fondness on her favorite, could not forbear thinking that Lyndale would find her charms so irresistible, as to, as once, bring him to her feet. Vain expectation! He had discovered that beside the defects of her education, she was unamiable, and sometimes absolutely ill-natured.

Lascelles, who had been struck with her beauty the evening he saw her at Mrs. Barstow's, was on the present occasion fascinated. His was a mind differently constituted from that of Lyndale's; he cared more for beauty, and less for mind.

Lyndale, from having been uncommonly animated, had gradually become silent and absent-minded. He often turned his eyes towards the door, as if in expectation of the entrance of some one, whose presence he had anticipated. He had no thought that Eva was sitting alone in her remote and solitary chamber. It was now three hours since she had been at her task, and she began to grow weary and exhausted; yet finding that she had under-rated the amount of what was to be done to finish the dress, she could give herself no time to rest, if she hoped to satisfy her aunt and her fair cousin, who, of the two,

was the most exacting and heartless task-mistress. It cannot be denied that it would have been gratifying to her to have joined the little social circle in the parlor, if she could have done so on terms of equality; but, as on several occasions heretofore, to be considered a legitimate object of mirth to the pretty Anna, who tittered at the poor cousin behind her fan, and as a target for what Mrs. Becket considered shafts of wit, which, however, savored far more of malevolence, was an infliction which more than transcended the pleasure.

"You have not seen the poor cousin, have you?" said Anna, addressing Lascelles.

"I have not," he replied, with a look which indicated some surprise.

"I have half a mind to send for her, then. You cannot think how much she amuses me when I get tired of everything else."

"I hope that is not the case now," said Lascelles.

"O, no indeed!" she replied; "but I thought she might amuse you; I was afraid it would seem dull here."

"That would be impossible in your presence."

"You are very complimentary," said Anna, a remark which she could not have applied to Lyndale, had she seen the look with which he regarded her.

"I will go and ask Eva to come," said Miranda, as Anna was going to ring for a servant.

"Come, Eva," said she, "lay aside your work, and I will help you finish it, if you are determined to finish it to-night."

"Why should I lay it aside?" said Eva.

"You are wanted in the drawing-room by my fair sister, and still more by Charles Lyndale, if I may judge by the way he has watched the door for the last hour."

"I cannot go."

"And I cannot blame you if you do not; yet, I wish you would. If you don't comply with Anna's whims, her antagonism will be aroused, and then there will be so little peace for you here, you will be obliged to quit, which (you see I am selfish as well as the rest) will put an end to my drawing lessons."

"You are right," said Eva. "As I am situated, it would be indiscreet for me to refuse."

"It certainly would, if you have any wish to remain a few weeks longer. Now go to the glass and arrange those dark rich braids of hair, and you will look well enough."

"For the poor cousin," you might add.

"There she comes," said Anna, to Lascelles, as Eva entered the room.

"Who?" he inquired.

"Why, the poor cousin I spoke to you about."

"Ah! I recollect."

"Look at Mr. Lyndale," said Anna. "One might imagine by the manner he addresses her, that he had mistaken her for a princess."

"Nor would it be drawing very hard upon his imagination either," said Lascelles.

"Well, she does give herself mighty fine airs. That is one thing, when she is so very poor, that amuses me so much."

"She is not really your cousin, I suppose. 'The poor cousin' is merely a soubriquet?"

"Nothing more," said Anna, evasively, and screening her face behind her fan, to prevent him from seeing her heightened color.

Eva, who had, during the foregoing colloquy, been held in conversation by Lyndale, now approached Anna, and said:

"I believe that you sent for me."

There was a dignity in Eva's demeanor which, for once, asserted its power over the spoiled beauty, and with undisguised confusion she murmured an unintelligible reply.

"There is one thing which we must certainly give you credit for," said Lyndale, addressing Anna.

"What is that?" she inquired.

"Your ingenuity."

"Well, ma thinks I am very ingenious."

"She is perfectly right. Few besides yourself would be able to find amusement in the way you profess to."

Anna hardly knew whether to consider this remark as complimentary or sarcastic; but, as Lascelles had already gained the ascendancy in her favor, she cared little concerning what Lyndale might think of her, and soon dismissed the subject from her mind.

"I await your commands," said Eva, again addressing Anna.

"When one has so many accomplishments," said she, "it is rather difficult to decide which of them it will be best for you to show off first. Cannot you sing us a song? such as they sing up in the woods, where you came from."

"I can," was Eva's reply; and without saying another word, she took her seat at the piano. The song she selected was the "Meeting of the Waters," one to which her voice—a mezzo soprano—was well adapted. She certainly could not be rated high as a performer on the piano; yet the sweetness and pathos of

her voice made amends for this deficiency, as was testified by the attention with which Lyndale, Miranda, and even Lascelles listened.

"Well, Eva," said Miranda, bending over the piano, when the song was finished, "we haven't got much good out of you, in the way Anna anticipated."

"No," said Lyndale, aside; "the amusement is of a different and much higher quality."

Mrs. Becket, who overheard this remark, cast a look at Eva, which seemed to ask: "How dare you do otherwise than to appear foolish and ridiculous, when you know you are expected to?"

From this time Lascelles paid such marked attention to Anna Becket, whenever they met, it soon began to be whispered in the fashionable world that it would be an engagement. His attentions, however, were always so carefully restricted that he never could have been said to commit himself.

One day, during a morning call at Mrs. Becket's, by Lascelles, Lyndale, and one or two ladies, the door-bell rang, and in a few moments afterward a middle-aged gentleman was ushered into the drawing-room. He was intelligent and benevolent-looking, and his eyes of some nondescript color, emitted sunny beams which diffused themselves over his whole countenance. He gave his name as Richard Lockwood. His dress and appearance in every respect being unexceptionable, Mrs. Becket received him with much politeness. The glance was keen, though benignant, which he cast round the room on those present. Miranda and Anna alone arrested his gaze. These he regarded with a scrutiny as strict as possible, without its deserving the imputation of rudeness. The result was evidently unsatisfactory, and turning to Mrs. Becket, he said:

"Your daughters, I presume."

Mrs. Becket assented.

"I have been told," said he, "that you have a niece who at present is residing in your family; can I see her a few moments without the presence of a third person?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Becket, "though I may as well mention that if you have a daughter or any other young lady under your care, whom you wish to have take lessons of her in drawing or painting, it will be useless for you to see her on that account, as I have decided against her giving lessons to any one, except to Anna and Miranda."

"It is not my object to engage her to give lessons to any one."

Mrs. Becket's only answer was a look of surprise, while, turning to Miranda, she said:

"You had better tell Eva that a gentleman wishes to see her."

Miranda left the room, and soon afterward a servant appeared, and conducted Mr. Lockwood to the little room where Eva had spent the first evening after her arrival. The interview between her and Mr. Lockwood was strictly confidential, except, if she chose, she was to have the liberty of informing Miranda of the nature of his communication. He had, he told her, already seen her mother.

People have been said to have notes of interrogation in their eyes; but every look and motion of Mrs. Becket was interrogatory the first time she and Eva met, after the departure of Mr. Lockwood. Finding that Eva was not disposed to be communicative, she, in a very mild and insinuating manner, gave her to understand that it would be particularly grateful to her to be informed of the object of Mr. Lockwood's visit. When convinced that this method would not draw forth the coveted secret, she talked feelingly and pathetically of the duty incumbent on a young and inexperienced girl of reposing confidence in those older and wiser, and of asking their advice, especially when one of the other sex was concerned, even if he *had* arrived at middle age, as men, whether old or young, were, in her opinion, with a few exceptions, base deceivers.

"I have written to my mother about it," was Eva's answer to a speech of this nature.

"Ungrateful girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Becket. "You have for weeks been dependent on my bounty, and this is the way you repay me. Remember that to-morrow you leave this house."

"I have made arrangements to leave this afternoon," said Eva.

"You aint going to elope with that Mr. Lockwood, are you?" said Anna.

"I shouldn't wonder if she were," remarked Mrs. Becket.

"I hope, at least," said Eva, "that I shall do nothing to disgrace either my relations or myself."

"You need have no fear of disgracing us," said Anna.

About three o'clock, a carriage drew up in front of the house. In a few minutes Eva opened the drawing-room door. She was attired in travelling costume, and remarking that she did not expect to return, bade her aunt and cousin Anna good-by.

"You are really going then," said her aunt.

"I wish you well, I am sure; and maybe, when it is too late, you will repent in dust and ashes that you had not confided in me—that you had not sought my advice. I knew the moment I set eyes on that Mr. Lockwood he was no better than he should be. O, Eva, 'tisn't too late now. I am still willing to advise you, if you will confess all!" and she put her handkerchief to her eyes, as if deeply affected.

Miranda, who had helped Eva pack her trunk—not a very capacious one, though abundantly so to hold her scanty wardrobe—and who now stood waiting for her, took her hand, as she turned from the drawing-room door, and said, in an undertone:

"I shall tell Charles Lyndale where you have gone, and who Mr. Lockwood is."

This had all been agreed upon in the morning, but Miranda repeated it, that Eva might be sure that she bore it in mind.

"And you will come when I send for you," said Eva.

"I certainly shall if I can. At any rate, I shall write, and that very soon. There, I must not detain you another minute; Mr. Lockwood is waiting for you."

Adieux were interchanged, and the next moment the poor cousin was banded into the carriage by Mr. Lockwood, who had, with a countenance beaming with smiles, stood with his hand hold of the carriage door, during this leave-taking of the two cousins.

## CHAPTER V.

AFTER the departure of Eva, Lyndale used often to call at Mrs. Becket's, and invite Miranda to walk with him. Mrs. Becket was rather pleased at this, as she did not fear but that her beautiful Anna would make an eligible match all in good time.

Eva had been gone a number of weeks, when, one day, Mrs. Becket received a letter from her sister Irwin.

"This letter was mailed in Philadelphia," said she, looking at the post-mark; "what can it mean?"

An explanation will be found by the conversation which passed between her and Anna, after reading the letter.

"Is it possible," said Mrs. Becket, "that Mr. Lockwood, who carried off Eva, is no other than the little Neddy Irwin, who went to the East Indies when I was a girl of sixteen?"

"I think it is a made up story from beginning to end," said Anna.

"I rather think it true."

"I don't understand," said Anna, "why he should be called Lockwood, when his real name is Irwin?"

"Why, he had his name altered. It was on that condition that old Mr. Lockwood made him his heir."

"O, was that it? Well, I don't believe that old Mr. Lockwood was so very rich, do you?"

"I shouldn't wonder if your aunt Irwin exaggerated; but he was worth a great deal of money, no doubt."

"And so Aunt Irwin, and Eva, and the gentleman we thought she had eloped with, are living in Philadelphia in great style. O, it's too bad, isn't it, ma?"

"And Mr. Lockwood has purchased a beautiful summer residence on the Hudson, which is worse still. What provokes me most is, that your aunt, the moment she rises from the depths of poverty, should be so presuming. If you would believe it, she demands that we should contradict the report that has gone abroad about Eva's elopement. I shall do no such thing."

"Nor I either. It is none of our lookout whether people think she eloped or not."

"As you reported the story, I think it is no more than fair that you should contradict it," said Miranda, who had returned from a walk with Charles Lyndale in time to hear these last remarks.

"We will leave that for you to do," said Anna.

"A task I shall perform with pleasure," she replied.

"You are always ready to stand in your own light," said her mother. "If Charles Lyndale finds that more money is to be obtained by marrying Eva than you, there will be little chance for you—of that you may be certain."

"There is little chance for me now."

"What do you mean? Has he dared to deceive you as well as Anna?"

"He has deceived neither of us. Anna prefers Lascelles, I prefer Arthur Berrington, and Lyndale, ever since he first saw her, has preferred Eva. He does not know yet that she is an heiress, and half an hour since he told me that he had offered her his hand. He, therefore, cannot be accused of being mercenary."

"If you do prefer Arthur Berrington," said her mother, "you shall never marry him."

"Perhaps I may."

"If you do, you shall never have a cent from me, all shall be Anna's. You know that your father left the property entirely at my disposal."

"I shall be perfectly satisfied for Anna to have the whole, and I have no doubt but that Arthur will."

"There is no knowing," said Anna, "that he is living. If he is, I don't believe he will ever come back again."

"He has already returned, and I have seen him."

"Well, he won't have the audacity to call here, I presume," said Mrs. Becket, "when he recalls to mind the reception I gave him the last time he called, previous to his departure for Europe."

"I believe it is not his intention to call," said Miranda.

"No, you are to call on him, I suppose," said Anna.

"I called at his sister's as usual, without knowing that he had returned," said Miranda.

"Are you at home?" said a servant, looking into the room.

"Who is at the door?" said Mrs. Becket.

"Mrs. Mercer."

"Yes, I am always at home to her."

The lady was accordingly admitted. Any one at all acquainted with her would have known by the look of importance depicted in her countenance, accompanied with an effort to appear uncommonly careless and composed, that she was full of news, which she was most anxious to impart. She, however, constrained herself at first to speak on ordinary subjects. When the self-imposed constraint became unendurable, she turned rather abruptly to Mrs. Becket, and said:

"My dear friend, have you heard that Arthur Berrington has returned?"

"I have."

"Is it possible? But to think how he has turned out! I couldn't have thought it."

"Well, I should. I always knew how he would turn out."

"Did you? What did you judge by?"

"I knew what *had* been *would* be. When he went away, he was over twenty-three, and had never laid up a cent, which was a strong presumption that he never would."

"That was my own opinion; but we both prove to be mistaken; he has turned out entirely different—what I should call well."

"Well, did you say?"

"I think so; you may think differently."

"O, I shall agree with you, I know. I am always disposed to judge leniently of the young and inexperienced."

"While Arthur was absent," said Mrs. Mercer, "he fell in with a distant relation, who was rich as Croesus. He has come over to this country with him, and openly states it to be his intention to make him his heir. Young Berrington will consequently rank with the wealthiest men in the city, and his habits, you know, were always good."

"Miranda, did you know of this change in his prospects?" said her mother.

"I did."

"Why didn't you tell me, then? You know how much pleasure it always gives me to patronize the really deserving."

"Arthur Berrington is no more deserving now than he was three years ago, and then you thought him unworthy your notice."

"How strangely you talk, Miranda! No matter; I shall send for him at once."

"I don't think that it will be of any use, if you do, for he ascertained by his sister that you were no more friendly to him now, than before he went away."

"Miranda, you always was, and always will be a trial to me," said Mrs. Becket, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I hope not, mother," said Miranda. "At any rate, I mean not to be."

"We all have our trials," said Mrs. Mercer, who now rose to go. "I have mine, but I try to be patient under them."

"I am sorry that I was unable to control my feelings," said Mrs. Becket, "but I am so easily affected."

"Just like me," said Mrs. Mercer; "I know how to sympathize with you. Do try to compose yourself. Good morning."

"Good morning," returned Mrs. Becket, assuming a brisk, lively air. "I have, you see, choked my feelings down now; I can sometimes."

In something less than six weeks from the time of the foregoing conversation, Mrs. Becket and Anna received an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Lyndale to pass a few weeks with them at their villa. It was situated on the Hudson, being the same alluded to by Mrs. Irwin in her letter to her sister, and was presented to Eva by her uncle Lockwood, on the day of her marriage, as a bridal gift.

"It will be a delightful excursion," said Mrs. Becket, "I shall certainly accept the invitation."



"I hope there will be some genteel people there, so that I can exhibit my new dresses," said Anna. "I wonder of Lascelles will be invited?"

"Without doubt; he is such a particular friend of Lyndale's."

"I should prefer much to have them invite Frank Daron. He is so much handsomer than Lascelles."

"I wish that Miranda was here to answer this note," said Mrs. Becket.

"O, she is so domestic since she was married that she don't allow herself to look out doors."

"Anna, dear, I wish you would answer it."

"O, ma, don't ask me. I do hate to write, I always ink my fingers so bad."

"Well, I suppose I must answer it myself, then."

She was spared the trouble, however; for, at that moment, Miranda—now Mrs. Berrington—entered, and offered to write the note.

"Do you intend to accept the invitation?" she inquired.

"Certainly," replied her mother.

"Then we may as well all go together, for Arthur and I are also invited."

#### DROWSINESS FROM COLD.

Very striking and curious is the story of Dr. Solander's escape, when in company with Sir Joseph Banks, among the hills of Terra del Fuego. They had walked a considerable way through swamps, when the weather became suddenly gloomy and cold, fierce blasts of wind driving the snow before it. Finding it impossible to reach the ships before night, they resolved to push on through another swamp into the shelter of a wood, where they might kindle a fire. Dr. Solander, well experienced in the effects of cold, addressed the men, and conjured them not to give way to sleepiness, but at all costs to keep in motion. "Whoever sits down," says he, "will sleep; and whoever sleeps, will wake no more." Thus admonished and alarmed, they set forth once more; but in a little while the cold became so intense as to produce the most oppressive drowsiness. Dr. Solander was the first who found the inclination to sleep—against which he had warned the others so emphatically—too irresistible for him, and he insisted on being suffered to lie down. In vain Banks entreated and remonstrated; down he lay upon the snow, and it was with much difficulty that his friend kept him from sleep-

ing. One of the black servants began to linger in the same manner. When told that if he did not go on, he would inevitably be frozen to death, he answered that he desired nothing more than to lie down and die. Solander declared himself willing to go on, but he said he must first take some sleep. It was impossible to carry these men, and they were therefore both suffered to lie down, and in a few minutes were in a profound sleep. Soon after, some of those who had been sent forward to kindle a fire returned with the welcome news that a fire awaited them a quarter of a mile off. Banks then happily succeeded in awakening Solander, who, although he had not been asleep five minutes, had almost lost the use of his limbs, and the flesh was so shrunk, that the shoes fell from his feet. He consented to go forward, with such assistance as could be given; but no attempts to rouse the black servant were successful, and he, with another black, died there.

#### ARTIFICIAL MARBLE.

Sir James Hall upon one occasion produced crystalline marble by subjecting chalk to a high heat in a close vessel. Professor Rose, of Berlin, Prussia, tried the experiment, and, failing to produce such a result, denied the correctness of Sir James Hall's statements. Being assured that crystalline marble had thus been produced, and that the specimens could be seen in London, he entered upon a second experiment; and in a recent communication to the Berlin Academy of Sciences, Professor Rose states that marble can be produced by exposing massive carbonate of lime to a high temperature under great pressure. His experiments were made with aragonite from Blin in Bohemia, and with lithographic limestone. In one case the mineral was heated in a wrought iron cylinder, and in the other in a porcelain bottle, the vessels being air-tight. They were exposed to a white heat for half an hour, and, on cooling, both the aragonite and the lithographic limestone were found converted into crystalline limestone; the former resembling Carrara marble, and the latter a gray granular limestone. The change was effected without material decomposition; the resulting marble containing a trifle less carbonic acid than the lithographic limestone, from which it was produced.

Lord Bacon says that we should square our lives; but life is a circle, and the circle can't be squared.

[ORIGINAL.]

## LOVELINESS OF NATURE.

BY GEO. BABCOCK CLARKE.

O, not for you, with richest jewels shining,  
By fashion's wand, in gorgeous robes arrayed:  
O, not for you, on ottomans reclining,  
Has trembling hand along this rude harp played.

Yet chide me not, my toils are well rewarded—  
A nobler theme my boyhood fancy sought;  
A holier love, by noblest minds regarded,  
Illumed my footsteps and attuned my thought!

The love of Nature—in her earliest beauty,  
I, wandering, met her in the woodland shade;  
I loved, I vowed, and swerved not from my duty,  
To praise her charms in every scene portrayed:

When Spring displayed the violets in her bosom,  
And wreathed the garlands she was wont to wear,  
I breathed the sweetness of each infant blossom,  
And kissed the dewy teardrops sparkling there!

The morning skies with summer's glories beaming,  
The noontide walk within the hazel shade,  
The waveless lake in sunset radiance gleaming:  
Enchanting scenes, for such I lonely strayed.

Yet has my heart, within its depths of feeling,  
Bright chains of friendship where life's fountains leap;  
Their clasp unseen, round kindred spirits stealing,  
Holds sympathetic influence strong and deep.

Friendship for aye—the minstrel's hand is given  
To all whose steps are led by science' ray;  
A noble band, wayworn and tempest driven,  
Heaven speed the pilgrims in the upward way!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

BY MARY GRACE MALPINE.

"WHY, May—I didn't think you were so superstitious!" exclaimed Kate Carol to her cousin. "Only think, Mr. Leighton," she added, addressing a gentleman who stood at a short distance, in a rather sombre mood, "May believes in fortune-telling!"

"I didn't say so, Kate," replied May, coloring; "I only said that I had heard of some remarkable predictions made by gipseys, and which have come to pass."

"Well, it is a pity they couldn't have stayed a little while longer; they had their camp the other side of Stony Brook, not far from the grove where we are to have our picnic.

Not but what I believe it is all nonsense, but then it would have been such rare sport to us girls to have had our fortunes told! It is going to be a fair day, I know," added the happy girl, turning her bright eyes upon the clouds of purple and gold "that were sweeping in pomp round the dying sun." "Just see how beautifully the sky looks; we shall have a delightful time! I stopped at Squire Barclay's, as I came along; all the girls are going, and I should judge by appearances, had enough cold chicken and sandwiches prepared for the whole party. Then there are the Perkinses, and Dr. Giddings's people, and I don't know how many more. You will be there, of course, Mr. Leighton?"

"Possibly, I may," replied the young gentleman, abruptly; and in a few minutes he took his leave.

"I wonder what is the matter with Mr. Leighton to-night," said Kate, as she watched him slowly proceed down the path to the gate. "He hasn't spoken half-a-dozen words since I came in."

"Dear knows—for I don't!" responded May, tossing her head, while the shining bit of threaded steel went in and out of her work with wonderful celerity. "I have something better to do, I should hope, than attending to his moods and fancies."

"And don't care, either, I suppose?" said Kate, roguishly..

"I'm sure I don't," retorted the young lady, searching in her work-box for a needle to replace the one she had snapped in two by her energetic demonstrations; "both his looks and actions are a matter of perfect indifference to me."

"O, of course. Though I must say, that either your indifference is very sudden, or you have an odd way of showing it."

"How provoking you are, Kate!" exclaimed May, petulantly. "I do wish—Dear me!" she added, holding up her work in dismay; "if I haven't got this sleeve in wrong side out!"

"And upside down, too," returned Kate, with a merry laugh. "Why, May, what could you have been thinking of?" But perceiving that her cousin looked seriously annoyed, she instantly sobered down. "Never mind, May," she said; "I was just thinking of spending the night with you. Give me a needle and thread; we have two hours yet, and both of us together can easily get it done."

Kate was a true prophet; the sun arose the

next morning, clear and cloudless, and everything combined to give the promise of one of the finest days of the season. And long before the dew was off the grass, the whole party was on their way to Stony-Brook grove—some in carriages and buggies, but the most and merriest of them in two long, open wagons, in which were placed as many chairs as they could well hold. As they rode along, they made the air vocal with their shouts of laughter.

The place they had selected was a beautiful grove, bordering on Stony-Brook, a clear, crystal stream, almost large enough in the fall and spring to be dignified by the title of river, but now so low as to be forded in some places by means of the large, smooth stones, from which it derived its name.

"I wonder where Mr. Leighton is," said Mrs. Barclay, as she assisted the squire in taking from the carriage her bountiful supply of eatables. "I wanted him to show us where to put up the awning."

"Where is Mr. Leighton?" inquired Bell Ashley. "I want him to help make some wreaths for the table."

"Where is Mr. Leighton?" echoed a third. "I want him to show us how to put up the awning."

They all looked from one to the other, for that evidently very important individual was nowhere to be seen.

"I guess May knows, if anybody," exclaimed Bell, glancing toward that young lady, who was standing beneath a tree, looking as serenely unconscious as if she had never heard the young gentleman's name before.

"I don't see why I should be expected to keep an account of Mr. Leighton's actions!" she said, arching her pretty neck as she spoke. "For my part, I think we are getting along very well without him."

"He, he, he!" tittered Charley Slimmons, a dapper little fellow, who had been playing the agreeable to May all the morning. "So I say. Plenty left as good as he; aint there, Miss Atherton?"

Here the conceited little coxcomb pulled up his collar with a very knowing air, for the apparent favor with which May had received his attentions for the last day or two had quite put to flight the small modicum of sense he originally possessed.

A sharp reply sprang to May's tongue, but she had a part to act, so she contented herself with turning her head away with a disdainful look, but which was entirely lost upon her

admirer, who redoubled his compliments and attentions.

The rest of the company did not agree with May and her gay cavalier; for Mr. Leighton was one of those rare individuals, who had, together with an unflinching stock of good-humor and flow of spirits, the tact of adapting himself to the society he was in, entering frankly and joyfully into everything calculated to promote the general enjoyment; and was, therefore, considered one of the indispensable in an affair of this sort, where some one is needed to take the lead.

Everything went on very satisfactory, however. May, especially, was in high spirits, and talked and laughed and sung, until she had succeeded in persuading everybody but herself that she was as happy as she seemed.

But as the afternoon wore away, May found it every moment more difficult to continue the part that pride had counselled her to act, and though she still laughed and talked, it was only at intervals, and then with an effort that would have been clearly visible to any but the thoughtless hearts around her.

Just as the sun was touching the western hills, and May was congratulating herself that the long, wearisome day, that she had looked forward to with so much pleasure, was nearly over, she heard Kate calling to her, who had started out with a bevy of girls to gather wild-flowers.

"Now is the time, if you want your fortune told!" exclaimed Kate, breathlessly, as May slowly approached the spot where she stood. "There is a gipsy woman down at the other end of the grove—such an odd-looking creature—and all the girls are going down to see her."

May followed her cousin, though rather reluctantly, for she was in no mood for entering into the spirit of the adventure.

The woman certainly did present a rather singular appearance. Her tall, straight-built form was enveloped in a large crimson cloak, a huge "poke-bonnet" on her head, and standing in the shadow of a thicket of young trees, little could be discovered of her features, save a pair of bold, black eyes, which took a searching survey of the merry group around her. She signified her willingness to tell their fortunes, in a deep, guttural voice, which had a strange accent, and one after another, with many a reguish look and merry jest, they stepped forward to learn their future fate.

The gipsy seemed to be quite an adept in

her art, for she astonished a number of them by relating incidents in their past lives, that they had supposed were known only to themselves and a few intimate friends. She crimsoned with blushes Kate's pretty face, by describing a certain young gentleman, with brown eyes and chestnut hair, living in a distant city, with whom, if her word was to be taken, she was destined to live a long and happy life.

"She is a witch, I do believe!" whispered Kate to her cousin, as she stepped back into the ring. "But come, May, it is your turn now; you are the last one."

May was rather superstitious, and the impression that the old woman had evidently made upon her companions, deepened it into a feeling of awe as she gave the gipsy her hand. The woman looked searchingly into that little rosy palm.

"This is the turning-point of your destiny!" she said, shaking her head with a solemn air. "Be careful, or you will lose something that you cannot find again, though you search for it ever so diligently. I can see clouds hanging over you, and trouble ahead; but you can disperse the one, and avoid the other, if you choose to do so."

There was something in this so much in unison with her own thoughts, that May was startled. But forcing a smile, she said:

"Come, describe my future husband. Will he be rich and handsome?"

Again the gipsy bent her eyes steadfastly upon the hand, that she could not but perceive was growing cold and tremulous.

"The husband that you *should* have, lady, is tall and dark, with black hair and eyes. Some call him handsome, but whether he is to you, I cannot say. And whether rich, or not, he brings you what gold cannot buy, a true and honest heart. Trifle not with it, lady, for it is as proud as it is loving!"

The last sentence was spoken so low as to reach only the ears of May.

"What a jargon of stupid nonsense!" exclaimed Charley Slimmons, who was not at all pleased with the description of May's husband, which was as unlike himself as possible.

The gipsy heard him.

"Nonsense, or not," she muttered, "another may lose what you will fail to win! Remember that, young man!"

"Come, girls," said Mrs. Barclay, "the dew is falling, and it is time we were on the move, if we intend to get home in any season."

Just as the whole party were issuing from

the grove, a low bellow was heard, and turning, they saw, to their terror and dismay, a large, fierce-looking bull upon the brow of a hill just back of them. Possibly attracted by the gipsy's red cloak, the infuriated animal bore down directly upon them.

The girls immediately set up a loud scream, and rushed, pell-mell, over rocks and bushes, in the direction of an enclosure near by.

Charley Slimmons seemed to be the most frightened among them, and quite unmindful of the object of his devotion, was only intent upon saving himself. But May was very quick and active, and would doubtless have reached a place of safety, had she not, unfortunately, struck her foot against a stone, which threw her to the ground with so much force as to render her partially insensible. She had scarcely time to reflect upon the danger of her situation, when she was lifted up by a pair of strong arms, and borne swiftly down toward the brook. It was the gipsy, who, fording the stream with remarkable skill and celerity, deposited her burthen in safety beneath a tree on the opposite bank. She then proceeded to conduct in a very unaccountable manner; peering into the pale face with an air of tender concern, and chafing the little cold hands with murmured words of endearment. But as soon as May began to show symptoms of returning consciousness, she started to her feet, and walking swiftly away, disappeared in the woods upon the right; leaving our heroine to get home the best way she could.

It was not long before the whole party were collected together, and when they found that they had been more frightened than hurt, they had a merry time over their mishap. No one was missing but Charley Slimmons, and it was suggested that some one go in search of him. But they finally came to the conclusion that he took too good care of himself to occasion any fears as to his personal safety. So they proceeded home without him.

They were quite right in their conjectures; for conscious, after his fright was over, that he had not behaved very heroically, he had taken a short cut to the village, and made the best of his way home.

The next morning, May was out in the garden, watering-pot in hand, among her plants and flowers, when she heard the outer gate open. She knew well the sound of the step that followed, and her heart fluttered with a vague feeling of fear that it had never before occasioned her. Well did she know, that in

the difference that had arisen between them, she had been wholly to blame; that pride, and a spirit of idle coquetry had betrayed her into conduct and language that he would find it difficult to overlook.

As he came along, May was standing directly in the path, pruning some rose-bushes that bordered it; so he could not well avoid her, even if he had wished to do so.

How pretty she looked, attired in that simple muslin, the soft brown hair parted smoothly over the white forehead, and with such a rich bloom on cheek and lips! And it is little wonder that the bitter, accusing thoughts that were uppermost in Mr. Leighton's mind vanished as his eyes rested upon her, although something of the grave look remained.

"A peace-offering?" said May, smiling, and holding up, as she spoke, a red June rose, heavy and sparkling with dew.

Mr. Leighton took, not only the rose, but both hands in his, and drawing her toward him until they rested against his breast, looked down earnestly into the eyes, that said, as plainly as eyes could, "Let us be friends again."

"A peace-offering it shall be," he said, the old smile coming back into his eyes.

And then they walked slowly down the path, entering the little arbor at the end of it. What he said, and what she said, neither you nor I, reader, have any right to know; but at the close of what seemed to be a very interesting conversation, a tiny circlet of gold glittered on one of May's fingers.

Mr. Leighton had heard something of May's fright and narrow escape at the picnic, and listened attentively to her account of it.

"I wish that you had been there, Harry," she said, in conclusion. "It would have been such a fine opportunity for you to have displayed your heroism. And do you know," she added, laying her head upon his shoulder, "I think I should rather owe my life to you, than to any one else."

Mr. Leighton made no reply to this, save by holding in a firmer clasp the hand that nestled in his own, but a curious smile played around his lips.

"And so much strength as that gipsy had! Why, she seemed to be as strong as any man, taking me up in her arms as if I had been a mere infant!"

Mr. Leighton seemed to be wholly absorbed in admiring the effect of the light, as it fell upon the bright hair he was softly smoothing with his hand, but perceiving that some reply

was expected from him, he said: "Yes; the out-door life they lead makes them very strong and muscular."

May looked up roguishly into her lover's face.

"Such large, black eyes as she had, too! Do you know, Harry, I really think they look like yours? Not as yours look now, I mean, but as they do sometimes."

"Like mine? Why, how absurd, my love!" said Mr. Leighton, coloring.

May clapped her hands, and burst into a merry laugh.

"What a rogue you are, Harry!" she exclaimed. "It was *you*, and you needn't deny it! And to think of your being so ungallant as to leave me in the way you did; though to be sure, I wasn't quite so insensible as I might have been! Such an odd figure as you cut, striding along, with that long, red cloak on, that hideous-looking bonnet tipped back just far enough to show the edge of your black whiskers! O, Harry!" And again that sweet laugh floated on the air, so happy and mirth-inspiring that her lover was forced to join in it; which, if those laugh who win, he could well afford to do, as the reader will readily acknowledge.

#### A CHRISTMAS ANECDOTE.

An amusing anecdote is related of Henry IV of France, who, wishing to entertain the English ambassador on Christmas day with a plum-pudding, procured an excellent recipe for making one, which he gave to his cook, with strict injunctions that it should be prepared with due attention to all the particulars. The weight of the ingredients, the size of the boiler, the quantity of water, the time, everything was attended to except one trifle; but the king forgot the cloth or bag into which the materials were to be put, and the pudding consequently was served up like so much soup, in immense tureens, to the surprise of the ambassador, who was, however, too well bred to express his astonishment.

When you doubt between two words, choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew the fine words as you would rouge; love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheeks. Act as you might be disposed to do on your estate; employ such words as have the largest families, keeping clear of foundlings and of those of which nobody can tell whence they come, unless he happens to be a scholar.



[ORIGINAL.]

TO —.

BY AUGUSTUS TREADWELL.

I called a flower from off the lea,  
 And my thoughts went wandering back to thee—  
 To a bright June morning long ago,  
 When in loving accents soft and low,  
 You promised to be my own fair bride,  
 As we sat by the murmuring streamlet's side.

You plucked a flower from its mossy side,  
 As it hung o'er the brooklet's rippling tide,  
 And said that your love would as fervent be  
 As its own fair language, "constancy;"  
 That its fragrant breath should an emblem prove  
 Of the depths of affection's purest love.

Long years have passed—thy heart's grown cold:  
 Thou lovest me not as in days of old;  
 Yet whene'er I roam o'er this verdant lea,  
 My thoughts go wandering back to thee;  
 And I think of the time when by thy side,  
 You promised to be my own fair bride.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SPIRIT ACCUSER.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAN.

### CHAPTER I.

Nobody pitied Mrs. Frances Hammond much when her husband died, shocking as his death was, for it was well known that she had led him a sad life during the two years of their marriage. The first thought of everybody was for poor Clarence, his brother. The two brothers had lived together in the old stone house, their homestead since the death of their parents, and not a cloud had come between them, till Albert, the younger, while on a pleasure excursion one summer, met, and immediately fell in love with a beautiful, penniless coquette. His was a case of love at first sight, and notwithstanding the temperate remonstrance of his brother, in less than three months from their first meeting he brought his bride home. Uneasy as he was at such precipitancy, Clarence could not but acknowledge that his brother had some excuse when he saw the lady. She was lovely beyond description. Her petite form was graceful and light as a fairy's, her ringlets were clouded gold, and her pretty, colorless face that had the soft whiteness of an infant's, was lighted by a pair of superb deep-blue eyes

languid, long-fringed with brown lashes, and emitting now and then a flash like smouldering fire. This little creature was enchanted with her fine house, and examined and commented on everything in a manner which would have been indelicate in a less childlike person. The richness of everything, seemed especially to please her.

"Do have the housekeeper stay," she said, confidentially, to Clarence on the evening of their arrival. "Bert thinks I should dismiss her and be housekeeper myself, but I don't want to. You coax him over, won't you, brother Clarence? He thinks you are always right."

It was very pleasant to be called brother Clarence by such a pretty creature, and to have her leaning on his arm and coaxing him, and Clarence struck his colors to her as many another had done. He helped Albert to pet and spoil her, bought costly trifles which she did not hesitate to ask him for, followed her night after night to concert, play, or party, and drove her out every day. Before long they both got tired of her dissipation and selfishness, and the one grew wretched, the other disgusted and angry at her coquetties. Her rides never extended to the country, but were always through the most frequented streets, she cared neither for music nor play, but gave her whole attention to her admirers. She was even willing to flirt with her husband's brother when no one else was at hand, and she sometimes wished that she had waited and taken him instead of Albert, for Clarence was very handsome and far more accomplished. She never doubted her power to captivate him.

After a few months of dissipation, Albert ventured to expostulate and got his labor for his pains, and before a year had gone past he realized the truth of the saying, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure." By that time, too, Clarence had broken silence, and had decisively vetoed certain extravagances which he knew to be beyond their means. For the brothers had inherited their father's business, and though the income was ample for all comforts and many luxuries, it was not equal to the young woman's desires.

"You meddle with what is none of your business," said Frances, angrily. "You are not master of the house."

"I own half the house and half of every thing in it, and two thirds of the capital in the business, Mrs. Hammond. The house expenses and your personal ones take now two

thirds of the income, instead of one third. Have I not a right to speak?"

"You and Albert are mean," she pouted. "You want to make a drudge of me."

He could not help smiling as he compared her answer with herself. The little white hands sparkling with jewels, the rich silks that rustled with every movement, the French lace mantle which in her pet she had tossed on to the carpet did not belong to a drudge.

"After all, I don't blame you for arraying yourself," he said, "though few women need it less than you, Frances."

She smiled brightly into his face that was smiling gravely.

"Do you think so, Clarence?"

"You are very beautiful," he said.

"You are a darling," she said, laughing, and leaning over to reach and squeeze his hand.

"But I haven't got through my lecture," he said. "Why don't you send Browning away?"

"What for?" she asked, flushing.

"Because he is now introduced into the business as partner, and knows the ropes. He, also, knows the city and should begin to make himself at home. And, again, we do not keep a boarding-house."

"You board here," she said, insolently.

"That is quite a different thing. If I were to leave here, charge for rent etc., and take my full share of the profits in the store, you might miss some of your pocket-money, Mrs. Hammond, and be obliged to give up your housekeeper and footman. And since we are talking plainly, allow me to say that if I see Mr. James Browning kiss your hand again, I shall myself show him the door."

"Leave the room instantly! Leave me!" she cried in a rage. "You are insulting!"

Having had his say, Clarence bowed and withdrew, not ill-pleased by her anger. It looked as though she had some sense of dignity.

That evening Albert told his brother with much stammering and embarrassment that Frances was so enraged at him for something, that she vowed one of them must leave the house.

"I had made up my mind to go, Bert," he said. "I can't do any good by staying. I shall go to Longwood's for a while. I want to take a trip out West soon. I suppose you won't keep Browning in the house any longer."

"Browning? Why, yes. He and Frances seem to get on pretty well together, and it

will be dull here when you are gone. He is teaching her chess, and while she is interested in that she will stay at home a little."

Clarence hesitated a moment whether to say any more, but concluded not. After all, he had nothing to tell. So the brother went, and Mr. Browning remained and taught Mrs. Hammond to play chess, while her husband sat by looking on, or reading, and feeling better contented than he had for a long time. Frances would laugh and chat quite pleasantly between the games, would even sometimes stop to give his hair a little mischievous pull, or to lean over his knee and ask what made him look so solemn. Besides, she played not ill. Her husband had supposed that she could play chess no more than a kitten, but found that she could set traps which her adversary often fell into.

A moody young man was this Browning. The most opposite feelings and dispositions seemed to meet in him, to meet but never mingle, like bright threads in a vari-colored cord. He had a morbid sensitiveness which led him to suspect offence and slight where none was intended, and a fitful temper always ready to blaze. His attachments were strong, but he was capricious in showing them, and often tormented those whom he loved best. No one was happy loving him. For the rest, he was extremely handsome, not by regularity of feature, but by a certain grace and coloring. Nothing could be more beautiful than the careless silken clusters of his hair, scarce less golden than that of Frances, his smile, when he chose, had an alluring sweetness, and he had a coaxing tongue.

For six months Mrs. Hammond behaved remarkably well, then came that shock of her husband's death. Clarence was away at the time, and the telegram which they sent him went to the wrong place, so that it was several days after his brother's death, that, taking up a newspaper he read that Mr. Albert Hammond had dropped dead in his counting-room of heart disease. Clarence never knew how he reached home. His only recollections of the journey were some annoying trifles, how a child had cried ceaselessly in the cars, and how somebody near him had rattled a newspaper till he had a mind to snatch it from him. Reaching the city he drove furiously from the depot to his brother's house.

The young widow ran to meet him with a burst of tears.

"We waited as long as we could," she said.

"We had him put in Uncle White's tomb,"

she said. "I thought you might like to look at him, however changed he might be."

"What does this sudden death mean?" cried the brother, fiercely. "I will have inquiry."

The widow looked at him in grieved surprise.

"He has often complained of palpitations," she said; "but at first I could scarcely believe it to be that. Dr. Lane and Dr. Winter made an examination, and assured me that it was heart-disease."

Clarence now for the first time took his sister-in-law's hand. She was so pale, and had so evidently done all she could under the circumstances. Besides, she was all that was left of his only brother.

"Where is Browning?" he asked, at length.

"He—he has gone to board at Longwood's," she said. "You will find him at the store. You know he was alone with Albert when he died."

"I know nothing," he cried.

"Then the telegram didn't reach you. I wanted to send it to Baltimore, but Browning thought you would be at Chicago."

"I was at Baltimore. Why didn't he send to both places?"

"I don't know. I suppose he was so confused and distressed. We were all beside ourselves. That afternoon Albert asked Browning to stay after the others and look over some papers with him. They had examined them, and he was waiting for Albert to lock the desk, when he saw him suddenly throw up both arms and fall before he could reach him. There was a little scar on his forehead, where he struck the desk. People were called in immediately, but it was too late. Browning was dreadfully shocked about it; he was quite ill, and was made nearly crazy by crowds of people coming to ask him particulars. But he did everything for poor Albert, dressed him, and watched till the last. I couldn't look at the corpse, but they all said it looked very pleasant and smiling after the first, when there was a look of pain."

Clarence left her to go to the store.

"O, Mr. Hammond!" cried Browning, meeting him. "Why did you go away?"

The young man's face was deathly pale, and his hand trembled.

"It would have made no difference, James," said Clarence, kindly, touched by his distress. "Don't speak of it, now. How is the business?"

"Here are some bills, sir," and the other presented him with a package.

"I don't see the object in tying papers with a cable," said Clarence, pettishly, pulling at the clumsy cord. "Give me a knife, James."

Browning handed him a pocket knife, from the single blade of which the point had been broken. Clarence used it, and put it absently into his pocket.

Unable to stay where he had lost so much, and had so little to attract him, Clarence settled up his business and travelled a while. At the end of a year he heard that his brother's widow had married James Browning, and at the end of another year he returned home, and at the urgent invitation of both, took up his abode with them. There was another inmate in their family, whose presence, perhaps, influenced his decision, sweet Lillian Browning, James's half sister, whom Clarence soon found to be the only happy one in the house. For Mrs. Browning was more complaining than Mrs. Hammond had been. "James was cruel to her," she said privately to her brother-in-law. "He was not much like her poor, dear Albert, who had been too good for her. James was as cold and haughty as could be, and spoke harshly to her when she complained to him of his want of affection. He said such dreadful things sometimes," she sobbed, "and looked at her so fiercely that she was afraid. If it were not for Lillian she didn't know what she should do, for he never wanted Lillian to know of his being unkind."

Indeed, Clarence had noticed Browning's changed looks as much as he had Frances's faded cheeks and cowed manner. The gentleman had lost none of his beauty, was, indeed, handsomer, but he had an air of cold hauteur, and an impenetrable reserve which was new to him. He was always busy either with work or amusement, but never seemed to be interested in or to enjoy anything.

"Do you know, Jamie," Lillian said, one night after they came home from the theatre, "I am almost sorry for having seen this play. It is too dreadful. Besides, I doubt if it has the moral effect on me which it should have. I did not hate Richard. I liked Lady Anne far less."

"Booth is a handsome man," said Clarence, laughing. "That may explain your charity for Richard."

"Please don't," she said, earnestly. "This play has made me feel dreadfully. I pitied Richard. I maintain that under happier circumstances he would have been a splendid

character. He was embittered by his deformity, and by the jeers which it cost him. He would have loved truly, had he believed that any good woman truly loved him."

Thus spake Miss Lillian, with great enthusiasm, with a glow in her cheeks, and the brightest of tears in her eyes. Mr. Hammond watched her, well-pleased, and her brother, who had been walking slowly to and fro, came behind her chair, drew her head back and kissed, first her brown curls, then her white forehead.

"One can't pity Anne much," said Mrs. Browning. "It was the best she had a right to expect after marrying her husband's murderer. But a decent, honorable death was too good for the monster."

"What, are you enthusiastic, too, my dear?" said her husband, with a laugh. "In that case, I beg leave to retire. I can endure people who gush love, but a jet of bitterness is not to my taste. Good-night," and he left the room, still laughing.

Mrs. Browning sighed and became silent, and after a few minutes left them.

"Do you think me a very old fellow, Lillian?" asked Clarence.

"Old?" she exclaimed, surprised both at the irrelevancy and what seemed to her the absurdity of the question.

"Yes, old. I am five-and-thirty, little girl, and you scarce twenty. Am I a patriarch in your eyes? Have you impulses to call me grandpapa? Do you think that when you are married I will give you away?"

"I never dream of associating age with you," Lillian said, blushing a little. "You are just perfect, like a bunch of grapes that has hung in the sun till quite ripe. Old! Why, you look no older than my brother, who is five years younger than you. And as to giving away," added the girl, with a shy laugh, "I will give myself away, if you please."

"To whom, Lillian?"

"To the one I love best," she answered, trembling.

"Who is he?" asked Clarence quickly, with a change of countenance.

Lillian's voice trembled still more. "To the one who loves me best!"

"That is I!" cried Clarence Hammond.

## CHAPTER II.

SOON after the engagement of Clarence and Lillian, which seemed to give Mr. and Mrs. Browning unqualified pleasure, Frances re-

ceived a visit from an aunt of hers with whom she had lived before her first marriage. This aunt was a charming woman, whose only fault in her friend's eyes was that she was a spiritualist, and moved surrounded by visions, and heralded by raps. The very evening of her arrival, showers of little raps came on the table at her side as she sat talking with the family. She shook her head, smiling, as though to beloved but importunate children, who mustn't come near now. "Please leave me for a while now," she said, with the utmost gentleness. "These naughty people will laugh at you, and want to drive you away."

Mrs. Walters was a handsome woman, with keen, bright eyes, that were also rather wandering than intent; with sensitive white hands that were never still, though they moved gently, folding and unfolding, clasping each other, stroking her rustling dress, or drumming lightly on the table. She had, too, an uneasy toss of the head that seemed involuntary, and an occasional slight twitching in the corners of her mouth. For the rest, she was kind-hearted, and charitable, and above reproach.

As she spoke, there came a loud rap that made her start.

"Please don't rap now," she said, coaxingly.

The answer was a succession of blows that made the table tremble. Lillian nestled closer to the side of Clarence, and her brother moved his chair fretfully.

"O, send them away," said Lillian, who was frightened.

"I would like to hear something," said Mrs. Browning, eagerly. "I have always wanted to."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed her husband. "If you once got hold of it you would be crazy. Don't frighten Lillian. See how pale the little coward is."

"If you will allow me to say a word to them," Mrs. Walters interposed, "I think I can persuade them to wait."

"Have you a message for any one here?" asked the medium.

Three resounding knocks answered, almost interrupted her.

"I cannot take it now. Will you wait if I promise to take it sometime this week?"

Another affirmative, somewhat hesitating, and then the company were left undisturbed. But although when she was alone Mrs. Walters invited her spirit visitor to come and give his message, he did not come during the week. Various weaker visitants appeared, and gave some very unremarkable views and opinions

and advices; but there were no taps that a lady's finger-nail might not have made, and the table shook not again at the blow of this strong spirit. Mrs. Browning first stood in the door-way while her visitor conversed with these unseen companions, then she came nearer, then, finally, she sat at the table, with her small finger-tips just touching it, half afraid, wholly fascinated. As the days passed, a new life began to show itself in her, a fitful, nervous life, that flushed her cheeks with wavering roses, that gave her feverish blue eyes a far-away look, that seemed to wrap her in a vivid trance at times. Mrs. Walters pronounced her one of the most powerful of mediums, and in taking leave of her friends, congratulated herself on having bestowed upon her niece a power which she said would be recompense for many sorrows.

Gradually this woman was withdrawn from the understanding and sympathies of her family. She was with them, but not of them. Their ralleries, their remonstrances, disconcerted her not. She no longer trembled at her husband's frown, nor wept at his coldness. Frances Browning, after a temporary eclipse, bloomed out again a beauty, but a beauty that was something fearful to look at. The rose in her cheek flickered like flame, the brightness of her eyes abashed the looker, the delicacy of her voice was so clear and distinct it run like a thread of fire through their conversations, lighting flimsiest words into flashes of mysterious meaning. Her husband was fascinated anew. A few weeks ago she had been subject to him, had been at his feet, and he had spurned her. Now she had risen by some power that baffled him and was—where? In the air, it seemed, and he adored her, and adored in vain. At his side, yet out of his reach, speaking to him, smiling on him, yet in another world. Not that James Browning believed that his wife held communion with spirits. But he said to Clarence that she was delicate and nervous, and he believed that she was under some influence from her aunt, who controlled her from a distance; thus explaining one mystery by another quite as difficult to believe. If it pleased her to hear voices and see visions, he was willing she should amuse herself, but he laughed at the rose-water sermons which the spirits preached to her, at the namby-pamby verses that Shakspeare and Milton wrote by her hand, and at the gardens of Eden into which she gazed with shut eyes. He even accused her laughingly of cheating a little, and caught her pret-

ty foot in his hand when he saw the table sliding from her apparently of itself. Lillian did not tell her brother that once when she and his wife were alone, she heard Frances cry out suddenly—"Albert! my husband!" and saw her stand with arms outstretched, a face of rapture, and eyes fixed up and away, as though she really beheld him whom she had learned too late to value. But she saw that after this vision Frances changed painfully. Her senses seemed to become preternaturally acute, she started at every sound, she looked anxious and frightened.

"The same spirit that came to Aunt Walters the first night has been to me," she said. "He wont say who he is, nor what he wants, but he makes me feel dreadfully. I don't feel well. I don't know what is the matter, but I am troubled. If he doesn't give his message soon, I shall send for Aunt Walters. He only said that I was too weak to take the message. I am not. I can bear anything. Lillian, you do not know what I have borne for a long time. There is something which I will not, will not see. And it hangs over me like death."

Frightened at her wildness, Lillian spoke to her brother, and without telling him all she had said, entreated him to do something for her.

"I am going to spend two or three days with Cousin Ellen, and I wish that while I am gone you would bring this troublesome spirit to terms. But wait till I go."

James Browning had begun to think his wife crazy, but promised her that if one experiment didn't succeed, he would allow Mrs. Walters to be sent for.

### CHAPTER III.

THE gas was turned low, the table drawn out, and Frances, her husband, and Clarence sat round it. The gentlemen might have felt disposed to laugh at this solemn beginning, but for the pale, determined face of their companion. There was silence for a moment, then the table seemed to shudder rather than knock. Frances clasped her hands and broke out in a tone of passionate entreaty:

"I am strong! speak now, or forever hold your peace!"

Her husband started up with an exclamation, but Clarence put a hand on his arm, pressing him into his seat again, and pointed to the medium. Her eyes were closed, and she sat like a marble statue. Then she began moaning and wringing her hands.



"O, what do I see? Everything looks so dark. Three men are carrying something. It is a dead body with the face covered. They carry it through the streets and into a house. O, me! O, me! He dies young. He was good and true, good and true. Why could he not have lived? Now there is a funeral. See! Carriages and a tomb. Why not put him under the tender grass? The tomb is cold, and damp, and there are only skeletons for company. He has brown hair like this," laying her hand on Clarence's head, "and dark eyes like his, but they are closed."

Clarence choked back the tears that rose at the remembrance of his brother, and seeing that Mr. Browning's face had dropped into his hands, he said gently to Frances:

"There, child, he is at rest. Don't think any more of it."

For a moment she sat immovable, then began moaning again in such agony and fear, that Clarence could scarce restrain himself from another effort to recall her to consciousness.

"O, it was cruel! cruel!" she cried, starting up. "I was a friend to you. I helped and trusted you. How could you do it? It was base! It was horrible! It will pursue you forever, weigh down your prayers, stifle your cries for mercy, and stand over you when you die, to shut heaven out."

The medium stood with uplifted arms in an attitude of denunciation, and, looking doubtfully from her to her husband, Clarence was thrilled by the sight. Both his hands grasped the table on which he leaned forward, his face was perfectly bloodless, and his eyes were fixed with an expression of fascinated horror on his wife. Her arms slowly relaxed and she sank into her chair, passing her hands over her head with an expression of pain.

"Here it is," she murmured faintly, pressing her fingers on the side of her head. "You combed the hair to hide it, but it is there. It was a cruel blow! The knife broke off at the point."

James Browning sprang forward with the cry of a famished wolf to strike her, but an arm with nerves of iron felled him, and a hand closed like a vice at his throat.

When Frances Browning opened her eyes, Clarence was gone, and her husband lay upon the floor apparently dead, but when she called for assistance, a faint sigh of returning life came from his lips.

That night, the sexton of the W. street cemetery was awakened by a ringing at his door.

"Why, Mr. Hammond?" he exclaimed when, after repeated calls, he at length got himself awake and the door open. "What is the matter?"

"Have you got the key of Mr. Charles White's tomb?" asked Clarence quietly, but with a strange look in his face. He was quite white, and his eyes had a fixed look that terrified the sexton.

"Yes, sir. But what in the world—"

"Take your keys and a lantern and come with me. Ask no questions."

"But, sir—"

"No buts! Make haste! I will pay you, but there must be no delay. I am not crazy. I have good reasons for this. Come along."

A student whose room looked into the cemetery saw something that night which drove books out of his mind for a time. He had been translating Eschylus, and in the delight of having brought a brilliant image unbroken through the gauntlet of grammars and dictionaries into the vernacular, he started up and paced his room, repeating again that passage through which the signal fire from Ilium taken, leaps with kindling feet to Mt. Ida. The student was enraptured. He laughed and rubbed his hands, he jeered at a little bust of Venus that stood on his table, he apostrophised gods and heroes, he dreamed that he breathed a fine, stirring air from the Ægean, and when a faint noise was heard outside, he fancied it was a distant clash of arms; or, perhaps, Clytemnestra was dancing hither. He drew his curtain and looked out to see her. He started, and opened his window. On the opposite side of the cemetery was a range of tombs, and from what seemed the open door of one of them came a dull glow of light that wavered as he looked, as though a person passed and repassed before it. He was too much elated to be serious at once, and laughed as he leaned from his window.

"Is it a warning for me? Or is some young doctor stealing a subject?"

'The body-snatchers they have come  
And made a snatch at me;  
It's very hard that kind of men  
Wont let a body be.'

The light brightened, then quite faded, and he heard the click of the iron door of the tomb. Unable to realize all this strangeness and scarcely at home from ancient times, the student still laughed as he repeated;

"O William dear, O William dear,  
My rest eternal ceases!

For, O, my everlasting peace  
Is broken into pieces!"

Muffled steps trod the gravelled walk, two shadows passed under the trees, the gate of the cemetery opened and shut, then there was silence.

A little later a police-man accosted a man walking up and down before Mr. Browning's house.

"Why, is it you, Mr. Hammond?" he said. "Excuse me! Are you sick, sir?"

"Don't disturb me," said Clarence in a voice that sounded faint and hollow. "I can't stay in the house I have heard bad news. I must keep moving."

"Certainly, sir! I am sorry for you—" and he was alone again.

When day began to dawn he went into the house, meeting Frances in the hall.

"What does all this mean?" she demanded. "I will know."

"Where is that—that man?"

"James has been walking his room all night, and won't let me in nor answer. If you don't let me know all, Clarence, I will guess."

"You shall know, Frances. Come!"

They heard heavy steps tramp to and fro as they reached the chamber door, but there was no answer to their knock.

"Open the door!"

The steps paused. "Is it Clarence?" asked a voice inside.

"Yes. Open the door."

The key turned in the lock, and the door was opened for them to enter. The shutters were closed, and the gas-light flared over the face of the wretched man who seemed to have grown old in those few hours. But there was a sort of calmness about him, whether of desperation or despair.

"Well, sir?" he said, folding his arms, and confronting them.

"I have been to my brother's tomb."

"O, spare me!" cried the murderer, in sudden horror.

"I found there—"

"Let me tell you all!" almost shrieked the other. "It would drive me mad to hear you. O, woman, woman, behold your work!" turning to his wife. "Clarence, when I first came here, you know when, that woman bewitched me. She did it purposely and to gratify her own vanity, but ended in loving me. I believe she did love me. I was wild about her, but I would have left the house had she allowed me. You know, Frances, I prayed you

to send me away," he said, appealing to her, though she lay insensible at his feet. "She said she could not live without seeing me, and more than once in her passion she wished that he were dead. You know you did, Frances. You said that you only married him to have a home, and you cursed the day that bound you to him. You had sometimes a mind to leave him, you said. Well, it made me crazy; but, Clarence, I never meant to harm him. I call God to witness that, though I hated him. That day he asked me to stop after the others had left the store, and he accused me. I hadn't known that he suspected me before. He accused me of what I never did, and I denied his charges. He called me a liar. I had my pocket-knife, that one that you have, in my hand, and I struck him. No, no, Clarence, don't touch me. Let me finish. It isn't worth while for you to be a murderer. It's an ugly thing to think of, I tell you. It is a thousand deaths. I used every means to restore him, and when I found it in vain, I took every precaution to conceal what I had done. I stood by when the surgeons made their examination, I dressed him, allowing no one else near, I helped put him in the coffin. That blow that killed him destroyed my peace, and all my love for her. Still, I married her, I scarcely know why. I think she has suspected sometimes. When I was nearly wild with remorse and terror, I couldn't help giving her a hint. I am glad you know it. I have suffered tortures, and now I feel better."

"Will you give yourself up, or shall I accuse you?" asked Clarence, hoarsely.

"But, Lillian," said the other. "Lillian is good and innocent, and she loves you."

"Wretch! would you bribe me to screen my brother's murderer?" cried Clarence, trying to shut out the thought of that dear, loving face.

"I will die, Clarence, never fear! I will die; but in a way to spare her. You know I am drafted. Of course I should have got a substitute, but now I will go. O, you may watch me every moment till I start. And, Clarence, I call God to witness that I will never come out of the first fight. It is too good a death for me, as Frances said of Richard, but to spare Lillian. And I confess, I don't like to hang, and, still less do I like that year of solitary."

James Browning did not go into the army nor send a substitute. He was found one afternoon dead in his bed from an over-dose of laudanum. When Clarence sternly refused

his brother's murderer a chance to escape, he swallowed the contents of a vial which he held in his hand. Clarence did not interfere, and it being a notorious fact that James Browning was addicted to the use of opium in its various forms, nobody wondered too much. Only, men said Mrs. Browning would not be likely to get another husband, after being so unfortunate with two.

Poor Frances did not want another. She went to live with her aunt Walters, and found her sole pleasure and solace in her new belief. She has become a noted medium, and people come from far and near to see her.

Will it be thought wrong that Clarence has made Lillian his bride? She was as innocent as she is ignorant of her half-brother's crime.

### FROZEN LIMBS.

High medical authority now states that frozen limbs should never be rubbed. The juices of the fleshy tissues, when frozen in their minute sacs or cells, at once become in each of these enclosures crystals, having a large number of angles and sharp points; and hence rubbing the flesh causes them to cut or tear their way through the tissues, so that when it is thawed, the structure of the muscle is more or less destroyed.

When any part of the body is frozen, it should be kept perfectly quiet till it is thawed out, which should be done as promptly as possible. As freezing takes place from the surface inwardly, so thawing should be in the reverse order, from the inside outwardly. The thawing out of a portion of flesh, without at the same time putting the blood from the heart into circulation through it, produces mortification; but by keeping the more external parts still congealed till the internal heat and the external blood gradually soften the more interior parts, and produce circulation of the blood as fast as thawing takes place, most of these dangers are avoided.

If snow when applied be colder than the frozen flesh, it will still further abstract the heat, and freeze it worse than before. But if the snow is of the same temperature, it will keep the flesh from thawing till the heat from the rest of the body shall have effected it, thus preventing gangrene. Water, in which snow or ice has been placed, so as to keep its temperature at thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, is probably better than snow.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.

### CHROMATE OF LEAD IN BUTTER.

In September last the Conseil d'Hygiene of Paris charged M. Poggiale with the chemical examination of a specimen of paste which had been seized in the shop of a butter-merchant, and which was intended for giving a good appearance to bad butter. When calcined in a platinum capsule, it left considerable residuum. The fatty matter was separated by means of ether; and, after filtering the etherated liquor, a yellow substance was found, composed of chromate of lead and a vegetable coloring matter, presenting all the characteristics of tumeric. The presence of the chromate of lead was proved by suitable reactions. The paste was finally shown to consist of rancid butter, chromate of lead, tumeric, chloride of sodium, and all the saline matters found in sea-salt. As the chromate, like all the salts of lead, is poisonous, its introduction into butter is highly culpable, and should be repressed with severity. If it be true, as the maker of the paste asserted, that he did not use the chromate, the tumeric itself must have been adulterated with it.

### HAVING FAITH.

Many of our readers have, doubtless, heard of old Doctor Sprague, of New Hampshire, whose excellent sayings are well known. While once preaching from his pulpit, which was in the vicinity of the Monadnock mountain, he expatiated to his audience on the power of faith, and recited the passage from the New Testament, in which it is said: "*If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say to this mountain, be ye removed,*" etc. Then he exclaimed: "Yes, my hearers, if you had faith as a grain of mustard seed, and should say to old Monadnock, be ye removed, it would be—" when, pausing, and casting his eye out of the pulpit window, he shook his head gravely, and continued—"doubtful, my hearers. Old Monadnock is a tolerably big hill—but you can try it."

**POWER OF A MAN.**—One strong man can raise 10 lbs. ten feet in a second, ten hours a day; one strong man can raise 100 lbs. one foot in a second; one strong man can draw on a level 640 lbs.; one strong man can press with his hands equal to 110 pounds; one man's force drawing horizontally 110 lbs.; one man can lift with both hands 250 lbs.; one man can support on his shoulders 800 lbs.

[ORIGINAL.]  
THE EDITOR.

BY S. W. LOFER.

His form is cast in humanity's mold,  
And of common dimensions, too,  
Yet he is always expected to hold  
Talents uncommon to will and to do.

Like the fabled fellows who lived of old,  
He piles up the mountains of thought,  
And tugging away in labors untold,  
His triumphs gigantic are wrought.

Unceasing he works, he's never at rest,  
For the world, unsated with news,  
Keeps asking for more, the latest and best,  
And he cannot, he will not refuse.

Big sermons and speeches, stories and rhymes,  
With "items," both ancient and new,  
Suiting the people, and suiting the times,  
He must faithful and constant review.

The "doings of Congress," the fortunes of war,  
With schemes financial—the losses and gains,  
The movements commercial, with reasons therefor,  
He always and clearly explains.

How much he must know! There's nothing on  
earth,  
In science, in doctrine or art,  
But he must search its meaning and worth,  
And all to the public impart.

Nor only deals he in subjects profound—  
His reason must mingle with fun;  
And the world will laugh, and the joke go round,  
When the "editor" scribbles a pun.

And last, though not least, year in and year out,  
He ~~dams~~ his subscribers for pay;  
And for the dollar you owe him, no doubt,  
The poor fellow is starving to-day!

[ORIGINAL.]

## TWICE AT THE COVE.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

THE waves of the cove were frothing wildly.  
Flecks of the white foam flew through the  
air, and the rocks of the inlet were dripping  
with the lavish spray of the waves, which rose,  
and thundered, and beat the shore madly.  
Mary Harding watched them with fierce, glit-  
tering eyes, her hands clenched upon the  
shawl across her bosom until the sharp, trans-  
parent finger nails made deep, cruel dents in  
the fair, delicate palms.

She stood upon a rock, hardly out of reach  
of the spray. It drifted in cold gusts across  
her burning cheeks and lips, and made the  
loose tresses of her black hair curl like tendrils  
about her forehead—a broad, white, beautiful  
forehead, with clear-marked brows, and hazel  
eyes all alive with passion and pain. The  
black sky lowered close to the earth and sea,  
and a few pines on the edge of the cliff tossed  
and moaned in the face of the rising storm.

Mary Harding turned suddenly to her com-  
panion.

"There is her carriage," she said.

Her companion was a tall, elegant fellow,  
wrapped in a cloak, and facing the foaming  
sea with far less relish than did the girl.

"Confound it! I can't see an inch before me  
for this blinding spray. Yes, that's Claire's  
team."

The Lennox carriage swept up the cliff road  
to the Cove House. It was a close, handsome  
equipage, with a face within like the face of  
Tennyson's "Maud"—every perfect feature  
outlined against the carriage lining of purple  
Genoa velvet.

Willis Page gazed at that lovely face until it  
was out of sight, and then turned to the one  
beside him. A thought of garden camillas  
and the pure little field daisy swept over him,  
without that idle brain of his observing the  
connection.

"Isn't she beautiful, Mary?" he said.

"Yes," she replied, not looking at him.  
"Go on with what you were saying."

"O! Well, if the Lennoxes return next  
week, I shall accept the Gov.'s invitation and  
return with them."

She did not speak.

"Zounds! Really, Mary, if you will persist  
in this insane idea of standing out in such  
weather to watch a storm, you really must  
excuse me," he said.

"Well, go."

"But do come up to the house yourself!  
You will take your death of cold."

"I shall not. Go. I had rather you  
would."

"You had rather?" he asked, caused to  
look at her by something in her tone.

She stood in the very face of the storm, her  
small, graceful figure wrapped tightly in the  
crimson shawl she wore, a scarf of the same  
over her head and knotted under her chin,  
and her gray dress fluttering about her little  
feet set firmly upon the rock. The tense strain  
of the arm and the resolute posture told of the  
mood which Willis Page always avoided. He

could not see her face, turned out towards the sea.

"Do you want to be rid of me, Mary?" What have I done?"

What had he done? What he was forever doing—wounding the heart which loved him better than its life.

He put his arm about her and turned her face towards him with his hand—her keenly-alive, working face, which met his and overflowed with tears.

"Kiss me, and I'll be good. Don't you want me to go?" he asked, caressing her.

She sobbed violently for a moment. Then she put him back. As well then as any time, her heart said; and she spoke:

"Yes, Will; go—from here and from the town. I ignore what you have chosen to ignore for a month past. Go, henceforth, and go forever."

She looked him full in the eyes, her pure, sweet face set firmly before his. His lids dropped—he drew back a step.

"Nonsense, Mary!" he said, slowly.

She smiled almost scornfully.

"We will not waste words, Will," she said a little sadly, but very firmly. "And it is mockery for me to say that I give you the liberty you have long ago taken to love some one prettier and more fortunate than myself. I never should have thought to win your love, Will—I, only a fisherman's daughter, plain and uneducated—but you told me—" She stopped. "We won't go back to the past; it is better not. We will part kindly. Claire Lennox is more fit for you than I. Good-by, Will."

She put out her hand, stopping suddenly in her rapid talk. Willis Page took it—forced, as all negative characters are commanded by positive ones, to acknowledge the position she gave him. But he was very pale—half realizing that he was a villain—but kept by her proud manner from comprehending his utter baseness. But a thought, not of what had been, but what might be, flitted through his brain. He hesitated, saying depreciatingly:

"But, Mary—"

"There is nothing more to be said, Will."

"But don't you love me?" he asked, seeking to gain relief from the vague remorse within him by seeking for fault of hers.

"Yes, I love you," and she looked into his face and smiled mournfully.

He sulked like a schoolboy, standing in the lee of a rock, his head hung on his breast, and his silky black curls blowing about his fore-

head. Mary looked at him, wistfully and sorrowfully.

"I don't see as I'm to blame if you send me off," he said.

"O, Will!"

She hardly spoke reproachfully—only wearily. He had been her idol—this handsome fellow, with his selfish affections and false fondness for her. And he was all she had to love—and she deplored her heartache so bitterly!

A gust of cold, damp wind fluttered Willis Page's cloak from his shoulder. He caught the folds in his white, jewelled hand—raising himself from the rock against which he had been leaning.

"I will go if you want me to," he said, in a sullen voice.

"I want you to because you wish to," she answered. There was hardly need to say it—none at all, in fact; he knew perfectly well that it was the truth; but he was vexed because he was so surely the one to be blamed.

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

She did not offer him her hand again, and he went slowly up the rocky path and out of sight.

The wind and waves were still fighting madly. Mary Harding sat down among the great boulders and turned her gaze upon the water. Tossing, writhing, flinging themselves madly upwards, they were no expression for the dull weight of pain which lay upon her. Her soul was full of utter despair.

She had loved and she had hoped so much! Willis Page had been her lover for two years. After the first flush of delight and surprise at his professions was past, she saw his foibles, and met them lovingly. She could not believe that he loved her for the sweet beauty of which she was unconscious; she knew he must love her more for her soul than for her body, and so she looked into his beautiful eyes and thought she saw answering depths to her own there. She had won him here and there from this and that, and she thought that she held the key to his life. She did not believe that he could be false to her. He might be bewitched by a pretty face, for an hour or a day, but she believed his heart to be utterly her own. Why not? Was she not always what she had been at the first? And did she not know how truly he loved her? Nothing but the intense tenderness with which he had met her glance—only that, given to another, could shake her faith in him.



That she saw, at last. Claire Lennox, the beautiful New York belle, at the Cove for a month, had won him from her.

Such bitter pain!—such dull despair! Mary Harding's head sank lower and lower, and finally fell upon her arm on a rock. She could not weep—only moan drearily—her lids drooping over the eyes heavy with the unshed tears of suffering. An hour passed; the storm was lulling, and she rose to her feet. For a moment she stood looking over the sea. Her life stretched before her, as broad and strong, but what a gray, dull waste it looked. One weary sight escaped her, then she turned and went up the rocky path to her home.

The rain dripped into the sea. All day it had fallen with dreary monotony, and the wind was sighing among the pines of the cliff. A dull, comfortless day; yet there was a female figure seated in the lee of the Cove's immense boulders—sheltered from the rain, yet heedless of the damp, gusty air which puffed into the grotto. That slight, solitary figure was well known in the literary world—the small, graceful head had been crowned with bays—but Mary Harding, ruler of the choicest clique in Boston, crouched among the rocks like a very child.

One might have supposed that she looked at the sea with happier eyes than she did five years before. She did not. Calmer, but ah! so sad and heavy with brooding pain! Long intercourse with the heart of the world had plunged her into speculations of life, and, past the susceptibilities of early youth, she distrusted all her old faith, and struggled in depths of doubt. She was alone, her heart was hungry, and her fate was unsatisfying—and, living among theorists and philosophers, she was distracted from her simple, natural faith in God to a state of strife and gloom. She complained that the world had given her stones for bread, forgetting that she rebelled against the God of the world and quarrelled with his rules. For her native powers the world gave her homage, but in truth she was a sorrowful, weary child. As such she came down to the sea.

Suddenly a figure appeared on the cliff path—a man's figure—miserable and dogged in aspect. A shawl was flung about his shoulders, his hat was slouched over his eyes, and his step had a careless swagger. He came half way down the cliff, then caught sight of Mary Harding and stopped. She did not see him, but he was near enough to read her face

plainly, and moment after moment passed while he stood gazing. It was a familiar face, for the man was Willis Page.

He displaced a loose stone with his foot, at last. She looked up suddenly, gazed at him a moment, and rose to her feet. He felt that he was recognized. He came down the cliff slowly—more heedless of wind and rain than he had once been—and stood at last beside the pale woman started into momentary trembling by his presence. But meeting his eyes, she grew very calm.

"Well, Willis?" she said.

"Is it well with you?" he asked. "I believe that I have heard the world say that it is. So you didn't break your heart for me, Mary?"

"What were you that I should break my heart?" she said, quietly.

"More than I am now, at least," he murmured, with a short, bitter laugh.

She did not speak to pity or reproach him for his state. She turned her head away and looked at the dreary waste of gray water.

"I will swear that you have not been troubled with memories of me," said he. "But I have been fool enough to think of you through all my trouble in a way some men think of God, I believe."

He searched her face with a swift, stealthy, passionate glance as he spoke, but she received his words very coolly.

"I have pitied you when I heard—"

"That my wife had turned out a harlot—that my boy died of her neglect—that I had become a bankrupt, and fallen into profligacy and vice! You pitied me when you heard of this, Mary?"

She was pale to the lips, but she bowed in silence.

"You were very kind," he said.

A swift crimson shot across her face. She looked up at him. Only she and God knew how infinitely she pitied him, while she shrank from him. Fierce, haggard, wretched, he was a sight for the woman who once loved him to weep over with tears of her very heart's blood.

"Who separated our paths, Will?" she said.

"I did," he answered. "And God has cursed me for my folly. Mary, what could I do with God's curse upon me?"

He looked at her with his deep, dark, haggard eyes. If he thought to touch her, to soften her, to win her by his misery, he was deceived. She broke into sudden and fierce passion.

"You might have been a man," she exclaimed, "and not a brute! In all your life you never were proved before, and you failed in proving. In the old days, Will, I believed that you had a soul. I thought that the strength and nobleness of your love was patent—had never been called out—that you had, and I only knew you to have, a possession of the highest power. From such depths I thought I drew my love for you. Will, when the ordeal of your life came, you proved yourself so shallow, so selfish, so weak and base, that my love died utterly, and with it my faith in all mankind. God help me! but I am wrecked as entirely as are you?"

"My wife disgraced me in my very sight! I was human, Mary Harding!"

"She was only eighteen years old. Had you no compassion for her youth?—had you no thought for your own sins, that you struck her down with the first stone?"

"She was heartless. She did not care for me, nor for the child who kept her from a crowd of brainless worshippers."

"You took her for better for worse. Was she better, or you, or the state of you both, that you turned a sot and a foul disgrace to her? After you sneered at her in public, what had she to save her from the blandishments of that wily libertine? My God! you drove her down the hill of shame, the poor, weak, childish thing, whom you could have developed into one of earth's sweetest women if you had but been a man. If she craved incessant love and caresses, why did you not give them to her while she was wholly yours, instead of flinging her off like a worn plaything, after the first half year? She had no mother; she was never taught duty in her life. The ruin of her life is upon your head, and of your own, and—mine!" She raised her hand in a desperate gesture. "I never knew a true man in my whole life!" she cried.

He was ghastly pale, but he sneered at her.

"Nor I a true woman," he began.

"I have kept my life pure," she interrupted.

"If my heart has lost its sweetness, it is through such men as you!"

"You despise me utterly?" he asked, with gleaming eyes.

Her soul was worked to foaming passion like the frothing sea below.

"I despise you utterly," she said.

He turned and went up the cliff, without a word. She sank down and buried her face in her hands. An hour afterwards she looked up. Something was floating against the foot

of the cliff—something that she gazed upon with wild horror after it struck her eye. Flaccid, ghastly, it was the body of Willis Page.

Then she knew her heart.

"And I think in the lives of most women and men, There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,

If the dead could only find out when To come back and be forgiven."

#### YOUNG LADIES OF TO-DAY.

Did you ever think what a contrast there is between the young lady of to-day and the one of fifty, or even a score of years ago? Then, a lady was one who could take care of herself—could sing in plain musical English, wash, bake and cook all kinds of food, milk a cow if necessary, and make herself generally useful. If she didn't, she was called lazy—that was all there was about it. But now, we have no lazy women, they are all delicate. The modern young lady is a strange compound of dress and nerves—by which we mean those "exquisite susceptibilities" which causes her to shudder when she sees a wash-tub, and scream at the sight of a cow. She is a living image made to be waited upon. She sings "divinely" and plays the piano "exquisitely," but neither one of these affects you as much as the "jabbering of a North American Indian," for it is not half as intelligible. She lounges about in the morning, crotchets or embroiders a little, then dresses herself up and promenades for the benefit of some "genteel exquisite." Thus pass her days. Now you needn't tell me that old bachelors are continually harping on women's faults—that we do not find any such ladies—that they are the same now they always were. It is *no such thing*. It is an uncommon thing, indeed, to find a young lady now-a-days that half pays for the food she eats. She is nothing but a bill of expense to her father, and a larger one to her husband, for he not only has her to support, but one or two hired girls to wait upon her also. My advice to every young man is to beware of a fashionable young lady. Never marry the girl who sits in the parlor while her mother stands in the kitchen. It wont pay.

The last, best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindest soul, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic.

[ORIGINAL.]

**MOTHERLESS AND BLIND.**

BY MRS. R. T. ELDRIDGE.

Tell her gently, in love's whisper, of the sweet and  
fragrant flowers  
That are opening into beauty in their green and  
leafy bowers;  
For I know she loves them dearly, though she  
never may behold  
The little tender flower-buds that so lovingly unfold.

There's a home of rest and beauty—a home of joy  
and love,  
For none are sad and sightless in yon spirit-home  
above;  
And I know she will grow happy when you tell  
her of that land  
Where her dear and blessed mother dwells amid  
the angel band.

Tell her of her baby brother, with his sweet and  
happy face,  
Who never knew a mother's loss—though none  
may fill her place!  
And perchance her lovely precepts may guide his  
feet aright,  
For her face is calm and holy as the beauties of the  
night.

Sometimes I think it was God's will to call her  
mother home,  
That she might guard her sightless child where'er  
her footsteps roam;  
For I know an angel mother must hold a child  
more dear,  
Than an earthly mother ever could whilst with her  
children here.

I know by my own feelings—by my spirit-yearning  
deep,  
That angels love their earthly friends, and watch  
them when they weep;  
E'en while my pen glides o'er the page, my Lewie  
hovers nigh,  
And another beauteous seraph gladdens now my  
spirit's eye.

Sometimes, when I grow heartsick, and feel a  
strange unrest,  
Because, perchance, some careless word has deeply  
pierced my breast;  
When I think of that sweet maiden, the motherless  
and blind,  
I chide myself most bitterly, and quickly bow re-  
signed.

When I see her calmly sitting—her twin sister by  
her side—  
With her blue eyes closed forever—all life's sweet-  
est joys denied—

Then I think that God our Father is so merciful  
and kind,  
That he never will forsake her, the motherless and  
blind.

[ORIGINAL.]

**JESSIE AVERY.****A STORY OF THE WAR.**

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

SHE had toiled all day, busy as a bee, with  
her slender fingers, making the needle fly  
swiftly through the coarse, stout linen of the  
"Havelocks," and now completely tired  
threw aside her work and wandered out in  
the twilight, to cool her hot brow in the fresh  
air and enjoy the perfume of the sweet briars  
and roses.

The war had broken out in earnest! Sumter  
had been evacuated—the streets of Baltimore  
were red with precious blood—the boy-martyr,  
Ellsworth, had sealed his devotion to his coun-  
try with his life, and the call for troops was  
ringing from every hillside and through every  
valley. The old flag had been trailed in the  
dust; its stars blotted out and its stripes fouled,  
and it must be cleansed from all stain and  
dishonor in the red tide of battle. There was  
no other way left! There could not, must  
not, should not, be a division of the fair land  
God had given to Freedom and the free, for  
all time as long as there was strength in the  
good right arm, and courage in the manly  
heart!

Jessie Avery had entered heart, body and  
soul into the matter more than any other girl  
in the village. Early and late she had been  
engaged in assisting to make ready the regi-  
ment that was to start the next week. It was  
her hands that had sewed the snowy stars  
and embroidered the golden and patriotic  
motto on the silken folds of the flag—"Aut  
vincere aut mori!" It was her who had  
most cheered the wives and mothers and sis-  
ters of those who were to go, and whispered  
of safety and speedy return, though God pity  
and forgive her, she had but little faith in her  
own words of consolation.

Saturday night had come. The last "Have-  
lock" was finished, and Jessie Avery wan-  
dered down by the bank of the little creek,  
that twined like a serpent around the village,  
and seated herself in the branching arms of a  
willow—branching and curved until they  
formed a natural rustic chair. And there she

sat with the first faint moonrays shimmering down through the leafy canopy above her, upon her soft, wavy, brown hair—sat thinking. Thinking of manhood and youth going forth from their peaceful and happy homes to help make up the bloody sheaves that the reaper Death was busy gathering in. Fancy ran riot and pictured the battle-field with all its ghostly horrors—the wounded, the dying, the dead; and then, as in the sudden changes of a dream, she saw the mourning ones at home—the deserted hearth-stone—the widow and the orphan children. The music of the band broke in upon her solemn reverie. The sound was hateful to her, and with her hands pressed upon her ears she strove to shut it out.

"Jessie."

She heard not the word, but a shadow in the path told her that some one was near, and she hastily wiped away her tears, and raised her head from her lap where it had been bowed.

"Jessie."

"Mr. Barber."

"I have been searching for you."

"For me?"

"Yes, all the villagers are upon the green; the band is playing martial music now, but it will soon change into a lighter measure. In fact, we are going to celebrate our last Saturday night at home with a dance."

"A dance?"

"Certainly—and why not?"

"I should think prayer more fitting such an hour. You are going where death will be busy, and no one can foretell what his fate may be—no human arm can turn the shafts aside."

"What a little Puritan you are! You should have been among those who first set their feet on the 'Blarney stone of New England,' as somebody calls Plymouth Rock."

"And if I had, I should have striven to have done my duty."

"I don't doubt it. You are a perfect little heroine, I know, but that is not the question now. Will you come with me to the green?"

"No, I must be excused. It would but illy agree with my present feelings to mingle in a gay revel."

"Jessie Avery," and his light manner changed, "I had hoped that you would have gone with me, for I have much to say to you."

"To me?"

"Yes. You know that on Monday we leave for Washington."

"And this night you would spend in frivolity?"

"Let us drop that subject. Jessie, we have been playmates together since our earliest childhood. In boy and girlhood we were not separated, and now that man and womanhood has dawned upon us, shall our first parting be in anger?"

"In anger? O, no—no!"

"Jessie, what may be my fate, God only can tell. As a boy you know I loved you, and must the man find hackneyed words to tell how that love has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength? Jessie, should I return in safety, may I not hope that you will be my wife? Will you not pledge me your word—will you not plight me your troth?"

"Edward Barber, I have both dreaded and longed for this hour. I knew that it must come, and yet I shrank from its coming. But now it is pressed upon me, I can but speak the truth, though it may wound your self-love and pride, and sadden my own heart. I can never be your wife."

"But the reason?"

"Press me not for it."

"I have a right to know why my love is scorned."

"Not scorned. No, not that. The love of the poorest and humblest on earth is far too precious to be thrown idly away."

"And you will not tell me why I am thus rejected?" he demanded almost sternly, and with his lips trembling with the passion he was vainly trying to keep in check.

"It is unmanly in you to ask," she replied, rising and preparing to return home.

"Is it? By Heaven! I will know the reason."

"If I had no other, your words would have given me a sufficient one."

"My words? And what did I say that so offended your sanctimonious dignity?" he asked, with a sneer.

"He who can idly and impiously call upon Heaven to witness his almost guilty purposes, can never be the husband of—"

"Pshaw! But you will sing a different tune when I come back—who knows but a general! But I am wasting time here. Hark! the band are playing a waltz. Good-by, Jessie. When I come back again, I will go to Sunday school with you and read the Bible, as we used to do when we were children—if I have time! What, you won't give me a parting kiss? Well, I will have an hundred

from the prettiest girls on the green. So good-by, and pray for me." And the gay young captain turned away. He had striven to hide his chagrin under a brusque, almost brutal manner, and wildly entered into the sports of the evening to still conscience, and the baffled love that was busy with both heart and brain.

"God be with him and save him, here and hereafter!" was the fervent prayer that winged its way on high from her lips, when his rapid footsteps had long ceased to fall upon her ear, and she gathered her shawl around her and started homeward.

There, at least, she would not be insulted. There she, the only child, would be safe—out of the way of the gay music that was ringing through her brain, in a father and mother's arms. There, God was loved and worshipped "in spirit and in truth," and no impious lips ever took his name in vain.

"Jessie," said the good old lady, looking up from her work as she heard the light step of her daughter when she entered, "Jessie, so you have not been up to the green?"

"No, mother, I have no heart to go there. But how did you know that I had not gone?"

"Walter Elmer was here looking after you, and he said—"

"Walter Elmer!"

When she had talked to the gay young captain in the shadow of the willow, no flush of neck or cheek—no crimson tell-tale blood—no tremble of nerves revealed the secret of the heart; but now she turned away to hide, even from her mother's eyes, the burning brow and quick, throbbing bosom.

"Yes, Walter Elmer, child. He said he had been looking everywhere for you, and—"

"I was dreaming, as usual in my willow chair down by the creek, mother; but," and she hastily changed the subject, in order to conceal her emotion, "but, mother, put by your work for to-night, I will finish it for you on Monday. I shall have plenty of time when the regiment has gone," and a deep sigh escaped her.

"Why, Jess," exclaimed her father, as he laid down his last newspaper; "if I didn't know that my girl was heart whole, I should think she was sighing for some of them fellows that strut about with shoulder straps like turkey cocks, and know about as much of war, I'll be bound! You ought to have seen our captain in '12, and—"

"I was thinking, father," replied Jessie, interrupting him, for she knew by experience

what the length of his story would be, when he began fighting his battles over again. "I was thinking of what a dreadful thing war was, and—and—"

"Jessie," said a young man, dressed in the garb of a common soldier—one in the ranks—as he entered the open door without ceremony, though with a diffident, almost confused manner; "Jessie, I came to ask a favor of you."

"Favor, Walt," broke in the old man, while his daughter sat with downcast eyes and crimson cheeks. "Favor? If she doesn't grant it, it will be the first time she ever refused, for my Jess is just as kind-hearted as she is pretty."

"Father!" was all the girl could reply to this wholesale praise.

"What is it, Walter?" asked the mother, kindly, and to cover the confusion of her child, for her womanly feelings taught her by intuition—by the remembrance of her own girlish days, that a new love had sprung up in her daughter's heart, more patent and strong than that she bore to home or parents; a love for which she would "forsake father and mother," for which her heart would follow to the battlefield, and for which she would ever be bowed down in prayer.

"I came to ask Jessie to go with me to my mother's for an hour or two. Poor mother, she feels very badly about my going."

"To be sure she does," again interrupted the old man. "To be sure she does. If my Jess was a boy, it would be mighty hard—like tearing out the strings of my heart to let her go. And yet it is a duty, Walt, a duty that we owe both to God and our country. Your father, boy, fought by my side—a brave and a good soldier he was, and—"

"I trust I shall never disgrace his memory, sir."

"To be sure you won't! If Roger Elmer ever had a coward for a son there must have been fraud in the matter. But get your things, Jess, and go along. Walt will see you safe home. And I say, boy, when you are gone, when you are doing your duty for the blessed old stars and stripes, wife and I, as well as Jess, will take your old mother under our wings, and see that she don't want for anything."

"How much I thank you, sir."

"Well, well, go along. Bless my old heart, these war times almost make me young again, though we didn't wear such little gimcrank looking caps in my day, I can tell you."



It was late—near midnight—when Jessie Avery started to return home, accompanied by the gallant young soldier. The moon shined but semi-light through the thick and leafy branches of the trees that overhung their path. In silence they wandered on until they reached the little, cherry bordered lane that led up to the old homestead of the Averys. They nearly passed through it without a word being spoken when suddenly the voice of her companion fell upon the ear of the girl starting her like a pistol shot:

"Jessie."

"Walter!"

"Jessie, but a few short hours and I am going away—going to take my place on the battle-field. Do you know why I am going?"

"For your country's honor, and the holy cause of liberty and right," she answered, in a trembling voice.

"Yes, that in itself would have forbid me to stay, but I had and have another incentive fully as strong. Can you not guess it?"

"I—I—no—no."

"It was that I might pluck from the wreath of glory at least one leaf to lay at your feet. Jessie, dear Jessie, not until I had won a name—perchance wealth, did I mean that these words should have been spoken. Not until then did I intend to have told you how deeply, truthfully I love you. But now on the very verge, as it were, of eternity I cannot keep them back. Jessie, darling, should I return safe and sound—God forbid that I, even as I love you, should ask you to fetter yourself to one crippled or maimed—may I not hope to call you by the dearer, holier title—wife?"

The moon hid itself behind a cloud for an instant, and as it again flashed its silver light through the rifts, Jessie Avery escaped from imprisoning arms, and with flushed brow, happy heart and the first kiss of love lingering upon her lips, ran into the house and hid her face in her mother's bosom.

"Jessie, my dear child," questioned the good woman who had been waiting for her.

"Mother—I—am—his—" came in reply through sobs of great joy.

"Walter's?"

"For life or death! And, mother—" she had almost added "kiss me," but another's lips had already placed one upon her own that must linger there forever!

The 21st of June—the day written as with swords for pens and blood for ink on the

pages of our history—the terrible battle of Bull Run had been fought—won—and lost! The news flashed over the wires through the length and breadth of the North, as if the electric fluid had suddenly been tinged with hues incarnadine! "Who was safe—who wounded—who dead!" was the bitter cry on every lip. O, day of fatal errors, unwavering courage, almost matchless daring! But ye who battled there, living or dead, will never be forgotten, for

—"coming millions will a glorious tribute pay  
To your dauntless, desperate courage on that well-remembered day,

When the earth was crimson ruin and the sky was rent in twain,

And the cannons poured destruction and the rifles deadly rain;

When hecatombs of noble hearts, as votive offerings given

Upon their country's altar, were accepted e'en in heaven;

When human life was trampled out upon the gory path,

And the God that watches battle seemed to turn away in wrath;

Yes, when the snowy dove of peace the olive branch shall bring,

When the sword is turned to ploughshare and holy angels sing

Of earth redeemed from bloodshed, in every land and clime,

Thy name shall be a wonder and a glory for all time."

The company to which Walter Elmer belonged had been foremost and in the thickest of the charge upon a masked battery. Few, except their captain, Edward Barber, had escaped. Though wanting in many of the attributes that go to make up a good man he was no coward. A kind Providence seemed to have held a shield between him and death, for where the shot rattled and shell hissed—where the pistol bullets whistled and the Minie balls sang, he braved fate and escaped unharmed. But it was not so with the noble-hearted lover of Jessie Avery. Struck down among the first—faint from the loss of blood, and dying with thirst, he had been literally tramped into the bloody ground by those that came after, and by those who retreated, in the causeless panic that put an end to the strife. And during the terrible night that followed he lay there! If all of human agony can be condensed into a few brief hours, it was endured then and there by those who had fallen. List ye the story as it falls from the

lips of some one you love, who was there, and learn, if ye have never learned before, how much those who have battled for your firesides and your homes, have endured, to keep them from the foot of the invader and the rule of the oppressor.

The retreat checked—a brief armistice established, Captain Barber gathered the scattered remnants of his company, and returned to the gory field to succor such as might live—to bury those whose spirit lips were answering the roll call in a camp beyond the river that washes the shores both of time and eternity.

"Captain, here is Walt Elmer," said one of the little squad of men, as he came suddenly upon him.

"Walter Elmer! I knew he was in the foremost rank. I saw him fighting like a tiger. Go on with your search, men, I will attend to him," and the captain knelt by the side of the almost corpse.

"Water! for God's sake, water!" came in a husky, curdling whisper from the lips of the poor soldier.

"Yes, in a moment. The men are bringing some now. Where are you wounded? Let me see, Walt?" and he unbelted the uniform to search for the mark of the fatal bullet.

"Don't—don't," and the hands of Walter Elmer were raised tremblingly, and folded over his breast as if to forbid further investigation.

"Pshaw! Walt, you are as delicate as a woman. But I am not going to let you die so," and he removed the hands and laid the fair breast open. "We were boys together, you know, Walt, and—my God! what is this?" and from over the feebly beating heart he tore a miniature and gazed upon it as with the eyes of a demon.

"By Heaven!" he continued, after a brief pause, in which all the evil passions of his nature surged and boiled lava-like, "By Heaven! It is Jess Avery! And it was for this poor, nameless, lily-faced boy that she spurned my love," and he threw the little miniature at his feet, and ground all semblance of female beauty from it beneath his heavily armed heel.

"Water! O God! will no one give me water? I am parching, dying," was still the pitiful, pleading cry wrung by fearful agony from the lips of the wounded man.

"Water? Yes, you shall have water—when it rains! Parch, roast, die, fool! The sooner the better, and Jess Avery shall be mine."

"Water! wat—"

But the plea fell upon ears that listened not, and the captain turned away. Red-handed revenge had full possession of his soul, and had he not been sure that death would soon free him of his fortunate rival, it might have been that murder would have prompted his hand to accelerate the end.

"What, Walt Elmer, and dying!" exclaimed a bluff old sergeant, as he nearly stumbled over him. "By thunder! this won't do. His mother's darling, and her only child."

"Water! water!"

"Yes, boy, yes! Here it is, if the whiskey hasn't got the best of it, but it can't hurt you, anyhow," and he held his flask to his comrade's lips.

"George Tompkins, sergeant, I am dying—"

"No you aint, and you shan't!"

"Tell mother that I—I—"

The old soldier, who had seen death in every form, on the wild fields of battle in Mexico, brushed a tear from off his weather-bronzed cheek, and cut the sentence short by lifting Elmer as if he had been a child, and bearing him away.

Captain—now Colonel Barber (for he had been promoted) returned to his native village covered with glory—and pride! He had but to open his arms to have any of the girls fall into them—save one.

"Is it—can it be true that Walter Elmer is dead—died on the battle-field?" asked Jessie Avery, the first time they met, faltering at every word.

"Certainly, I saw him myself."

"Then God help his poor, widowed mother, and—and—"

"And? You were going to add something, Miss Jessie?"

"And—and—take him home to glory."

"You seem deeply interested in his fate."

"Yes—yes—I was—was," and she fell fainting at his feet before he could save her.

Edward Barber remained for months in the neighborhood, recruiting his sadly thinned regiment; but it was long before he again put himself in the way of meeting Jessie, who, grown to a shadow, with blanched and etiolated cheeks and form, seemed to be fast becoming too ethereal for earth. She was waiting—only waiting till the shadows had grown a little longer, for the voice of the angel that would summon her to join him she loved, in the land where strife is unknown and the battle drum is never beat. Well the discarded

suitor knew that she mourned bitterly, but time he thought would dry her tears, and he could yet gain her consent to be his wife.

Seated on a low stool by her mother's side, when the shadows of an autumnal evening had gathered thickly around, and the leaves whirled in eddies through the cherry-shaded lane, she was trying to read the blessed words of promise lined upon the pages of holy writ, but could not for her tears. Were not the shadows lying dark and the dead leaves falling thickly upon *his* lonely grave?

"Father, there is somebody at the door; will you go and see, please?" she said, suddenly starting up.

Every sound was a terror to her now, and her parents petted and humored her every whim, deeming that she would soon pass away from their mortal vision.

"Yes, daughter, yes. It's some of the neighbors' girls, I'll be bound," he said, as the knock was repeated more loudly, and he hobbled to the door.

"Does Mr. Avery live here?" asked the gruff voice of a man, who, as the lights flashed upon him, stood revealed in the dress of a soldier, and with the stripes of a sergeant glittering on his arm.

"Yes, yes; I'm Ralph Avery. What do you want, my good man?"

"Good? Well, I do believe I've done one good deed in my long, useless life. But here is a piece of war timber—a sort of sword without an edge—a battered bullet—a busted cannon, that I've brought you," and he stepped aside and lifted a pallid-faced, trembling form in his arms and carried him into the room.

"Walter! Walter Elmer!" and the arms of Jessie Avery were wound around his neck, and she sobbed hysterically upon his bosom.

Shut the door—draw the curtains close and pin them, that no prying eye may look upon the scene within. None but father, mother and the bluff old sergeant have a right there, save only God's good angels, who are whispering joy to the pure, young heart of Jessie Avery.

You can stop a clock at any moment, but you cannot stop a watch. The same remark, my brethren, applies to the stopping of the talk of a man and of a woman. He is a great, coarse, ugly machine, but you can silence him. She is a beautiful, fragile, jewelled thing—but she will run on until she stops herself.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SNOW-BIRD.

BY GEORGE W. HUNGAY.

Gay wanderer of the wintry air,  
Blithe drifting to and fro;  
A cheerful life amid the storm—  
Companion of the snow.

The light of summer flecks thy wings,  
Fluttering my path along;  
Art thou a tenant of the cloud,  
Or feathery flake of song?

Although the storm pipes on the hill,  
And deep the wintry gloom,  
Thy presence greens the earth again,  
And makes the meadows bloom.

Why leave thy snug, warm nest to-day,  
Amid the boughs so fair?  
Did hunger drive thee from thy home,  
In the unchartered air?

Are there no berries on the tree?  
Why seek 'st thou man's abode?  
Our heavenly Father sent thee here  
To cheer our solitude.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE BRIDE OF PROVENCE.

BY RICHARD FAULKNER.

AN old, gray stone house, in the days of Phillippe Le Bel, stood among the beautiful groves of Provence. Gray as were the upper walls, there was, beneath, a superb growth of those rich flowers that take their name from the lovely Southern clime where alone they are known—the beautiful roses of Provence. From the towers, there was a view of the large vineyards, seen through the open spaces of the olive groves. Here, on a sweet summer day, or when the chill winds roved abroad, at all times of day or evening, might have been seen the daughter of the house, wandering beside her widowed father. They were seldom apart; for De Courtenay had no wife and Marguerite was his only child. The Baroness de Courtenay had died when Marguerite was born—a precious inheritance, bought by the sweet young mother's early death, and cherished accordingly.

When she was sixteen, the Provence youths of noble blood were sager for the favor of one so lovely and highly born; but she gave encouragement to none. Her father held all

her heart. Had it not been for him, she would have joined the convent of the Gray Nuns, for Marguerite had been piously bred; receiving her education from the nuns, with occasional lessons from the priest who had charge of their devotional exercises.

In her way from the convent, she had been seen by Count de Catalan's only son; and once he had preserved her life from danger in crossing a swollen stream into which she had incautiously ventured. That single act had made her heart beat with something more than mere gratitude. Love had at last touched the proverbially cold heart. She loved, too, with all the passionate warmth which such natures sometimes call up, when once smitten.

He, too, had been charmed with her loveliness and innocence. Meeting her, day by day, he had looked forward to the hour with an intense longing, and nothing would have kept him from that sweet, secluded spot where the olive trees met above the narrow path, forming a little bower, through which the two could just pass each other. It is not to be supposed that this daily contact had not had its effect upon both. Marguerite's blush grew brighter as she passed him, and Louis Catalan's speaking eyes told how dear was the interview, short and fleeting as it was, to him.

A minstrel of the highest order, he conveyed the love of which he must not speak, in the sweetest songs. Every night she heard these impassioned words, set to the divinest music, her own name thrilling through each as though sent forth involuntarily, like the minstrel's own heart-beats. And every day, the minstrel became more dear to her young heart. It was so also with Catalan; and one day, he poured out the old story, so sweet and dear to all hearts, and heard her respond in tones that sent a rapture through his veins.

The baron gave the consent they asked. He knew how good and pure was Louis Catalan's life, and felt that he could trust his daughter's fate in his hands.

Seven months flew by like a fairy dream, and then came a breath of sadness over the joyous lovers. Catalan was sent for to go to the court of Philippe. The king had heard of the marvellous ballad singing that had charmed all Provence, and he pleased himself by thinking he would monopolize it to himself. Very unwelcome proved the royal bidding to Louis; yet he could not resist the king's wishes. Every ballad singer in the kingdom, who had shown more than ordinary talent,

had been summoned and had obeyed. His father's influence at court would be forever ruined if he declined; and, moreover, Louis himself, apart from the consideration of his love, would be delighted to secure the smiles of so gracious a sovereign as Philippe Le Bel.

But this parting—how would either of the lovers sustain it? In Marguerite's heart not a spark of jealousy existed. She thought not of the gay court dames who might lay siege to the love of Catalan. Her thought was only of the dangers that might beset the path of her lover. In those days, tales of banditti were rife, and events proved them no idle tales. And then the painful, wearisome travel that formed the only method of intercommunication with different parts of the same country; it was a weary thing then to take a common journey. But after dwelling painfully upon the necessity, she bowed to it as to the decrees of fate, and bade her lover farewell. Only, when she saw the last of her retinue sweep around the hill, did she shed a single tear. Then, clasped in her father's loving arms, she gave vent to her emotions and received his pitying caresses.

The baron was not without his own misgivings. Louis was no experienced traveller; and, of his servants who accompanied him, not one had ever gone over that part of France. Yet he comforted his poor Marguerite with brilliant hopes of a speedy return.

For her father's sake, she crowded down her mournful fancies and strove to enter into the old employments. She sang to her lute—it had been her lover's, and was dearer on that account—she read and wrote sweet poems to the music he had composed for her, and she neglected none of the sweet offices of daily kindness and benevolence which had formerly shed a lustre over her life. But there was a void in that life; a vacuum which could not be filled.

Meantime, where was the gifted troubadour? Was he singing love ditties at the court of France, with the enchantments of high-born dames to inspire his song? Or, grown sick of courtly splendors, had he feigned disgust at his noble art, and failed, in voice and lute, to give pleasure to the sovereign and his train? Let us follow him and see.

Long weeks found Catalan still upon the road. A single day's journey alone intervened. At least, so said the chief of his guards, and the weary troubadour heard him with unaffected delight. In his mind, the thought of Marguerite was uppermost.

"In so many weeks, then, I shall greet her," he said to himself. "The king will but hear me once or twice, and then he will suffer me to return."

He spoke aloud to his principal attendant, a confidential servant of his father.

"I trust you have the king's presents safe, Auguste?" he asked.

"Certainly, my lord. The packet has not left my person, through all this dreary way."

"Right, Auguste! I have no doubt our gracious sovereign will appreciate it fully."

An open field through which the party were to cross, presented itself to view. The guards rode in front, the troubadour and Auguste a little further back. Two of the guards were in earnest conversation.

"Did you hear what the Count Catalan remarked to his esquire, respecting the rich presents for the king, frere Pierre?" said one, who seemed to be the chief of the three guardsmen.

"Ay. Doubtless there is a goodly store of jewels. The old count is reputed rich, and would make no mean gift to King Phillippe."

"Well, suppose that King Phillippe never sees them?"

"What folly! How can he help it when they are so near to him? Only to-day, and he will see them sparkling."

"But what if some one relieves their bearer of their weight?"

"Nonsense! who is to do it? There is little danger of banditti here, in this quiet meadow."

"Mon frere, you were ever dull to comprehend. We are three. The count and Auguste are but two. Three can overpower two, the individual strength being equal. Does not your eye love the sparkling jewels as dearly as that of Phillippe Le Bel?"

"Hush, Jacques! You frighten me, with this wild talk. Surely, you are not in earnest?"

"In earnest? why not? I tell you, man, your fortune is made from this day. What more easy than to enter Paris, dispose of our glittering store at some jeweller's, for gold, and sweep across the country and out of it, before any suspicion has been awakened? From Calais to Dover—from England to Scotland—how quick and easy is the transition. Our ancestors married with Scotch lassies, you know, and we shall be greeted affectionately enough by the misers if we have gold."

"But this poor boy and his faithful esquire?

How can you, with a heart in your bosom, Jacques?"

"O, pother! away with this fooling. It is a chance that rarely happens, and if you choose to decline, why, Francois and I are strong, and we will divide the spoil. Now be a man and take your third part of the gold; or leave us at once, unless you wish to stay and share their fate."

It was a temptation, and Pierre was Jacques's own brother, elder than himself. Unwillingly he consented, provided he should not be called upon to strike a blow—and the two stronger ruffians agreed, knowing he would not dare betray them if he received the spoil.

The sweet, pale moon looked forth, that night, upon a scene that would have harrowed up the souls of men not utterly steeped in avarice. Beneath its beams, lay the handsome face of Louis Catalan, with a deep wound over the eye from which life had already welled away. Close beside him, his arm thrown across his master, as if to ward off the blows of the assassins, lay the faithful Auguste, wounded at every point, in his frantic endeavors to shield his beloved young master. And, at a little distance, the three murderers were eagerly examining a leather bag, from which they extracted three beautiful little packages, which sent up a perfume delicate and subtle, and which grew in such rich profusion all over the native province of the murdered Catalan.

The blank look of speechless dismay with which they regarded each other at this moment is beyond the wildest imagining. Rage, baffled avarice, remorse and a sense of coming retribution for a crime so fruitlessly committed, and a ghastly fear, a nameless dread that those two pale ghosts lying there had still life enough in them to denounce their murderers—all conspired to render this moment the most awful and appalling. Jacques recovered himself first. He sprang eagerly back to the two men whom they had murdered, and a sigh, born of mingled relief and regret burst from him. The next moment he would have given the right hand so lately imbued in their blood, to have seen the cold bosoms heave once more with that life which he had struck down in its youth and beauty. Who shall say that he was not punished far more severely in that moment than if the halter had been hung about his neck? He walked slowly back to his brother and the other guardsman.

"Well, boys," he tried to utter in a cheery tone, which his haggard face and quivering



lip utterly belied, "where shall we go now?"

"Straight to the king," answered the one who had not yet spoken.

"It will be our best way. We must report the young count as having disappeared suddenly, leaving no trace by which we could discover him; at the same time we must affect surprise that he is not at the court, whither we supposed we should find him, as our search elsewhere has proved fruitless. We, as poor guardsmen, destitute of money, and awaiting our payment for service rendered upon the journey, will not, of course, incur suspicion. What say you?"

No better plan could be devised. The king would, of course, reward them for the time they had so vainly spent, and, as they should never come into the way of the count's father, they would be in danger from no one.

Vain thought! as if murder will not always be revealed to the light of day.

Arriving at court, they desired an audience of the king, which was granted. They told him their story, was believed, and listened to his regret that so sweet a minstrel should not have graced his music-room that night as he expected. The next moment, the king had passed on to a group of rare performers who had just arrived, and were already delighting his ear with the melody of sweet strains.

One of the court officers, who had depended on hearing the Provençal minstrel, came up to the guardsmen and questioned them as to the events of the journey. Scarcely had he spoken the first word, when he detected about them, the rich and peculiar fragrance of that delicate attar, that had been the sole reward of their crime.

He knew that it must have come from that lovely land which, he had heard, was the birth-place of Catalan; and, in a way, inexplicable to himself, his suspicion was aroused.

A Provençal by birth, he was sure that these men must have come from thence, but why he came to suspect them of murdering the troubadour, was past his comprehension. But every moment their confusion and evident distress were augmented, and his questions, rained eagerly and searchingly upon them, soon discovered that he was right. Conscience stricken, Pierre confessed the whole, and the king awarded the punishment meet for crimes like theirs.

A large stone cross was erected upon that fearful place where Catalan and his faithful servant still lay, and the three murderers suffered the extent of the law.

Has any one of our readers visited the Catalan garden, in Paris? It is a place where the lively Parisians resort on fete days, and where the young and beautiful tread gay measures and sing gay songs. Latterly, the magic hand of Parisian taste has erected the sweetest little arbors, and hewed out little caves and grottoes to make the scene more attractive—careless that light feet dance and gay voices carol over the dust of the lost Catalan, the sweetest of Provençal minstrels.

No pen has recorded what became of the gentle Marguerite. No one knows how the cruel tale affected that loving heart—whether it struck her down to the earth at once, at its sorrowful recital, or whether she wasted by the slow hand of disease. History only speaks of her as the betrothed of Catalan, and with his life, perished all that is known of the lovely and gentle maiden.

#### A PARROT IN COURT.

In England, some weeks since, a man lost a favorite parrot, which was discovered in the possession of another person, who refused to give it up. He was accordingly summoned to produce the bird in a court of law. The real owner, on being asked how he could prove that it belonged to him, replied that the parrot should be his only witness. It was then brought into court in a case covered with a cloth, and began to whistle the tune to "Take your time, Miss Lucy," while some subject was being discussed in court. Its owner then put his face to the cage, and desired the parrot to kiss him, which the bird then did most affectionately. "He will do the same to any one," said the defendant; and putting his mouth to the cage, the parrot seized his lip and bit it very severely, to the great amusement of the court. Its owner then took it out of the cage and kept it on his hand, when the bird answered several questions put to it in a ready and extraordinary manner, and also showed so much affection for its master, that the judge immediately ordered the parrot to be restored to him, and the defendant had to pay all expenses.

Talk about conceit as much as you like, it is to human character what salt is to the ocean, keeping it sweet and rendering it enduring. Say rather it is like the natural unguent of the sea-fowl's plumage, which enables him to shed the rain that falls on him, and the wave in which he dips.

WINTER.

Hoary Winter bringeth treasures,  
Merry firesides, parlor pleasures—  
Jovial glees and flashing wit  
Are on the scroll of Winter writ.

Midst muffled robes are winsome hearts;  
They boldly challenge Winter's arts;  
See! down the road they swiftly race,  
And fling defiance in his face.

To youth and maid who life enjoy,  
The flaking snow has no alloy.  
The north wind seals the waters o'er,  
Congealed crystals form a floor.

Upon its sheen with giant strides,  
The flashing steel of skater glides;  
Each pulsing heart gives forth its shout,  
As round they fly, about, about;  
Now here, now there, in curved lines,  
As Bacchannals from mellow wines,  
In Fashion's halls the winter's flout.

The trusty soldier on his beat,  
Ghostlike appears in snowy sheet,  
As round he walks, in Freedom's might,  
Through winter blast, in winter night.  
O Father, with thy love so warm,  
Protect him from the gathering storm;  
Cherish a heart so warm and true,  
Reward him with the victory, too.

[ORIGINAL.]

COMING DOWN.

BY ESTHER MONTAGUE.

MR. MEANS sat in his study late in the forenoon, thinking, and pencilling long columns of figures, and falling into perplexed reveries, too much engrossed to see that the sunshine had crept round and lay in a long streak upon the crimson carpet, lighting up Psyche upon her perch, touching Sir Thomas Browne in his somewhat sombre binding, and sleeping quite at home in the heart of a tea-rose that hung its head from a slender vase beside him on the library table. Above, on the only piece of vacant wall, a sweet summer landscape, all warmth and haze, began to catch the glow, and almost shook its thousand leaves at him; but still the figures "wouldn't add up," and the trouble knotted his dyspeptic face.

"If my daughters had only been differently brought up!" he broke out at length. "There's Belle, poor child! it will ruin her prospects,

the Simentons are so proud, and Edwin so very fastidious. I do wish he was different. A rough, practical fellow like Blake, now. Poor child!" and the complaint died away into a heavy sigh.

The bell rang, and a well-dressed lady came into the room.

"Thomas said you wouldn't see any one, but you always see me," she said, as she shook hands with him.

"I'm especially glad to see you this morning, Agnes," he answered, "for I want to open my heart to some one."

"Why! what is the matter?"

"My business has been going badly these six months, and now I've come to a place where I think I ought to stop, and take a new start. I haven't capital enough to carry on so large a business, without overwhelming risk. A modest business would support us, but in a totally different style, and how to bring my family to that, is a question. If Belle were married, I shouldn't care so much, but I'm afraid Simonton won't care to hold to the engagement, and that would be a great mortification to her, she's so proud."

"The Simontons are a very honorable family, if they are haughty."

"But Edwin is such a sybarite. Then Henry has just entered his sophomore year, and is ambitious to win all the honors, and Mattie is engrossed in her lessons, and Sadie's just coming out. It will be such a downfall to them."

"It may be a real blessing to them," replied the visitor, who had her own ideas about the education of her brother's children. "Have you spoken to your wife about it?"

"No, she's so delicate, you know, and she never knew what poverty is."

Mr. Means didn't say that he expected no comfort from his wife, he was too loyal even to think it, very distinctly, but it was the darkest part of the gloomy picture he had been looking at.

"Poverty is not the word—as I understand your circumstances," said his sister, cheerfully. "You have merely to curtail your business, and live in a simpler style. Many very respectable people do that and think it no disgrace. I dare say you will be happier than you have been in this great showy house. But you must be patient with your children if they are not quite up to their duty. They have always supposed you were rich, and it will be hard for them at first. I think I can answer for Belle, but I don't know so well

about the others. And when you want any help, call upon me."

Mr. Means drew another deep sigh when the door closed on his sister, and was studying a column of figures again, when another entrance disturbed him. It was Thomas, to know where Miss Belle had gone. Mr. Simonton was to see her.

"Just in time," said Mr. Means. "I want to see Mr. Simonton myself, and Miss Belle will be in directly."

The young man who entered the library was as perfectly gotten up as it was possible for man to be. Every detail, from his boots to the delicate gloves, even the faint odor that accompanied him as he entered and greeted his host with a manner that was at once very deferential, gentle, but cold and proud, told a master in the art of fine dressing, and fine breeding. He was good-looking, intelligent, honorable, but his native good qualities had been so overlaid with superfluous culture, that most people supposed there was nothing spontaneous left in him.

Mr. Means *thought* a very sincere malediction that his daughter's happiness should rest with so artificial a fellow, and was perhaps a little uncourteous, in the hasty announcement of his circumstances.

"I thought it but right you should be one of the first to learn this, sir," he said, in conclusion, scarcely knowing what next to say.

"I'm very sorry indeed to hear of this, sir," the young man replied, "and if you will excuse me—if you wont consider it any offence at all—" and he drew off his glove nervously, and colored.

"He's going to say he doesn't want Belle," thought Mr. Means, and felt as if he would like to knock him down, but he only bowed stiffly as the young man hesitated.

"I have quite a deposit that I don't use at present, and if it will relieve you, it is quite at your service. You ought not to consider it in the light of an obligation, since I am almost a member of your family."

"And you still wish to continue your relations to us, notwithstanding—" Mr. Means blundered out.

"I—I think I scarcely understand you, sir," the young man said, haughtily.

"I may as well be candid, since I've begun," said Mr. Means, wishing himself miles away. "I know your family are very proud, and I thought Belle's poverty might be an objection. I'm very sorry, no! By George! I'm very glad if I've misjudged you."

"You have misjudged me, sir," answered the young man, with more real dignity than Mr. Means had ever seen him assume before. "I chose your daughter, for herself, not for what you could do for her, and I can't see wherein this should change her, unless—has she authorized you to speak to me?" and a look of real pain chased the pride out of his face.

"Not at all!" Mr. Means hastened to say. "Poor child! she knows nothing of it."

"If she is what I have supposed her to be, you will not have to spend much sympathy on her," exclaimed the young man, warmly, and Mr. Means was astonished to find himself gaining comfort and wisdom from the vain young man he had despised. It was not long before his business affairs were all rehearsed, and they looked much more hopeful, when they had been talked over cheerfully.

"I know nothing of the details of business," Simonton said. "But I do know that it's best to be honorable, and to make the best of a little ill luck. I think you're right in retrenching, and I don't see why your family should not accommodate themselves to their circumstances. I shouldn't love a woman who would not."

"May I come in, father?" said a cheerful voice outside. "Thomas said I must not."

Simonton rose, a little pale and anxious, for it was possible that Belle might fail her father, after all, and what should he do then? He never should respect her again, if she did. But he stood a little aside at a sign from Mr. Means, and waited for the revelation, Belle not seeing him in her eagerness.

"You wont owe much, will you, father?" she asked.

"Not anything long, if we can retrench considerably, and I have a fair chance in my business. But we shall have to give up this house and many of our comforts, dear."

"We'd better do that, than live on a false basis, as you say, father," laughing a pretty little laugh. "We'll give up everything rather than owe anybody. It will be rather hard to give up some of the things, no doubt." And looking round, she discovered Simonton.

"You wont give me up, Belle?" he asked, coming forward, quite radiant, for Belle had passed the ordeal.

If Mr. Means had only felt as comfortable about the rest of his family, as about these, the coming down would have been a trifle, but he trembled before his wife, and not without reason. She had been bred in luxury and selfish-

ness, and her husband had strained every nerve to gratify her pride and love of ease. He knew her better even than he was willing to acknowledge to himself, and took her to an audience after dinner with a sinking heart. The result justified his fears. She had no care for his honor or his happiness. It was only herself and her children, and what the world would say, and wasn't there ever so little a chance, that if he kept on as he was, he might come out right?

Poor Mr. Means heard her through with an aching heart, and acknowledged bitterly to himself, that in marrying a worldly woman with only a pretty face, because all the young men of his set were striving for her favor, he had earned his punishment. But he would not reproach her. He only said that the change was necessary, and that he would make it as easy for her as he could. Little heart as she had, it did touch her when she saw the grieved look with which he left her, and watched her oldest daughter as she brushed his coat, and brought his gloves, and gave him an anxious kiss as he went out.

"I think it's too bad!" was Mattie's exclamation as the sisters gathered in the parlor, while their mother took her after dinner nap. "Mother says that father has had a little ill luck, and thinks he must give up everything, and go into some low place to live. I think it's shameful!"

"Is that the way to speak of your father?" asked Belle, indignantly. "Doesn't he deserve more respectful treatment than that?" and she proceeded to give her sisters a lecture that astonished and shamed them. If ever the misery and meanness of debt were painted in glowing colors, they were that day, and before the father came home, the three girls were in deep consultation, as to how they could help.

"I don't know what I can do?" said Sadie, a pet of twelve years. "I'm willing to do anything."

"You can begin to-morrow morning to dress your own hair, and hang up your clothes," said Belle.

"But Katy hasn't gone yet."

"She will go, and in the meantime, you must learn. And you and I, Mattie, will begin in the morning to look about the house. We shall have to be housekeepers, for mother won't be able."

Her sigh was echoed. Instinctively the girls knew that their mother was no dependence, in their day of trouble, and perhaps that

thought did something to make the younger ones dutiful and tender towards their father when he came home.

"I shall never call myself poor again," he said, with a little sob he could not restrain, as one after the other put their arms about him and kissed him.

"Henry's way is made straight for me too," he said, as he put a letter into Belle's hand and followed her into the library. It was a letter asking his father's permission to enlist, and saying that he thought he might get a commission. A few bright tears fell on the lines as the sister read.

"I suppose it's his duty, and if he thinks so we mustn't say anything against it," she said.

"God forbid that I should withhold him!" the father said.

"Persuade mother before I come home," had been Henry's most urgent request, and that task Belle took upon herself. A hard one it was. Tears, reproaches that her daughter could think of such a thing, absolute refusal to consent, was all Belle heard, until with a blush that such motives should be the most powerful, she urged the probability of his being promoted to a much higher rank, and pictured him coming home as a brigadier, and calling on his old friends with his mother. That would be rather better, Mrs. Means confessed; than to have him struggling along with a salary, or working his own way through college, and so the mother's consent was won, and the son came home for a short visit.

By common consent there was to be no change until he left, though Belle persisted in dismissing the waiting-maid, and performing that office for her mother, as well as the new duties of housekeeper which she had taken upon herself. It was hard to bring her sisters up to the point, but between coaxing and shaming, she managed to do something with them. When Henry was gone, aunt Agnes was called in to consult. After much searching, a modest house on a very good street was obtained. It had, what Belle thought a great advantage, a sunny aspect in the back rooms, and a large garden, with an abundant grapevine. The next thing was to move, and settle their establishment. The grand piano was too large and fine for the new house, and Belle's old one scarcely good enough, so they compromised by getting a fine-toned instrument without much pretension. A few of the pictures most endeared to them, a few ornaments, all the books, the plainest carpets and furni-

ture, china and silver, they kept, leaving the more showy and expensive things to be sent to an auction room. The carpets were put down in the new house, the curtains hung, the library furniture transferred entire to the back parlor, a few flowering plants placed in those sunny back windows, and then the question of servants came up. Belle had shrunk from that, courageous as she was.

"How much did you pay your servants formerly?" asked aunt Agnes.

"Thomas had a dollar a day, the cook and our waiting-maid three dollars a week, the chamber-girl and laundress two dollars each."

"Which makes seventeen dollars a week, and somewhere about eight hundred a year," said aunt Agnes. "Quite a little fortune, Belle. Many families live comfortably on no more than that."

"It is a great deal," said Belle, anxiously. "I never thought how much it was."

"Yes, dear, and you must take into account the board for all these people, and their waste too. The cook made tea for herself and had luxuries for her friends too, no doubt, besides what they carried out under their shawls. Then the coal was not sifted, the broken bread and meat thrown away, and everything managed on a very liberal scale, I suppose. It always is when servants manage."

"How do you manage, aunt?"

"I go round my kitchen and closets every morning with a big apron on. There is always something for me to do. All the pieces of meat are put on a clean platter when they come from table, and make a hash for breakfast, or nice little soups for a fish course. It makes the dinner handsomer, and saves the second course. You color, dear. Remember it is not parsimony. All eat as much as they choose, and whatever they choose, but there's no liberality or good sense in throwing things away. Then the stale bread is all used in puddings, fritters, forcemeat and toast, or as a thickening for gravies or soup. One or two broken pies neatly put together, with a dish of nuts or apples, or a cup of coffee, makes a good dessert. If there's a half a pot full of coffee or tea left, it is poured off the dregs into an earthen dish, and warmed up for luncheon, or for dinner, sometimes. Depend upon it, dear, there's more in the manner in which a dinner is served, and the spirit with which it is eaten, than many persons suppose."

"I was in the country lately, and had the most enjoyable dinner I had eaten for a long time; and what do you suppose the staple

was? Nothing but hashed fish. Don't laugh! It was most perfectly served with sweet home bread and butter, pickles, tomatoes, and other vegetables, coffee, deliciously made, and a good pudding. The cloth was clean, the silver bright, the dishes well arranged, and the hostess good-humored and self-possessed. 'I give you my best,' was all the apology she made, and really I couldn't see that the dinner required any."

"Now about our servants, auntie; can we keep more than one?"

"I should think not, dear, if you are to live on two thousand a year. You'll have to get a general-housework girl, for about two dollars a week. If you girls can do your own chamber-work, dust the parlors, get the breakfast on washing day, and do the pastry cooking, she can do the rest, and you may live very nicely. It is a great change, but I know some highly cultivated ladies who are not ashamed to do so."

"I'm ashamed of nothing but dishonor," said Belle; "but I couldn't make a pie, auntie, to save my life."

"I'll come in for a few weeks and teach you, and I know you are very teachable. You'll soon get accustomed to the new life and be very happy in it, I don't doubt."

Poor Mrs. Means, after a tearful attempt to manage her new house, subsided into a fixture. She had her late breakfast brought to her room. Belle cooked, and brought them up herself, after a few lessons from the cook, for Mr. Means must eat his breakfast by seven, and Belle had influence enough with her sisters to make them rise at that unaccustomed hour. Belle dressed her mother's hair, assisted her to dress, arranged her room, and did all other offices that the selfish woman required, and was always delicately dressed when her lover came for his forenoon call.

The baking met with an unexpected opposition from him. He couldn't bear that the transparent fingers that were half his own, should be spoiled with butter, flour and fruit.

"They'd better go without pies forever!" he exclaimed. "Can't you buy them at a bakery?"

"What an economist!" laughed Belle, "and who would want to eat the pies? It's easy to talk about going without nice things, but the table would be very meagre without them and father would think he had come down indeed. If it were you, now, could I let you go without half your dinner for fear of spoiling my fingers?"



"You'll be such a saint by-and-by that you'll get quite out of my reach," said the young man, with a tender, half-worshipping look.

"I'm only trying to do my duty, and am not in the least a saint, so you needn't feel afraid," she said, laughing.

"I was to have claimed this little hand in a few months," he said, reproachfully.

"And now you must wait a little longer. You wouldn't have me desert father in his time of need, I know."

"No, I won't ask you," he said, gently. "I'll wait as long as your conscience requires; but I shouldn't have thought three months ago I could have said as much. And O, Belle, how much dearer you are to me now!"

"We're all growing," she said, with a blush and a smile. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," you know. I think you and I, at least, have no reason to complain of them."

Three months brought great improvement to Mr. Means's housekeeping. Belle was perfect, and was fast training her sisters in the art of being useful. No one who had seen the elegantly dressed girls idling with their young company in the costly parlors of their old home, would have supposed them the same, in plain calico of a morning, cooking, dusting, arranging closets and wardrobes. Not that their whole attention was given to housekeeping. There was time for practice, and study, and reading; time for receiving old friends, who thought far more of the family than in their days of flaunting prosperity. Neither were they ill-dressed, though Belle did make over a few dresses, and even trim a bonnet or two herself. Even Mrs. Means began to confess that she had more real comfort in her quiet household, and that she had as good society as before, if she did not give parties; especially as Mrs. Simonton came much oftener, and with more cordiality.

They were sitting one evening discussing the war, and the new crisis that was upon the country, when a friend of Mr. Means came in, and startled them by saying that he was raising a company.

"You!" exclaimed Mrs. Means. "I should as soon have thought of my husband."

"I never thought I should go," he said, "but when such principles as ours and such a country as ours are in jeopardy—" he caught Belle's glowing face. "What do you say, Miss Belle?"

"That we are as dust in the balance," she responded.

"If you were a man, you'd go now, wouldn't you?"

She saw her lover's face grow pale and intent as he looked at her, and understood too well the meaning in his eyes. For one moment the agony of giving him up made her hesitate, and then she answered softly, but firmly, "I should certainly go."

There was silence for a few moments, and Belle stole down stairs to calm her wildly beating heart.

"Will you let me go, dear?" asked Simon-ton, when he joined her.

"Don't ask me to say it again?" she pleaded. "It is giving up more than life to my country."

"I knew I ought to go," her lover said. "I wanted to go. It was hard to stay at home when so many who have not half so much to fight for as I, were there, but I dreaded to ask you, Belle; now I am strong."

"And you'll get a commission, of course?" Mr. Means said, when he was told of Simon-ton's resolve.

"No," he answered. "Belle has gone into the ranks, and so shall I. If she makes ples, I should a musket."

"God bless you both!" said Mr. Means, fervently.

Belle never could remember distinctly about those few days that were his last at home. It seemed a confused time, full of pain and self-reproach, when she had tried to perform all her common duties, and look cheerful, but carrying about a great fear. "If he should die, I sent him to it. If he should linger horribly in hospital, or on the battle-field, will he not think that it was my words sent him there?"

Something of this she tried to tell him, through sobs and tears, as she clung to him on the last night of his stay.

"You must not lose your courage, or your faith in me," he said. "It didn't need your words to tell me that I ought to go, and I shall never repent my decision, whatever happens. My life belongs to my country, Belle, and so does yours. We only work in a different way. I will fight, and you must wait patiently, and be worthy to be a soldier's wife, by believing in God, and in me. God will take care of us, and I shall never repent that I put my hand to his work."

Month after month flitted away, full of active duties, and a great over-mastering thought and care. Country, and those who had gone out to fight for her. The brother

and lover had the average luck; slight wounds, that need not send them home; slight sicknesses, that they made light of; hardships, excitement, dull routine, anxious waiting. Yet still they kept good hearts, and wrote cheerfully home. At length Simonton was wounded, though not dangerously, and sent into hospital. He would not hear of Belle's, or, indeed, of any one's coming on, but promised to come home, if a furlough could be obtained.

Waiting, and uncertain waiting, is a heavy trial, as Belle found during the next month. When it was almost decided that the young soldier must go to the convalescent camp, she begged most earnestly to be allowed to come to him; but Simonton was determined that none of them should see the sad sights of a hospital. They would never rest in peace afterwards, he knew. At length influence and perseverance succeeded, and one bright morning Belle was called from her baking to see a gentleman, and found her lover standing in the parlor, with a bandaged arm, and a very pale, haggard face.

It was almost more than she could bear; but thousands of women bear it with brave faces and hopeful words, and Belle was as strong in faith and love as any other. But he was so changed. So roughened, so practical, so indifferent to all the distinctions and niceties of the old life, so unlike the fastidious gentleman she had known him once. As he talked of friends, and of past times and later experiences, Belle could only look in silent astonishment.

"Am I quite spoiled?" he asked, divining her thoughts.

"You are a thousand times better and dearer than ever," she whispered.

"Just what I thought of you, dear, when you would stay with your father and make pies. How are the little flaggers?"

"Not so bad as they might be," said Belle. "I've kept them as fresh as I could for your sake."

"I don't think as much of white hands as I used to," the young man said, believing his assertion by kissing the ones he held; "but there one gets at realities, and everything else seems to dwindle. I couldn't go back to the life I lived once."

"Nor I," said Belle. "Only think, dear, it has cost me just fifty dollars to dress this year, and I'm an extra good pastry cook, they say. Can you think of taking such a vulgar wife?"

"I think of taking her before I go back, and mustn't be denied," he said, earnestly. "When I went into battle the last time, I thought if you were only my wife, with a right to mourn for me, and a claim on whatever was mine, I should be content. My mother has nothing to love, either, when I am gone, and she is very anxious that you should spend a part of your time with her. By this time they should be able to do without you here. Can't anybody else make the pies?"

"Perhaps they could, with assistance," Belle said, thinking that she might help, as aunt Agnes did once, by coming in for a few hours in the morning. If Edwin was so anxious to be married, he must not be gainsaid, though it was not according to her plan.

For the same reason, little objection was made by any one, though the hearts at home sank at the thought of doing without Belle. All thought that the young soldier had earned a right to her, and set earnestly about the preparations for the wedding. At Belle's earnest request, they were very simple. "Who knows when I may be a widow?" she had said to her mother, when she urged more display; and in the same solemn spirit she stood at the altar, and pledged herself for better or worse to the pale young hero at her side.

There was but a brief honeymoon, and a parting little less solemn and sad than that of death; for how many chances lay between them and the next meeting, and who could tell where that meeting might be! Simonton's friends talked to him of promotion, and could, no doubt, have obtained a commission, but he would not hear of it. There was mere dignity, more self-renunciation in the ranks, and there he should remain. And there he does remain, fighting and suffering nobly for his country, while his young wife waits patiently at home, a model woman, and the joy of two idolizing households.

#### WE MUST WAIT AWHILE.

The priest, as he looks away from those he loves to mother earth lying in the sleep of winter, and to the churchyard, where the flowers and the men are all in their graves together, may secretly exclaim with the poet: Upon the dead mother, in peace and utter gloom, are reposing the dead children. After a time, up rises the everlasting sun; and the mother starts up at the summons of the heavenly dawn with a resurrection of her ancient bloom. And her children?—yes: but they must wait awhile.

[ORIGINAL.]

A NEW.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

I cannot sing as I used to sing—  
 The heart is not the same in tone;  
 You know how it used to tremblingly bring  
 To your bosom its plaintive and constant moan,  
 "Alone—alone."

No other, as you, hath searched far within  
 To gently pluck out the rankling thorn.  
 I do not know but thy hand has been  
 The saviour of my heart forlorn;  
 For when no help but death seemed nigh,  
 It ceaseless probed, and shielded from scorn;  
 It fondled gently, and hushed the sigh,  
 And stifled despair ere yet 'twas born.

But this is not all that I meant to say—  
 I cannot sing as I used to sing,  
 For at last there has dawned a beautiful day,  
 To my soul a new life and sunshine to bring.

It is the bright hope of that far distant shore,  
 And the presence of Him who hath said  
 He will not forsake, or cast from his door,  
 The loved ones for whom he hath bled.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SOLDIER'S REWARD.

## A TALE OF NAPOLEON'S ARMY.

BY WALTER HYDE.

WHEN the Emperor, Napoleon I., was in the full tide of success, a French gentleman, named Bernard Lafitte, who had suffered in the wreck of the Bourbon dynasty, was among the most bitter and uncompromising of the foes of the aspiring Corsican. Cruel reverses had embittered Lafitte to that degree, that even the mention of the name of him whom he stigmatized as an usurper, brought the indignant blood to his cheek and words of unmeasured scorn and wrath to his lips.

M. Lafitte was a widower with only one child—a daughter who was dearer to him than life. She was young and very beautiful; and her father had given her a splendid education. He had himself been her teacher; keeping her always at home, in the lonely quiet of his somewhat sombre house, and only allowing her to leave it, under his special care.

It is difficult to imagine how a young girl, so watched and guarded as Gabrielle Lafitte had been, could have had opportunities of fall-

ing in love, without her father's sanction. But speaking eyes had been raised to her window, and serenades had been warbled beneath it; and roses and fleurs-de-lis had been twined by lover's hands about her casement; and had the father watched a little closer, he might have seen little twisted billets hidden among the stems.

Gabrielle was afraid of M. Lafitte, for all his tenderness to her. Afraid, because the lover who sought and obtained her heart was in the army of Napoleon Bonaparte, and for that alone would be scorned and condemned, should he discover how his daughter's affections were tending.

There was but one alternative from despair to the lovers; and this was, to be married clandestinely. So, on a day when M. Lafitte was absent on business, they stole off to a little suburban church, and returned home as husband and wife irrevocably.

Pale as a lily, Gabrielle met her father, as she entered the house, holding to the arm of Gustave de Roy. A quiver of strange emotion came over the father. He seemed to divine the whole truth at once; and, strange to say, he was unprepared to denounce him who had thus "taken away the old man's daughter." Only the deep red flush upon his cheek and the strong emotion that shook his frame, betrayed that the whole current of his life was changed.

He remembered at that moment that his wife's existence had been sacrificed to her father's unforgiving spirit, when she married against his will. Could he doom her only child to the same fate? He had heard vague hints of this before, but had not heeded what he called an idle tale. Now it stared him in the face as a reality. A month ago, and he who wore the usurper's uniform would have been ordered from his presence. Gabrielle's pale cheek pleaded powerfully with his heart, and conquered.

It was just before a battle, and Gabrielle's husband was summoned to his duty. Never had she felt so desolate; for, in abandoning her to another, M. Lafitte had absented himself from her presence. He loved his daughter still, but he felt that he had lost her best affections. In vain she pleaded that her husband had not taken anything from her filial love. He would not be convinced, and, as Gabrielle believed, was actually glad when the summons came for Gustave to join the army.

Monsieur Lafitte had never yet discovered

what a superb son-in-law he possessed. Gustave was noble in birth, noble and generous in disposition and manly and heroic in deeds. He had joined Napoleon, because he believed that his rule was better adapted to the needs of France than that of the old *regime*. And then, he had the most enthusiastic veneration for Josephine—a veneration shared by all his comrades of the —th dragoons. He would have given his life for her sake, so truly noble did she appear to him. His worship of her was, of course, a distinct thing to the love he bore to Gabrielle; but it was a passion nevertheless. Josephine had distinguished him by her notice, and he felt prouder of it than he did of Napoleon's praise.

Indeed, the emperor had once humbled Gustave, in a manner that touched his pride very nearly. His knowledge of military strategy, acquired under able professors, and his large scientific attainments, had enabled him to detect points where Napoleon sometimes erred in his most deeply formed plans. As yet, however, he had not put himself forward; and although he would have been invaluable to Napoleon as a superior officer, his modesty still kept him an unassuming private in the regiment of dragoons which he had first entered.

It was the eve before the battle, and Napoleon was in his tent alone. He had not fully perfected his plan for the next day, and his whole appearance denoted that he was at fault in some important particular. He was perturbed, irritated, and in a state quite unusual to the adroitness and composure which he often manifested. In the very height of his disturbance, a knock at the door of his tent aroused him from the unpleasant dilemma, and the guard announced one of the dragoons of the —th regiment.

It was Gustave de Roye. He gave his name—a nobler one than the emperor's own, and linked in the past with high and heroic deeds; but it elicited no comment, and Napoleon merely asked his business with him at that hour. Gustave replied by laying before him a plan for the battle, drawn up in a style at once scientific and masterly, embracing Napoleon's own best points, and also those upon which he had not been clear and decided.

With his usual quickness, Napoleon now saw, at a glance, how valuable was the help this man was affording him; but mortification at not discovering it himself, overcame the magnanimity he would sometimes have

shown; and he coolly dismissed the visitor, who had thus rivalled him in his own art. Gustave's pride came to his aid, and he departed with as much hauteur as the emperor himself could have shown.

Gabrielle was impatiently awaiting him. In his absence she had conjured up a thousand images of apprehension. She had imbibed a distrust of Napoleon from a few words, inadvertently dropped by Gustave, when he left her, and she felt that with one so unskilful, the bravest soldiers must be unsuccessful. To her, it seemed little else than deliberate murder, to risk their lives in a warfare that was to be conducted on such uncertain grounds.

It took all the eloquence of Gustave to quiet the hysteric weeping fit in which he found her. By degrees he soothed her agitation.

"Love, you grieve me now. Be brave, as becomes a soldier's wife. It will not be long, believe me. I know that the emperor will adopt my plan, although he is too proud to say so now. But perhaps the time will come when credit will be attached to the right source. But come what may, darling, remember that your husband has done his duty, and has not disgraced the race he sprang from nor the race with which he has allied himself."

Gabrielle heard him as in a dream. The terrible thought that Napoleon might not embrace the plan which seemed to promise success, because it was not his own, worried and distressed her. No sleep came to her eyelids that night. She gazed upon her sleeping soldier, by the light of the night lamp which she had placed near the bed, and felt that so she might gaze upon him in that other sleep, from which he would never awake.

At the first gray light of morning he awoke. The drum was beating to arms. To her it seemed like her husband's death warrant. He arose and dressed him, and she, who had not been undressed for the night, strove to lift her palsied limbs from the bed in vain. She could not move a finger, and had scarcely strength to return the agonized kiss imprinted on her lips.

After the departure of Gustave, she went home to her father. Long ago, he had overcome his repugnance to her marriage, and was now kind and forbearing, as a mother would have been, in her deep grief. Every effort that could be made to soothe the sorrow that desolated her sick heart, was made by

him. He planted flowers around the garden-walks, where none had been for years; for his home, though now falling to decay, was once that of a noble family, and had been as magnificent as the ornate taste of the times of Louis XV. could make it, in furnishing and gilding. Like its present master, it had faded into the sere and yellow leaf of its existence, but enough yet remained to show what were its former splendors.

"So speaks the pride of former days  
When glory's thrill is o'er,  
And hearts, that once beat high for praise  
Shall feel that thrill no more."

M. Lafitte saw what was passing in the mind of his daughter; as if, by the quick clairvoyance of affection, he could divine her very thoughts. Often, to show her that he did not share her apprehensions, he would speak of something that they would accomplish "when Gustave comes home."

And Gabrielle's lips would unconsciously repeat, as if the very words comforted her—"when Gustave comes home."

They had not long to wait. Gabrielle was the first who heard the sound of the cannons at Paris; the first who ascended the hill above the house, that she might hear it nearer. It was the note of victory. The battle was over. Before another day had closed, she would see her beloved, and hear, from his lips, that it had been through him that the victory had been achieved. With the sound of victory, hope had returned to her heart. Napoleon would surely bestow some high honor upon her hero, that would make his name great in the future. And she pleased herself and her father to whom she had whispered the secret of Gustave's plan—with wondering how the emperor would reward him.

O, how fastidious she was now, about everything that was preparing for his return! The servants smiled to see her who had not cared whether the table was laid or not, now directing everything in such order, and choosing, with such care the dishes which Gustave liked. How her heart beat when the sound of horses' feet broke the silence, although she knew they were only those of the couriers who were carrying the news of the victory! And then Gustave—had he not helped to achieve that victory?

It was the morning on which she had full reason to expect him. Breakfast was delayed—for none of the household could eat while in a state of such anxious expectancy. As for

Gabrielle, she seemed inspired. She ran from one duty to another, first to the kitchen, to see that all was right there, thence to her boudoir, and again to the chamber where Gustave was to sleep, and which was shining with glossy linen and damask, and crowned with flowers, meet offering for a hero.

Her father walked slowly around, after her footsteps. Her present excitement was sadder to him than her previous fears had been. Should a re-action take place, her reason must give way beneath it. He watched her with a nervous apprehension, which she, at last, observed.

"Father! why, father! you do not seem glad now, that Gustave is coming home. I thought that your old prejudice had all ceased, and that I was to be so happy seeing you together as father and son."

He hastened to assure her how eagerly he longed for her soldier's return. He looked at her, anxiously. She was standing with her head bent aside as if in the act of listening. Since Gustave's departure, all her senses had seemed preternaturally sharpened; and now, she evidently heard something which he vainly tried to hear.

"Hark, father, dear! do you hear that? Love! you are coming to me now! O, father cannot you hear the trampling of feet? Gustave is coming, and perhaps the whole company of dragoons, for I hear the sound of many horses. Listen! listen!"

She stopped suddenly, in the garden path in which they were treading, and shrieked out for joy. "Look, look!" The procession was in sight—splendid uniforms, all glittering in the morning sun. All her wild dreams were being realized. But what was that between those shining ranks? She sprang forward to the gate, with another shriek, wilder than the last. In a moment she was in the midst of the procession almost beneath the horses' feet, tearing open the closed curtains of a litter, hung with black. There lay her hero! Not dead—but with a paleness, like death upon his brow and lips. He lifted up his eyes to her face as she bent over him and breathed out the dear name. A brother dragoon whispered to her not to excite him, as his wound was dangerous; and Gabrielle crowded down her emotions as well as she could and allowed them to bear him homeward.

She listened, too, with a beating heart, to those true, brave friends, who bore witness to her hero's gallant bearing in the fight. For hours, he had seemed to bear a charmed life



amid the thickest of the carnage; and it was only at the very moment, when victory was inevitable, that he was wounded. His only cry was "Home!" and his dearest comrades obeyed his wish and brought him to her, not dead, but, alas! dying.

Dying! A few hours was all the time that lay before him. When the sun set in a glory of crimson and orange, Gabrielle was a widow.

It was a week after this that the Imperial Palace was crowded with visitors, at a gay party of Josephine's. They were talking of the battle; and one of the generals remarked to Napoleon upon the brilliant stratagem that had won the victory. The emperor was more magnanimous than he had been on the eve of battle. He finally owned that the conception was another's.

"But I have not seen that brave fellow since I saw him fighting on the field. I must not forget that I owe him, although his earnest and intelligent service cannot be repaid by such honors as I, can bestow. Let me see—" he continued, drawing forth his tablets, and reading 'the name, "Gustave de Roye. Who knows him?"

The young Count D'Artois stepped forward and claimed the soldier as an acquaintance.

"A noble fellow, your majesty. He fought like a lion. He was good and true—of noble blood, too."

"Was! count? You speak as if he is dead."

"He is, sire. I helped to bear him home to his wife. He died that day, of a wound received in the battle."

"Poor lady!" exclaimed Josephine, pityingly; while Napoleon responded by saying that the widow should instantly receive a pension.

"Sire," said D'Artois, "poor Gabrielle was buried with her gallant hero. She died the same night, and her infant, a few hours old, sleeps in the same grave with its parents."

**GOVERNMENT RECEIPTS.**—The estimated government receipts when the bill before Congress becomes a law, are as follows: From distilled spirits, \$46,000,000; tobacco, \$24,000,000; petroleum, \$4,000,000; cotton, \$5,000,000; stamps, \$15,000,000; incomes, \$28,000,000; sugar, \$2,000,000; licenses, \$3,500,000; ale, beer and porter, \$6,000,000; manufactures, \$15,000,000. Total, \$148,500,000.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE TRIBUTE MONEY.

An Episode of the War of 1812.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

DURING our last war with Great Britain, a certain Skipper Noyes, with a young man named Holmes, went in a whale-boat from Eastham to Boston, to procure flour and other articles for family use. In Boston they bought a half-decked boat that was offered them on sale, and set out on their return, intending to leave the former owner of the boat at Scituate. On the way, however, they were captured by the English. Afterward, Holmes was permitted, on parole, to return to Boston with the boat, to procure the means of ransoming her. But on his arrival, his craft was seized, as having been engaged in supplying the enemy, and he was obliged to make his way home by land. In the meantime, Noyes, acting as pilot on board the schooner, had contrived to run her ashore on Eastham flats, where she was taken.

The English authorities, fired with indignation at the disgrace put upon the British arms by this capture, together with some dozen British officers and sailors through the sole agency of the aforesaid Skipper Noyes, resolved to visit with condign punishment, not only the offending individual, but also each and all of "the sneaking Yankees of Cape Cod, whose chief delight on earth was to get a sixpence, and whose greatest fear was the losing of it."

Entertaining this rather low estimate of the patriots of the Cape, the senior of the fleet issued a proclamation, enjoining on the various peninsular towns bordering on the bay the payment of a certain amount of tribute money in such proportions as were set down against the name of each township. The inhabitants of Eastham, foreseeing the gathering storm, and aware of their inability to resist its approach, had in the meantime sent back the prize and its crew, with all their obtainable effects, to Provincetown, where the English fleet then lay in harbor. Of course, this partial atonement had its effect in procuring a less weighty judgment than would otherwise have fallen on the devoted villages; but it by no means forestalled the penalty. Eastham was fined two thousand dollars, and the money having been procured, it was forwarded to the Shirley, seventy-four, in a small ves-

sel manned by some three or four men, one of whom was a cousin of Holmes.

Having found their way to the cabin of the Shirley, and into the presence of Captain Sir George Collier, a rough old sea dog, whose voice was as gruff as that of Boreas himself, the bearers of the money commenced counting it out. As they were thus employed, the cousin of Holmes accidentally dropped a half dollar, which, rolling about the cabin floor, presently trundled up to an old trunk that stood in one corner, against which it reposed itself, leaning back face outward, with the most nonchalant air possible. Trifling as was the incident, Sir George sprang to his feet with a face as red as a piece of "old mahogany," and striking his clenched fist on the table at which he had been sitting—

"I'll be—shot!" he said; "if that rusty pistareen has not gone and cocked itself up against the trunk of that scoundrelly Noyes. One would think that the impish thing had done it on purpose. I verily believe it came out of the rascal's own pocket."

Holmes's cousin recognized the trunk as one belonging to his relative, and made a statement of its proper ownership, requesting the privilege of taking it away. Sir George assented with an air of surly complaisance.

"But pray pick up the coin," he added; "I declare it fairly grins at me with its ugly phiz."

The deputies having finished counting out the money, Sir George ordered a servant to bring wines, to which the guests were courteously requested to help themselves. Having no particular objection to best old Oporto, they did so, and prepared to take leave.

"Gentlemen," said Sir George, as they made their bows, "I presume the voyage hither has not been a very pleasant one to you; but I think you'll not deny that you found a good port at the end of it!"

When they got back to Eastham, they found that Holmes had arrived. He was somewhat troubled with the idea that he was bound to deliver himself up to the enemy, in fulfillment of parole. His friends laughed at the proposition.

"The matter is all settled," they replied: "In the first place, you lost the boat by a circumstance that no one was able to foresee, and it was therefore out of your power to return in the manner agreed upon. And finally the whole concern has been wound up by the payment of a certain sum of money in full of all back account."

Noyes remonstrated as follows: "You can't be such a confounded ninny, Holes, as to be at the trouble of going clean over to Provincetown, merely to be called a fool for your pains, and sent packing back again. I'll tell you something worth two of that. I've got a couple of brass guns that were on board that schooner, stowed away snug in a hole near my house. I don't want it known though, for like as not, the selectmen would be for taking them away and sending them back to the British. I want you to help me dig them up to-night, and get them to Orleans. The people there have had a meeting and voted not to pay. So I expect there'll be a scrimmage there by-and-by, and it will be a good chance to sell the guns. What say, will you go?"

"Why, I'll help you dig up the guns," Holmes replied; "but as for taking hold in the fighting, I don't exactly see my way clear, as yet. I cannot help feeling as though I were under some obligation not to fight against those Englishmen just now."

"Well, I feel under some obligation to 'em too, and I mean to pay it off as soon as I can."

On the following morn, Noyes had the pleasure of seeing his guns safely deposited in Orleans on a hillside overlooking the harbor. Having accomplished this undertaking, he went to a neighboring house to get his dinner. While thus engaged, a boy came running in with the news that a boat was nearing in shore, bearing a white flag. Noyes and his host bolted the morsel that had just entered the mouth, and hastened out to observe what was going on. The boat struck the beach, an officer stepped forth, and, after ordering his men to lay off a few rods from the shore, made his weary way to the mansion of Squire Atkins, as he was called, one of the town authorities. The errand on which he came was readily interpreted as having connection with the demanded tribute. Noyes, having borrowed a black coat, in order, as he said, to appear a little "professional;" waylaid the officer as the latter was returning to his boat, and accosted him with a face expressive of the deepest anxiety.

"Wal, captin'g," he exclaimed, "I hope those 'tarnal se-lek-men have 'bout concluded to pay up, and hev no more disturbance?"

The Englishman replied with a look of haughty disdain, and strode on. But the legs of the Yankee were quite as long as those of the stranger, and enabled their owner to keep up a very equal pace.

"I du declare," he continued, "it is tu bad, tu bad. I told the pesky critters over and over again, jest how it would be. If you don't pay the money, says I, the British will come and knock you all on the head. Arter that, they'll burn up the housen and barns, and then the gals will be so bewitched arter the red coats, that they'll be up and off with 'em, the whole bilin' on 'em; and there wout be anybody left to poperlate the place. You know how it is, capting; there aint no duin' nothin' with them gals; they will have a notion to you soldiers, any way it can be fixed."

The Englishman could not help smiling at the speaker's apparent earnestness. Furthermore, he had a spice of the coxcomb in his composition, which disposed him to be somewhat mollified by the flattery thus broadly laid on.

"Their taste is not very blamable," he said. "His majesty's officers are reported to be, generally, a very good-looking set of men. However, sir, I must correct you in one point. I am not captain, but lieutenant in his majesty's service."

"Beg pardon, square. But we're all captins here, and I didn't want to speak as though you was anything less, that's all. But look here, square, pr'aps you've noticed a little red house jest to the eastward of the meeting-house—that's my place where I live. Now, sposen' you go to firin' off cannons and such like, couldn't you fire a *leetle* one side of there? I'd be much obleeged if you would. You see, I wouldn't have no objection to handing over a dollar or two for my share, but the plaguy folks would like as not, tuck me in jail, if I paid anything. Good-by, square. Don't forget the little house jest to the eastward of the meeting-house, you know."

A fortnight passed after the lieutenant's visit, and nothing was heard from the enemy. It began to be suspected that the latter, satisfied with what they had already obtained, had given up the intention of prosecuting their threats against the contumacious inhabitants of Orleans. Noyes was of a very different opinion, and kept a constant lookout from his observatory, as he termed it, otherwise, the garret window of his house in Eastham, which commanded a good view of the Orleans harbor and its approaches. The event proved that he was perfectly right in taking the enemy at their word. For, early one morning as John Williamson went out of doors to fill his water-pail at the well, he cast his eyes toward the harbor, and was surprised to per-

ceive an unusual bustle on board a schooner that lay anchored near the edge of the flats which extend quite a long distance from the shore. He rubbed his eyes, and gave another look; then dropped the pail and ran to get his musket.

"The British! the British!"

The sleepy sentinel waked up, and joined the cry which he should have been the first to give. In a few minutes men were hurrying in all directions toward the hill where was stationed the miniature battery. Skipper Noyes had snuffed the fight from his attic window, before even the first alarm had been given in Orleans, and was, by this time, on a good staunch nag, riding in hot haste toward the scene of action. Arrived on the ground, he was appointed to take charge of the single iron cannon which, having hitherto officiated only on fourths of July and similar occasions, was now elevated to the dignity of a veritable minister of war. Three barges, well manned, were speeding toward the shore, leaving behind the burning schooner. Noyes pointed the gun, and as it was discharged, eagerly watched the effect of the shot. It struck the water just beyond the nearer barge.

"Lower a little from the sight, skipper," said Father Jones, a venerable white-haired "revolutioner," who stood at hand. "Fire a little forward of your mark, for, you see, when you fire over a hollow, the ball is lifted by the air underneath."

The moment was critical, for the foremost boat was rapidly approaching the shore. Nevertheless, Noyes, heedful of the advice given, took his aim with deliberation. Bang! went the piece, and almost simultaneously a shout went up from the crowd assembled on the hill. The nearer boat was shattered and sinking, while the remnant of her crew were being picked up by the other boats. While these were thus delayed, the two brass pieces opened fire with such effect, that one of the barges fairly turned tail and sought safety in flight. The other was beached to prevent her from going down with her crowded occupants. The crew hoisted a white handkerchief in token of surrender, and the townsmen ceased firing. Among the foremost of those who hurried to meet the captured Englishmen was Noyes, who, on coming up, recognized in the leader of the opposite party, a well-known face. Walking up to him, and stretching out his hand:

"Hew de du, square," he exclaimed. "I am right glad to see you; sartin' I am."

The Englishman changed countenance.

"I have seen you before, I think," was the rather reluctant answer.

"You've hit it, square. I'm the man that lives in the little red house."

A consultation was held by the villagers, and it was determined to furnish the Englishmen with a boat, and send them back to their ships. After a sufficient delay for rest and the procuring of refreshment, the lieutenant and his party entered the boat that had been provided them. The men laid their hands on their oars, when Noyes stepped forward with a low bow.

"Lieutenant, will you allow me to request of you a small favor?"

"What is it, sir?"

"Only that you would inform Captain Sir George Collier, when you meet him, that, judging from your experience, his majesty's officers are likely to find a much better port on board of his ship than anywhere in the bounds of Cape Cod. Furthermore, please to give him the best respects of Skipper John Noyes, and say that that gentleman would humbly request the return of that half-dollar of his, provided Captain Collier has no further use for it."

The lieutenant had the good sense to take this waggery in the manner in which it was intended. He expressed his willingness to fulfil the commission with which he had been entrusted, and, motioning his men to their oars, bade the people of Orleans a final adieu.

#### SIMPLICITY IN DRESS.

Those who think that in order to dress well it is necessary, to dress extravagantly or grandly, make a great mistake. Nothing so well becomes true feminine beauty as simplicity. We have seen many a remarkably fine person robbed of its true effect by being over-dressed. Nothing is more unbecoming than overloading beauty. The stern simplicity of the classic tastes is seen in the old statues and pictures painted by men of superior artistic genius. In Athens, the ladies were not gaudily but simply arrayed, and we doubt whether any ladies ever excited more admiration. So also the noble old Roman matrons, whose superb forms were gazed on delightedly by men worthy of them, were always very plainly dressed. Fashion often presents the hues of the butterfly, but fashion is not a classic goddess.

Wishing, of all employments, is the worst.

[ORIGINAL.]

#### ADVENTURE WITH ROBBER GHOST-MAKERS.

##### A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

BY CYRUS COBB.

"AND you think it would be impossible to convince you that there does, or ever did, exist such a phenomenon in nature as a genuine ghost?" remarked my travelling companion, a man of quaint humor, with an investigating turn of mind, and of bold spirit.

"Pshaw! my dear sir," returned I. "I beg of you not to insinuate further, by even a question, that there might be a possibility of my allowing the past or present existence of even the shadow of his worthy ghostship."

"But, Mr. Haven, just consider the remarkable evidences we have on record."

"Ha, ha! my friend, very good. So you would convince me of the existence of ghosts by means of these remarkable evidences, supplied by as fine a set of dupes and impostors as ever set foot on the earth, or gave up the ghost preparatory to entering into it."

At that moment the stage drew up at the village inn, the door was opened by the ready innkeeper, and we were soon ensconced in his bar-room, preparatory to being rung to our supper and shown to our bed-rooms. My companion here resumed the conversation:

"Well, now, Mr. Haven," said he, "have you read enough on this subject of ghosts to enable you to say whether all connected with those evidences are dupes and impostors?"

I again laughed.

"Why, Mr. Applin," quoth I, "you talk about these ghosts and evidences as though you really thought it worthy of a reasonable man's investigation. But no, you are joking."

My companion put on a look half comic, half serious. "You would not accuse me of trifling with a matter so important, and (without punning) so ghostly as this, Mr. Haven? I feel quite assured you would not. Now I begin to feel convinced, on the other hand, that you have more faith in these spectral visitors than you are willing to confess."

We thus continued to converse, my friend mingling humor and seriousness in such a manner that it was impossible for me to ascertain clearly whether he was a believer in these shadowy disturbers of the peace of man or not.

During our conversation I had noticed a group of three men, who occupied a corner of the bar-room, and who had displayed much

interest in our remarks, conversing in a low tone among themselves as they listened. One of them at length joined us, and said, politely:

"Gentlemen, you will excuse the interruption of a stranger; but I, with my friends, have taken a great interest in your conversation; and you will not wonder at this when I tell you that our neighborhood has been lately visited by one of the class of beings which has formed the subject of your discussion."

"Your neighborhood visited by a ghost?" exclaimed Applin, in a manner which still left me in doubt as to the state of his own mind.

One of the stranger's companions now joined us, while the other went out of the room.

"Gentlemen," said the one who joined us, "my friend has spoken nothing but the truth. We have a graveyard at the back of our village, and on my oath I do assure you, gentlemen, that a *bona fide* ghost has frequented this graveyard for several nights past. Our village is highly excited about it."

Applin's countenance suddenly lit up with an indescribable expression.

"Mr. Haven, this is an opportunity that you, as a man of candid mind, should not let slip."

"Pshaw!" I exclaimed. "Excuse me, gentlemen, for what may appear to be rudeness, but this subject of ghosts always seems to me worthy only of the sarcasm of a 'man of my candid mind,' as my friend entitles me."

"But, sir," returned the first speaker, "you surely would not presume to consider as entirely foolish, and without foundation, the testimony of a whole village?"

"But, sir, granted that one or two have been frightened out of their wits by some appearance which, in their disordered fancy, they have taken for a ghost, it is simple enough for a whole village to follow suit. We have many instances of this kind on record."

"Ah! very well," returned the stranger, "I will bet you five hundred dollars you dare not visit our graveyard at twelve o'clock to-night!"

I looked at the speaker in astonishment. This bet, offered with such urbanity, had about it a strange contradiction when compared with the man's manner. At this moment the third of the group re-entered the bar-room, accompanied by the landlord.

"Ah, ha! Mr. Harrington," said mine host, as he caught the stranger's last words, "what are you saying about our ghost?"

"I was simply offering to bet this gentleman five hundred dollars he dare not visit our graveyard at twelve o'clock to-night."

"Good heavens, sir!" exclaimed the landlord, "but that's a cruel bet. Why not bet that he dare not drown himself?"

"But, Mr. Darling, I have my reasons for the bet. This gentleman affirms that our ghost is but the creation of the disordered fancy of one or two fools."

"Do you call a half dozen strong men, brought home in spasms, deluded fools? Do not accept the bet, sir. And you, Mr. Harrington, how could you throw the temptation of five hundred paltry dollars in the way of this gentleman's life?" said the landlord.

"But, Mr. Darling, my reasons—"

"Have done, gentlemen, if you please," I now exclaimed. "I am no betting man; and therefore, sir, your money, which you so thoughtlessly risk, you may retain in your own pocket, notwithstanding my intention (which shall be carried out) of visiting your cemetery at midnight, and testing for myself the foundation of the ghostly reports which seem to put your village in such alarm."

"Very good," returned my stranger-friend, "you shall have your own way about the bet; but if you do go, as you promise, and return unharmed, you will deserve a five hundred spot from each one of us."

Something in this speech struck me in a singular manner. I understood it afterwards.

"And I say very good, too," said Applin. And I perceived the same inexplicable expression that had before attracted my notice.

Mine host protested warmly against my venturing on an errand of such folly.

"Your courage, sir," said this anxious landlord, "is established by your offer to go. It is not to be doubted. But, sir, if the advice of a man somewhat advanced in years will be—"

I waved my hand in impatience. "I presume none of you doubt my courage—"

"By no means," interrupted Harrington.

"Very well. I, on the other hand, very much doubt the existence in your graveyard of this ghost; and it is to test the spectral story for myself, and not to test my courage, that I shall go as I have promised."

"Will your friend accompany you?" asked Harrington.

"I should prefer to go alone," I answered.

Applin nodded his head in approval, while that inexplicable expression again passed over his face. The landlord at the same time turned quickly away and entered his bar.

Applin and myself now answered to the call of the supper bell, and then retired to our room. As soon as we had closed the door,



my friend seized my hand and congratulated me on my intended visit of investigation.

"It is a noble resolution," he exclaimed. "You do yourself, and all others skeptical of ghosts, honor by this resolution. Something cannot fail to come out of it."

"At least," said I, "I haven't many fears but that I shall not fail to come out of it. What I shall see remains to be seen."

"Ah! yes. What you shall see remains to be seen. Very good. But tell me now, what do you expect to see in that graveyard?"

"Nothing."

Applin's look suddenly changed.

"I will tell you what you will see," he uttered in a low voice, but little above a whisper. "You will see three men in that graveyard, or on the road to it."

I gazed upon him in amazement.

"And these men will prove themselves of stuff so much more palpable and earthy than the stuff which ghosts are made of, that they will make an attempt to deprive you of your worldly possessions."

"But how, in the name of heaven, if all this be true, did you find it out?"

"You did not see what I did," answered Applin. "I kept my eye on those very gentlemanly ruffians from the first. I suspected mischief; and when the second scamp joined in the conversation, I knew their game."

"Ah! yes, I recollect your look. The game is apparent, if you are correct in calling them ruffians."

"Coarse ruffians for a thrilling novelette they are not, but they are of a harder stamp. They would run their knife into a man, sit on his body while the life was going out, and discourse with urbanity on the existence of the soul. You did not see, as did I, the sinister gleams of satisfaction when you made known your resolution to visit the graveyard, and that, too, alone."

"But you suggested my making this visit."

"Very true. Do you not see my motive?"

"Ah! yes—to disarm suspicion that you scented them."

"And did you not suspect, on your part, hat blundering bet for so fine a scoundrel?"

"Bah! I was blind. I think I see it all now. I was struck by a contradiction between my first conception of the man and this singular bet; but my earnestness in the question we were discussing prevented my carrying out my passing impression."

"What do you propose doing?"

I was angry with myself. I felt I had been

duped. "I will go as I promised," I said, spurred by this anger; "and if these men verify your suspicions, I will have something that will let a streak of starlight into their ghostless bodies."

"You carry with you, then—"

"As efficient a six-shooter as was ever borne by traveller."

"Very good. I carry the same."

"Very good, and much better. You go with me? But stay! I would not have you risk your life in what perhaps is one of my many foolish freaks."

"I like this prospective adventure, my friend. I shall go. Now to our plan of operations. We must work alone, for we cannot trust the landlord."

"The landlord! Is he—"

"One of them? Yes; the rascal had to go off behind his bar to hide his satisfaction when you made known your determination to visit the graveyard alone. But to our plans. You start at the time you had appointed. I will start earlier than either you or these ruffians, and be on hand for whatever may happen. When you enter the cemetery, you will see a ghost, if I am any judge of these men. Fire into it at once; for if it is a real ghost, your ball can do no harm; and whether it may prove to be one of the scamps or not, any one who puts on the ghost in a graveyard to frighten people, deserves a diet of lead."

"Very true. If I see a ghost, be it apparition, ruffian, or impostor, I'll give it the diet of lead. But supposing I'm attacked on my way to the cemetery?"

"I will be on hand. I shall not lose sight of you after you have arrived at the spot where manifest danger commences. When I hear your pistol, rest assured I shall be by you."

It was now half-past nine o'clock, and the intervening time before Applin was to start, according to his plan, was spent in a tolerably successful effort at calm and tranquil conversation. At length my companion seized an exceedingly favorable opportunity, and slipped out of the inn undiscovered.

I waited until about half-past eleven, and then thrusting my revolver into my breast, I walked down stairs and into the bar-room with as indifferent an air as I could master. There I found the innkeeper waiting for me; and as he saw me enter equipped for the visit, I perceived an expression which went far toward confirming my companion's suspicions.

With a few final protestations against my venturing on an errand so characterized by

folly, but at the same time assuring himself that there was no mistake in my mind regarding the way to the graveyard, he opened the outer door and ushered me into the night. As he stood looking after my receding form, I heard him mutter, "That gentleman's incredulity will serve him ill, I'm afraid; for if he don't find a ghost or two up there that'll give him trouble, then my name isn't Job Darling."

I arrived at the gate of the cemetery without trouble. "I will wait until the village clock strikes midnight," said I to myself, "and then I will enter this graveyard and confront whatever ghost may be waiting for me."

On my way I had scrutinized both sides of the road, expecting every moment to discover some hiding form; but up to the present time nothing had occurred to alarm me in the least. Yet as I sat there on a stone by the gate of that graveyard waiting for midnight, I must confess my emotions were not such as pervade the breast when one sits fishing in a dreamy sunlight. The striking of the village clock at length relieved me, and with my pistol ready in my hand, I opened the creaking gate and entered. At the same moment I saw two dark, dim forms creeping among the grave-stones. Notwithstanding these mysterious forms, however, I strode firmly up the main walk.

I had perhaps traversed half the length of the cemetery, when a white object suddenly rose from behind a large slab, not more than ten paces distant, and I found myself confronted by the nocturnal ghost. I immediately levelled my pistol and fired.

Perhaps no ghost, ancient or modern, ever gave vent to such a human yell of pain, or fell with such corporeal weight in by no means vanishing garments; and the oaths that issued from this prostrate apparition were not such as spectres are supposed to indulge in.

Oath was answered by oath; for with fierce execrations, and a pistol shot which whizzed past my head, the two forms I had seen as I entered the graveyard leaped from their hiding-places and rushed towards me. At this instant another form sprang up from the opposite side of the walk, and cried loudly:

"Back, you infamous scoundrels!" It was Applin. The ruffians fell back astounded by this turn of affairs. "This ground has already been sufficiently desecrated through your abominable plot!" cried Applin. "But if you don't throw down your arms and surrender, we'll blow you where you'll find ghosts enough to fill the Valley of Hinnom and old Hades, too!"

"Curse the innkeeper!" muttered one of the ruffians.

"You needn't curse Mr. Job Darling," returned Applin. "Spare this excellent man. If you wish to curse the man that exposed your game, curse me. But down with your arms, or, by heaven—"

"Down they are, and we surrender!" exclaimed he who had cursed the innkeeper. And thereupon he dropped a small double-barrelled pistol, and the other flung down with a curse a formidable looking knife, exclaiming at the same time:

"I'll be blazed if this isn't a mighty fine close to our sport! Gentlemen, we deserve rough usage at your hands; but tell me, could you have resisted the temptation of scaring a man who was coming to see a ghost in our burial-ground at this time of night?"

"And here's Harrington killed by our cursed folly!" joined in the other. "And we've had so many warnings in regard to these practical jokes, too."

"Gentlemen," said Applin, "you are tolerably cunning; but your powers of deception are not so great as my powers of penetration. Here, Mr. Haven," he continued, handing me some strong rope with which he had provided himself, "tie up these practical jokers, while I stand and exhibit this spectral illusion."

The spectral illusion was his six-shooter.

The scoundrels cursed till they were hoarse, but it availed them nothing. They were caught birds, and we admonished them to make the best of their situation. Having firmly bound their wrists, we next tied these crestfallen adjuncts to each other, and then paid our attention to the ghost. We found him severely wounded, but with our support he could move along slowly. So with this spectre between us, and the bound adjuncts going before, we returned to the inn, to the astonishment and terror of mine host, whom we let off with a gentle admonition.

The next day we continued our journey, after having consigned our charge into the keeping of the sheriff, cheerfully arranging to be present at their trial as witnesses at the next session of the county court, and astonishing the good villagers a great deal more by the appearance of the bound ghost-makers than they ever were by the reported ghost, which they had never seen or heard of.

"Tell me, my friend," said I, as the stage took us out of the village, "do you really have any kind of faith in ghosts?"

"I will give you a straight answer—no!"

## The Florist.

To day, in snow arrayed, stern winter rules  
The ravaged plain—anon the teeming earth  
Unlocks her stores, and spring adorns the year.  
And shall not we, while fate like winter frowns,  
Expect revolving bliss?—SMOLLETT.

### Choice Hyacinths.

The earlier sorts of hyacinths will begin to open and show color in the beginning of this month; it will be proper to screen the finer sorts from the too powerful effects of the sun, which, if not prevented, would bleach and tarnish their colors, particularly the reds and deep blues, but if they are properly defended from it, their colors will be preserved, and they will, in some measure, be kept back so as to be in full bloom with the later sorts, especially if the roots of the early kinds have been planted about an inch deeper than the rest—it is a very desirable object in a grand display of this delightful flower to have a uniform bloom. When the greater part of the bed appears in color, a covering or awning should be erected over it, and the walk to be in front; for the support of the awning, a strong frame of wood should be erected, ten feet high in the centre, and seven feet at each side, and covered with strong sheeting, which will keep out the rain and admit a tolerable degree of light; it should come down to the bed on the north side, in order to preserve it from cold winds, which are prejudicial to the bloom. A bed of hyacinths never requires to be watered at any period; the rains that happen after planting are generally more than sufficient both for the roots and bloom; and after the bloom is over, they are rather prejudicial than otherwise, except when very moderate. Although covering in the manner described presents and exhibits the bloom to the greatest advantage, yet it evidently has a tendency to weaken and injure the bulbs, and ought not, therefore, to be continued more than two or three weeks at most; but as soon as the general bloom declines, the bed should be immediately exposed to the open air, and the hoops replaced as before, that mats may be laid on occasionally for protecting the beds from heavy torrents of rain, which would prevent the bulbs from ripening well, and render them very subject to decay after having been taken up. The common hyacinths in open beds and borders, will require no other care at this time than to support their flower-stems, as directed above, without which they will fall down, and much of their beauty be lost.

### Auriculas.

The auriculas, towards the middle of this month, will be advancing in their flower stems. If a plant is possessed of more than one or two principal stems, it is advisable to pinch off the pips or flower buds of the smallest and weakest, in order to render the blossoms of the remaining larger and more vigorous than they would be if this was omitted to be done in due time.

### Tulips.

Towards the end of this month, some of your choice tulips will begin to show color; they should, when the greater part of the blossoms begin to open, be shaded from the sun, in the same manner as directed for your elegant hyacinths; for, when the heat is considerable, it will cause the colors to run and intermix in such a manner as to destroy the elegance and beauty of the flowers; some sorts are more particularly liable to this than others, and will be spoiled in five minutes. The awning should be always kept rolled up, or totally off, except when the sun is powerful; for if kept too long, or too closely covered, the colors of the flowers would become faint and weak, and the grandeur of effect would be lost or considerably lessened. Tulips never require to be artificially watered in the hottest and driest seasons, at any period from planting to taking up the roots; nevertheless, moderate rains will be very beneficial to them in spring, and cause them to produce a strong bloom; after flowering, too much wet is prejudicial to the roots. Immediately after the flowers are on the decline, the bed must be fully exposed to the open air. Common tulips will require no other care in the borders, etc., than keeping them free from weeds.

### Seedling Auriculas.

Seedling auriculas which were sown last autumn or this spring, now demand attention; these plants when newly come up, or while quite young, must be carefully protected from the full sun in the heat of the day, and frequently refreshed with water. The boxes or tubs in which they are growing should be removed to a shady border, toward the latter end of this month or beginning of next; the place should be open to the morning sun till about nine o'clock, but shaded the rest of the day, and the plants watered frequently in dry weather. As soon as any of them appear with six leaves, such should be carefully taken out from the rest and planted in pots or boxes filled with compost, about two inches asunder; and if grown by the beginning of August so large as to touch each other, they may then be transplanted into separate small pots, to remain all winter.

### Hanging Vases.

Those who study the ornamental will not omit the use of hanging vases, which may be placed in rooms, windows and piazzas, to the great beautifying of the scene. In general, the plants for growth should be selected from those whose branches hang down gracefully, and are sufficiently vigorous to cover the vase. Ivy, carefully cultivated, forms an admirable plant for the house, as it bears a fire heat better than most. The following are also eminently suitable:—Petunia, Nuremberea gracilis, Torenia ariatica, mesembryanthemum, Pentas carnea, heliotropium Peruvianum, verbenas, maurandia Barclayana, lycopodium, tropaeolum, hoyas, etc., etc.

## The Housewife.

### To preserve Eggs.

Apply with a brush a solution of gum Arabic to the shells, or immerse the eggs therein; let them dry, and afterwards pack them in dry charcoal dust; this prevents their being affected by any alterations of temperature. Or, take a stone jar or firkin, and put in a layer of salt half an inch deep; insert your eggs on the small end, and cover each layer of eggs with salt. If the eggs are fresh when packed, and put into a cool, dry place, they will keep perfectly good until the following summer. Another way is to pack as before, and pour over them melted lard. In this they will keep good for a long time. When taken out for use, put them in warm water, which will melt off the lard, and which may be used again, ad infinitum.

### To clean Turkey Carpets.

To revive the color of a Turkey carpet, beat it well with a stick till the dust is all out, then with a lemon or sorrel juice take out the spots of ink, if the carpet be stained with any; wash it in cold water, and afterward shake out all the water from the threads of the carpet; when it is thoroughly dry rub it all over with the crumb of a hot wheat loaf, and if the weather is very fine hang it out in the open air a night or two.

### Macaroons, spiced.

Take a pound of sweet almonds, and two pounds of sifted sugar; prepare the paste in the usual way; add a spoonful of powdered cinnamon, six pounded cloves, a spoonful of preserved lemon, the same of orange peel chopped small, and the rind of two lemons grated; mix all together in a mortar; lay out the macaroons, and bake them carefully.

### Offensive Smells.

One of the best and most pleasant disinfectants is coffee; the simplest way to use it is to pound the well-dried raw beans in a mortar and strew the powder over a moderately-heated iron plate. The simple traversing of the house with a roaster containing freshly-roasted coffee will clear it of offensive smells.

### Rice Milk.

Take some rice—one ounce for each person—wash it well in warm water, then put it in boiling milk, and boil it for two or three hours over a slow fire, stirring often, adding salt or sugar to liking, and cinnamon.

### To prevent Iron rusting.

Warm your iron till you cannot bear your hand on it without burning yourself. Then rub it with new and clean wax. Put it again to the fire till it has soaked in the wax. When done, rub it over with a piece of serge. This prevents the iron from rusting afterwards.

### To copy Patterns or Pictures.

This can be easily done by means of tracing-paper, which can be made as follows:—Mix a little lampblack with sweet oil; spread this thinly over writing paper by means of a piece of cloth or flannel. Rub over the superfluous quantity till dry. To use it:—Place it face to face with a clean sheet of paper, on which the pattern, etc., is to be copied. Lay on the back of the tracing-paper the pattern or picture to be copied, and fasten all three together; then with a fine-pointed pencil go over the pattern or picture carefully. The black tracing-paper will leave the impression on the under sheet of writing paper, on which it may afterwards be drawn with ink if required. Blue tracing-paper may be used instead of black. It is made with indigo instead of lampblack.

### Kisses.

Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth; add the juice of a lemon, or a little rose-water. Roll and sift half a pound of the whitest loaf sugar, and beat it with the egg. Spread out white paper on buttered tins, and drop a tablespoonful of this mixture on the paper. The oven should be moderately hot, and when the tops have become hard, remove them. Have a solution of gum Arabic, and dip the lower side of the cake, and join it to another.

### Good Shaving-Soap.

Take four pounds white bar soap, one quart rain water, one half pint beef's gall, one gill spirits of turpentine. Cut the soap into thin slices, and boil five minutes after the soap is dissolved; stir while boiling; color it with one half paper vermilion—scent with what you like; use the oil instead of essence. Seventy-five cents' worth of materials will make seven dollars' worth of soap.

### Cleaning Floor Cloths.

After sweeping and cleaning the floor cloths with a broom and damp flannel, in the usual manner, wet them over with milk, and rub them till beautifully bright with a dry cloth; they will thus look as if they were rubbed first with a waxed flannel, and afterward with a dry one, without being so slippery, or so soon clogging with dust or dirt.

### To keep the Hands soft.

Rub the hands well in soap till a lather is produced; then rub on a sufficient quantity of sand to let the soap predominate; after well rubbing, wash in warm water. Repeat this two or three times a day, as circumstances may require, and the hands will be kept perfectly soft.

### A Substitute for Eggs.

Now that eggs are only to be obtained at a fabulous price, it is stated, as a matter of general interest, that corn starch is an excellent substitute for eggs for culinary purposes, one spoonful of corn starch being reckoned as equal to a single egg.

## Curious Matters.

### A singular Occurrence.

A New Hampshire paper relates that a singular occurrence took place in the town of Canaan lately. It appears that a widow lady, by the name of Susan Heath, left her home on Sunday, the 13th ult., and went into the house of one of her neighbors, and wanted to remain all night, but the lady was afraid to keep her, from the fact that she was insane. The woman went away and was not heard from for four days. Some uneasiness was felt by her friends in relation to her whereabouts. A man by the name of James Furber then related a dream he had had the night before. He dreamed she was dead in a pasture near by, and, on searching, the dead body of the woman was found on the very spot where he had dreamed she was.

### Autographs.

A recent sale in Paris of autograph letters from celebrated persons produced such prices as the following:—Henry the Fourth to the Marshal de Bouillon, 128 francs; a letter from Tasso, 125 francs; Sully to Louis the Twelfth, 111 francs; Henry the Eighth to Madame de Ferte, 276 francs; James the Second to the Count de Lauzun, announcing his departure from England, 51 francs; J. J. Rousseau, 32 francs; Diderot to Garrick, 86 francs; Scott, 32 francs; Alfieri, 86 francs.

### A Pest.

Slugs are said to have invaded Australia in hosts. A professed eye-witness says he saw them moving by millions, in a compact body, stripping the country, marching about a mile and a half a day, and clearing a breadth of half a mile in their line of march. The Australian shepherds were looking for help to the grasshopper bird, hoping he might change his diet, for a time, to slugs, especially as grasshoppers are scarce.

### Novel Deposit.

A one-legged man died suddenly in France, a short time ago. His sister, on looking over his will, discovered that in the wooden leg was deposited 5000 francs. The body was exhumed, and a sum of 5080 francs found in the leg.

### Curious Gift.

The Museum of Prague has just received a valuable gift, consisting of a colored map of China, composed of eight large rolls of paper, neatly fitting each other. This work was executed in the seventeenth century by some Catholic missionaries, under the Emperor Kang-Hi.

### Hydrophobia from the Bite of a Horse.

Patrick McCarty, says the Jersey City Advocate, quite extensively known in that city as a veterinary surgeon, lately died at the almshouse—the cause of his death being, as is believed, hydrophobia. The deceased was bitten by a vicious horse which he was attending some weeks since. A few

days before his death he was found to be seriously ailing, and unable to take any food, the sight of water throwing him into violent spasms. His sufferings were very severe. The physicians are unanimous in the opinion that this was clearly a case of hydrophobia.

### A remarkable Case.

A woman named Elizabeth Masi, who died at Florence in 1768, had been married to seven husbands, all of whom she outlived. She married the last of the seven at the age of seventy. When on her death-bed, she recalled the good and bad points in each of her husbands, and having impartially weighed them in the balance, she singled out her fifth spouse as the favorite, and desired that her remains might be interred near his.

### A Question of Marriage.

Married, in Atchison, Kansas, at the residence of the bride's father, Quintilla Million, of Greenville, Kansas. By this marriage the bride becomes sister to her father and mother, and aunt to her brothers and sisters. The groom becomes son of a younger brother; his sister-in-law becomes his mother, and he becomes the brother of four "Million" children. What relation were said parties previous to the marriage?

### Night Blindness.

Professor Hind, of Toronto, has just published curious details concerning night blindness prevalent among the Montagnais and Nasquapee Indians. The sufferers from this affliction can see perfectly as long as the sun is up; but become nearly or wholly sightless from sunset until dawn. No artificial light is of the least service to them, and nothing under a flash of lightning enables them to see.

### Large Territories.

Speaking of territories, Idaho is large enough to make ten States each as large as New York; and wherever the miner inserts his pick, the gold dust sparkles in rare profusion. Arizona is more than three times as large as the State of New York, and its silver mines have been worked for centuries with profitable results.

### Curious Custom.

The Dutch used to have a pleasant custom of dedicating a piece of silver plate, or other article of permanent value, to the memory of a departed friend or relative; and so it stood for him or her through the life of a survivor, and on from one generation to another.

### Odd Discovery.

In removing an old house in Newport, R. I., lately, a tablet bearing an inscription over a person buried there over a hundred years ago was found. The foundation of the house had been built in a neglected cemetery.



## Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

### WONDERS OF THE BRAIN.

The construction of the human brain is so wonderful, that sleeping or waking, it manufactures ghosts, goblins, and the most extraordinary panoramas of sea, sky, land and forest. Physiologists and eminent philosophers say that the whole human family is mad in its dreams; and, if the absence of the control of reason is a true definition of insanity, there is no gainsaying the proposition. But madness seems something more. In dreams, the faculties which control the picturing or imagining powers are simply inactive; they are neither absent nor incapable. Far from identifying sleeping dreams with madness, we feel disposed to contend that voluntary and momentary hallucinations—seeing by the blind, hearing by the deaf, sensation of smelling, touching, tasting, things which do not exist—are only signs of insanity when the faculties needful for correcting the errors of sensation are diseased. An able article on this subject, in a recent foreign publication, says that “persons unaccustomed to railway travelling are not insane, although for many minutes they often believe the train is going backwards, because they retain the power of correcting the hallucination by watching the objects they are passing.”

Goethe says: “When I close my eyes and stoop my head, I figure to myself and see a flower in the middle of my visual organ. This flower preserves only for an instant its first form. It soon decomposes itself, and out of it issues other flowers, with colored and sometimes green petals. They were not natural but fantastic flowers, yet regular as the roses of the sculptor. I could not look fixedly at that creation, but it remained as long as I liked without increasing or diminishing. In the same way, when I imagined a disk full of various colors, I saw continually issue from the centre to the circumference new forms like those of the kaleidoscope.”

Mueller talked this subject over with Goethe in 1828. It was interesting to them both. “Knowing,” says Mueller, “that when I was calmly lying on my bed with my eyes shut,

although not asleep, I often saw figures which I could observe very well, he was very curious to learn what I then felt. I told him that my will had no influence either upon the production or upon the changes of these figures, and that I had never seen anything symmetrical or of the character of vegetation.” Goethe could at will, on the contrary, choose his theme, which transformed itself forthwith in a manner apparently involuntary, but always obeying the laws of symmetry and harmony. Mueller used to get rid of the figures which haunted him by turning his face to the wall. Although he did not see them change place, they were still before him, but they soon began to fade. Jean Paul recommended the observation of these phantoms as a good plan for falling asleep.

These are hallucinations of sane minds. The delusive sensations of flying and falling are known to many persons. Young girls lying in bed between sleeping and waking at the epoch of life when their girlhood is passing into womanhood, are especially apt, like the religious ecstasies, to fancy they are flying. And nearly everybody is familiar with the hallucination of falling, from personal experience. When lying in bed trying in vain to fall asleep, or to warm the cold sheets, the patient feels as if sinking through the floor, and stretches out his arms suddenly to save himself; yet nothing has happened except the coincidence of a cold shiver with a complete expiration.

The article from which the above is extracted states that “a man who was recovering from typhus fever believed he had two bodies, one of which was tossing in pain on an uneasy bed, and the other lying sweetly on a delicious couch. We are not disposed to ascribe this hallucination to the duality of the brain, but to a conflict between the recollection of his sufferings and the experience of his recovery. If the patient should have been permanently unable to overpower memory by reality, he would have been insane, like the maniacs who believe their legs to be stalks of straw, or their bodies fragile as grass.”

This condition of the brain is called by the savans hallucination. Mueller, the physiologist, and Goethe, the poet, have both described hallucinations to which they were subject, and which they compared in conversation together. The rarest case, says Mueller, is that of an individual who, whilst perfectly healthy in body and mind, has the faculty, on closing his eyes, of seeing really the object he wishes to see. History cites only a very few instances of this phenomenon. Carden and Goethe were examples of it.

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#### FRENCH AUTHORS.

Both Balzac and Sue were prudent and economical men compared with Alexander Dumas—the *Pere Prodigue*, as he has been styled by his witty son. The amount which he spent upon his Monte Christo villa—with its little dressing-room in white marble—was quite fabulous, and almost equalled the fictitious sums which change hands so freely in his wonderful novel of that name. On one occasion, having to leave Paris upon one of his journeys to foreign lands, he allowed his friends the run of his house and cellar during his absence. On his return home, he gave a breakfast to celebrate the event. His numerous guests, towards the end of the repast, expressed a wish to drink his health in champagne, and the servant went down stairs as if to look for some, but soon returned with a dismal intelligence that it had been all drank. Dumas slipped a few Napoleons into the valet's hand, and ordered him to buy some in the neighboring restaurateur's; but having some suspicion, he followed the servant, when, to his great surprise, he beheld the fellow emerging from his own cellar, from whence he had brought up his own champagne. Dumas, though the soul of good nature, was about to turn the rascal off on the spot, when the man fell at his kind master's feet, reminded him that he had a wife and family, and implored his mercy. "Well, I will forgive you this once," said the great writer; "but upon the next occasion, do at least *give me credit*."

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**IN PLACE.**—We should have nothing out of place or out of season. Let us play in the play-ground, not in the churchyard; and sleep in the bed-chamber, and not in the church.

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**FROZEN LIMBS.**—Raw cotton and castor oil have restored frost-bitten limbs when amputation was thought necessary to save life.

#### TROUT AND THEIR COLOR.

A correspondent, who has studied the character and habits of the trout, writes that they are not nearly so delicate a fish as is generally supposed. At a farm-yard in Vermont they have two trout, about six inches or more in length, living in the wooden trough out of which the cart-horses drink. They were caught in a stream last August, and throughout a severe cold spell have lived, and apparently continued in good condition, although sometimes in passing our correspondent has seen the water in the trough so firmly frozen, and the ice apparently reaching so low, that the trout had scarcely room to swim. When fresh water is put in, they always come to the place where it is poured, and seem to look for any particles of food, or any insects that may come in with it. They feed on worms which the boys often bring them, and which they take immediately without fear. The change of color in fish is very remarkable, and takes place with great rapidity. Put a living black trout into a white basin of water, and it becomes, within half an hour, of a light color. Keep the fish living in a white jar for some days, and it becomes absolutely white; but put it into a dark-colored or black vessel, and although, on first being placed there, the white-colored fish shows most conspicuously on the black ground, in a quarter of an hour it becomes as dark-colored as the bottom of the jar, and consequently difficult to be seen. No doubt this facility of adapting its color to the bottom of the water in which it lives is of the greatest service to the fish, in protecting it from its numerous enemies. All anglers must have observed that, in every stream, the trout are very much of the same color as the gravel or sand on which they live. Whether this change of color is a voluntary or involuntary act on the part of the fish, we leave it for the scientific to determine.

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**FOOD FOR DISEASE.**—According to the report of the City Inspector of New York, no less than eighteen thousand people live in cellars and basements in that city, under conditions that are constantly provocative of febrile and epidemic diseases.

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**TERROR.**—Terror is strongest when undefined. If we knew what death was like, men would as soon die as sleep.

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**QUITE LIKELY.**—Punch thinks the last language spoken on earth will be the Finnish.

## CALIFORNIA IN 1846.

Perhaps it is not generally known, but nevertheless it is true, that our government, as far back as 1843-'6, had cast their eyes on the broad lands and spacious harbors of California, and were covetous of the same. Of course this was long before the gold discoveries, for even the Mexicans and Indians, who inhabited the sparsely settled territory, did not dream of the wealth which was buried under their feet. It was supposed that California had mines of quicksilver and of gold; but their richness was a matter of doubt in the minds of the residents of the country, and no one anticipated that they would culminate in such wealth as the Almaden and the streams which drifted the precious flakes of gold dust all through the northern portion of the territory, to be ultimately washed out in a cradle or tin pan, worked by a prospecting miner. Had our people known the amount of gold which California was capable of producing, we fear that they would have wrested it from the unambitious Mexicans and sleepy Indians, in defiance of all rights or treaties. They would never have waited for the Mexican war and for a lawful ceding of the country to our government, for the gold would have dazzled their eyes and prevented them from seeing the great injustice which they were committing. Gold makes demons of men; but the precious metal is loved none the less for that, and we suppose that it will always be worshipped as ardently as at the present time, when it is so scarce that the sight of a gold dollar is a treat to many of us.

But, as we said before, the United States government wanted California in 1843-'6, and were, at that early date, intriguing to obtain possession of it; and for this purpose, they employed the late Thomas O. Larkin, American consul at Monterey, to sound the leaders in California politics, and see how they felt about transferring their allegiance from Mexico to our government. It seems that Mr. Larkin did talk with some of the first men, and in his report to the State Department, he recommends that they be subsidized by our government—advice which would have been taken if the Mexican war had not occurred soon after the offers, and of course all the arrangements which Mr. Larkin had made were quashed, no doubt greatly to his regret, for he was a shrewd man, and would have carried out the government's designs in an able manner.

We remember the gentleman in 1842, hav-

ing frequently met him in Monterey, at his own house, which was built on American plans, and the only one so constructed in the place, and on ship board. He was somewhat deaf, but his hearing was not so much affected as to ever prevent his making a good trade. He was slow and cautious, and always carefully examined the ground before he moved. He was just the kind of man to take charge of the old, grave, Mexican politicians, but would have failed with the young men, for he lacked that enthusiasm which always touches the heart of youth.

We believe that Mr. Larkin accumulated much wealth before he died. He had large grants of land from the Mexican government, and these he used to advantage. He also kept a store in Monterey, and made money by it, buying as cheap as possible and selling dear—a practice which all traders indulge, not only in California, in its early days, but in this State.

In 1842 we were on board the same vessel, during a passage from Monterey to Mazatlan, and as we passed the snug harbor of San Diego, Mr. Larkin expatiated on the advantages which would accrue to the United States by the possession of California.

"It is a land," he said, "rich in wealth, mineral and agricultural, and we must possess it. England wants it, but we must defeat her schemes and take possession, even if it costs us millions of dollars. Mark my words, sir—we shall yet own California."

And he lived to see it under the starry flag.

**CAN'T AFFORD TO LIVE.**—It has been thought that people are degenerating because they don't live as long as in the days of Methuselah. But the fact is, provisions are so high, that nobody can afford to live very long at the current prices.

**REMEMBER.**—If you would relish your food, labor for it; if you would enjoy your raiment, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

**PATRONAGE.**—Patronage can do but little, unless the object can do much for himself. As Sir Walter Scott says: "It is useless to hallo to the hounds, unless they will run."

**EXPRESSIVE.**—A horse dealer, describing a used up horse, said he looked as if he had been editing a daily paper!

**LABRADOR.**

Nearly every summer a vessel sails from Boston with a party of adventurers for the coast of Labrador. These men seek the northern latitudes for the purpose of indulging in hunting and fishing; and rare sport they find on land and water in that sparsely populated region where winter reigns supreme for eight months in the year. But very little is known in the United States respecting Labrador. We have never bothered our heads with statistics as far as that portion of the world is concerned, simply because the land is not adapted to raising cotton, sugar and tobacco—the three great staples that command our most fervent admiration, because so much money can be made by their aid. We have known for a long time that the waters which wash the shores of Labrador abound in cod-fish. Our fishermen have informed us of that fact, and they have also astonished us with the information that those fisheries are worth to Great Britain the enormous sum of \$5,000,000 per annum.

A Canada professor, who has travelled in many directions in Labrador, and rather likes the country, has recently called attention to that part of the world in the hope that emigration may be induced to follow in that direction. He says:

"We may go, if we will, by the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, destined hereafter to carry fish of the Labrador coast into the great cities of the West, and the present terminus of the Grand Trunk at Riviere de Loup has been connected with the Bay of Chaleurs. Wishing all future success to the Grand Trunk, which is not a money-chest at present—as some people know—with a hop and a skip we are in Labrador, together with our canoes, portable tents, flannel-shirts, guides, smoked bacon, biscuit, and all other necessities for the exploration we are to make.

"Each canoe is no bigger than one man can carry. It will carry in its turn three men, and five hundred weight of provisions. In Labrador, sometimes the boats carry the men; at other times, down the hills by the side of the worst rapids, the men carry the boats. The native Indians are the Montagnais and the Nasquapees (upright-standers): hardy fellows in the interior, who, when they get down to the coast and stop there a few months, eating seals and fish, become rheumatic, consumptive, and by physical weakness indolent.

"Except a few settlements on the St. Lawrence and North Atlantic coasts, and some

widely separated ports of the Hudson's Bay Company, all Labrador—a region as large as France will be, when she has annexed not only Prussia, but the British Islands too—is peopled only by a few wandering bands of Montagnais and Nasquapee, Mistassini and Swampy Creek Indians, and by wandering Esquimaux upon the northern coasts. The middle part, supposed to be drained by rivers flowing into the Atlantic, where it is called the Greenland Sea, is said to be under the jurisdiction of Newfoundland. And the part of which the rivers flow to Hudson's Bay, is called the East Main. But these regions have undefined boundaries."

Speaking of marriage among the Indians, the professor tells the following story:

"To the villages the priest comes only for a few days once a year, and when he last came, a young squaw agreed in a hurry to be married to Louis, a poor shot but a good boatman. Two days after the wedding, they went out, Indian fashion, to hunt seals together; the wife steering, the husband ready with his gun, as usual. His first shot was a very bad one; and without a word she paddled to shore, jumped out, and ran back to her father's lodge. He begged for another chance, and she went out with him another day. He missed the first seal. She paddled him to a second; he missed that. Then she looked at him in a way that made him very nervous, said nothing, and paddled him close up to a third. He was flurried, and missed again. Whereupon she again paddled ashore and left him."

That squaw was determined to own a man who could supply her with meat. But it seems that her husband was better than some white men, for even after she had returned to her father's house, Louis used to give her all the money he earned, and she received it with sublime condescension and coolness, and without a word of thanks.

Labrador abounds with wild animals, such as bears, wolves, lynxes and reindeer; and hunters enjoy rare sports in their pursuits during the season. A little more light respecting Labrador would be interesting to the general reader.

THE PLOUGH.—It is not known where he who invented the plough was born or where he died; yet he has effected more for the happiness of the world than the whole race of heroes and conquerors who have drenched it with tears and manured it with blood.

## Facts and Fancies.

### WIT FROM THE PULPIT.

It is related of a certain New England divine who flourished not many years ago, and whose matrimonial relations are supposed not to have been of the most agreeable kind, that one Sabbath morning, while reading to his congregation the parable of the supper, in which occurs this passage: "And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them; I pray thee have me excused. And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore *cannot* come"—he suddenly paused at the end of this verse, drew off his spectacles, and looking round on his hearers, said, with emphasis, "The fact is, my brethren, one woman can draw a man further from the kingdom of heaven than five yoke of oxen!"

The hat was passed round in a certain congregation for the purpose of taking up a collection. After it made the circuit of the church, it was handed to the minister, who, by the way, had "exchanged pulpits" with the regular preacher, and he found not a penny in it. He inverted the hat over the pulpit-cushion and shook it, that its emptiness might be known, then raising his eyes toward the ceiling, he exclaimed, with great fervor, "I thank God that I got back my hat from this congregation."

Another preacher, who had been annoyed several times by finding buttons in the collection for the heathen, once admonished his congregation to take heed that the buttons they dropped into the hat were not those with flattened eyes, "for," said he, "while the heathen are not deceived into the belief that they are coin, they are rendered wholly worthless as buttons."

### A DUTCHMAN'S STORY.

Der vas von sun mit der east up in der mornin' sky. Dat was long time ago. Day was proke. Dat was nice. Everything gets down and kums up mit demselves, and vater der faces mit wet wash, and says, "Ish preakfast ready?" Mein got! vat makes beoples so treadful hungry pefore dey eats anything? Mit both hands in der knives and forks, dey pitches inter demselves mit von ting and anodder till dey is satisfied mit making demselves one pigs. Everything is swallowed up clatter mit der mouths open. Den dey runs round picking der teeth met der Shtumnykake. Got in himmel, vot a bad fix dey ish in! I vas der too. Ven I gets pack der sun vas up so much higher as ever, mit de east behind his face delling de grass to drys up. De little birds was flying off mit der little feeders round; de kows, mit der long dails, vas delling der flies to get off mit der legs—everything vas somewhere it vasent pefere! Vats vas der matter now? Dunder! Mine pig turnip vatch, vot I stops all der way to winds up, looks pack mit poth fingers in mine eye, and ticks "ten o'clock."

Time fle away mit a big buzz in mine head, and I sees nothing but the leetle shmall tick nose vat crawls mitout legs in my vatch. I sees a young man vat vares his head out doors mitout any hats on, stop standing still. "Vot you drink?" says I. "Swi lager," says he. "Yaw, dat ish goot," says I. Den we went ourselves down mit shome steps, and trank two tumblers inside out, and felt of ourselves so much petter as pefore frustrate.

Who was mine friend? Dat vas he. I shwares to dat mit no more pible as I can hold. Dat vas him. "Swi lager?" says I. "Yaw," says he, mit his legs across demselfs. I dinks dey vas tired mit runnin' too much round. Dat vas so. Den we throw ourselves outside swi more lager, and pegins to veel as goot as we don't care for der tifle. Den mine frient's feet put demselfs in mine lap. Dey vas more tired as pefore. "Swi lager?" says mine frient. "Yaw," says I. "Den you dreats," says he, mit von tam horse-laugh. Blixen! Shoose vas I to sat town and stand dat? Mine fist flew out of mine hand, and hits him on der nose. He lay his pack on der floor, and says nothing pretty quick. He vas very mooch tired. His nose roons over his vace mit plood. Pimepy he stands himself up on his honor. "Mine got! vat ish der matter?" says he, looking at der chair where he falls out from. "Ish I gone?"—"Swi lager?" says I. Den he stands himself up on his feet, and fell mit poth hands full, mit one hard plow in der eyes of mine face. Mine got! den it vas night. I sees noting of someting for vun week put shtars. Dat vas me. I shwares to do mit more pibles as in my bockets. I don't sees myself for so long dat I forget who I vas. Who vas I? Nopody knows. Dunder and blixen! Dat's me. I say noting, but runs off mit myself everyvare. Shtop!

### THE COLONEL AND PRIVATE.

Colonel B—— is in command of a Massachusetts regiment, is down on whiskey and strong drinks, and often heads off the boys when they want to smuggle liquor into camp. Recently, while the regiment was at Brandy Station (significant name), Ike Daylight, a private, swore that he would have liquor in camp.

"Boys," said he, "if you'll just promise to keep 'mum' about it, we'll freshen the nip, in spite of Colonel B——."

Well, as a matter of course, all gave the required promise, and that night, about ten o'clock, Ike took his canteen and started forth on his enterprise. He managed easily to pass the guards, by letting them into the secret, and safely crossing a stream, reached a groggery in safety. Much elated at his success, Ike had his canteen filled with the "crazy-thur," and after taking two or three hearty pulls, he set out on his return to the camp. Crossing the little brook, he was in the act of passing a tent, when unluckily he tramped upon the tail of a dog, which belonged to some of the boys. The animal,

uttering a loud yell, ran behind the tent, whereupon a head popped out of the entrance.

"Hallo, soldier!" said a voice from the tent.

"What the deuce do you want?" exclaimed Ike, turning round.

"What have you got in your canteen, soldier?" again asked the voice, which Ike, to his horror, recognized as belonging to Colonel B——.

"Water, sir; water—nothing but water, sir," answered Ike.

"Let me see that water, soldier," said Colonel B——, knowingly.

Poor Ike! He had no alternative; so putting on the best face possible on the occasion, he walked up and presented his canteen for inspection.

The colonel smelled of it, and without a why or wherefore, deliberately turned it up, and emptied its contents on the ground.

"Now be making tracks amazing fast, and don't let me ever hear of your disobeying orders again," said he, looking hail-stones and pitchforks at Ike. Ike, as a matter of course, "scratched gravel," and left a blue streak behind; but he swore that "he would come the giraffe over the colonel, if he was put in limbo the next day."

So on the next night he started out again—but this time he took two canteens with him, instead of one! At this time he met with no interruption, and had one of the canteens filled with the "red eye," and as he crossed the branch on his return, he dipped the other full of water from the brook!

"I guess I'll head the old chap off now," he said to himself. He began to congratulate himself on his lucky escape, when he came full upon Colonel B——.

"What! out again, soldier?" said he, in a severe tone.

"Why, yes," said Ike, quite innocently. "I didn't know it was any harm to carry water to the camp."

"Water—fire-water, I should guess," said B——. "Let me taste it."

"By jingo, can't a feller carry a leetle water to the camp without bein' sarched?" said Ike, quite indignantly—at the same time presenting the canteen containing the water with his right hand, and holding that with the liquor behind him in the left.

The "dodge" succeeded, and the colonel, becoming satisfied that it contained "nothing but water," returned it, as he said:

"I was mistaken—pass on, soldier."

"Well, I guess you was," said Ike, and on he went.

That night the boys had a rousing time, and a merrier crew never pledged in a bumper of good liquor. Many were the toasts drank on the occasion, and the last of all was, "Ike Daylight and his 'dodges'—always successful."

The best preventive of fits is to buy your clothes at a shop-shop.

### A TROUBLESOME BROTHER.

A certain denominational association of Rhode Island was holding its annual meeting in N——. At the close of the first morning session, all persons from abroad not provided with places of entertainment were requested to come forward, and the committee would attend to their wants. An elderly gentleman, accompanied by two ladies, presented himself with the crowd of strangers. Rev. Mr. M——, pastor of the church and chairman of the committee, was assigning place after place, as fast as he could write the cards. The old gentleman waited a few minutes, and receiving no other notice than a question as to how many he had with him, remarked, in a deliberating tone:

"Well, I guess I will not wait—I'll try and find some boarding-house."

"O, don't be in a hurry, friend!" replied Parson M——. "It will soon be your turn."

Two minutes more, and the old man made a move towards the door, and a feint to put on his hat, saying:

"I think I'd better go now, and try to find a boarding-house."

"Wait just a moment, sir," the minister added: "there being three of you, it is rather difficult to find a place where you can be accommodated together."

Three minutes more elapsed, and the impatient man put on his hat, saying, decidedly:

"There is no use of my waiting here, begging for a chance. I'll try to—"

"We'll attend to you now," interrupted the parson; "we have a great many guests, and we are doing the best we can."

The old gentleman received his card with a frigid bow and an unrelaxed countenance, and departed.

At the close of the afternoon session the fastidious guest again presented himself to the committee, saying:

"Can't you give me another place? I don't like the one assigned me—it is too far off. Give me one nearer the church, if you can."

"Well, you just take a seat, and we'll see if we can accommodate you," replied Parson M——.

The committee seemed to have fully as much to do as at noon, and five minutes quickly passed away, and our impatient friend still sat there, anxiously waiting for his turn.

"There is no use of waiting longer," he said, rising. "I think I had better try to find some boarding-house near the church."

"I think so, too!" replied Parson M——, in a tone that showed his patience was fully exhausted; and the troublesome brother left in a hurry.

"Any game hereabouts?" said a newly-arrived to a Texan. "Guess so," said the Lone Star, "and plenty of 'em—we have bluff, poker, euchre, all fours and monte, and jist as many others as you'll like to play."



## KNOWING TOO MUCH.

During the administration of President Jackson, there was a singular young gentleman employed in the public post-office at Washington. His name was G., he was from Tennessee, the son of a widow, a neighbor of the president, on which account the old hero had a kind feeling for him, and always got out of his difficulties with some of the higher officials, to whom his singular interference was distasteful.

Among other things, it is said of him that while he was employed in the general post-office, on one occasion he had to copy a letter for Major H., a high official, in answer to an application made by an old gentleman in Virginia, or Pennsylvania, for the establishment of a new post-office. The writer of the letter said the application could not be granted, in consequence of the applicant's "proximity" to another office. When the letter came into G.'s hands to copy, being a great stickler for plainness, he altered "proximity" to "nearness to." Major H. observed it, and asked G. why he had altered his letter.

"Why," replied G., "because I don't think the man would understand what you meant by proximity."

"Well," said Major H., "try him; put in the 'proximity' again."

In a few days a letter was received from the applicant, in which he very indignantly said, "That his father had fought for liberty in the second war of independence, and he should like to have the name of the scoundrel who brought the charge of proximity, or anything else wrong against him."

"There," said G., "did I not say so?"

G. carried his improvements so far, that Mr. Berry, the postmaster-general, said to him, "I don't want you here any longer—you know too much."

Poor G. went out, but his old friend, the general, got him another place. This time G.'s ideas underwent a change. He was one day very busy writing, when a stranger called in and asked him where the patent office was.

"I don't know," said G.

"Can you tell me where the treasury department is?" said the stranger.

"No," said G.

"Nor the president's house?"

"No."

The stranger finally asked him if he knew where the capitol was.

"No," replied G.

"Do you live in Washington, sir?" said the stranger.

"Yes, sir," said G.

"Good Lord! and don't know where the patent office, treasury, president's house and capitol are?"

"Stranger," said G., "I was turned out of the post-office for knowing too much. I don't mean to offend in that way again. I am paid for keeping this book. I believe I do know that much; but if

you find me knowing anything more, you may take my head."

"Good morning," said the stranger.

"Good morning," said G., and went on with his writing.

## PARTICULAR BEGGARS.

A beggar applied at the house of a country friend, somewhere about Christmas time, for something to eat. According to the hospitable custom of the neighborhood, he was invited into the kitchen, and a pie placed before him. Just as the good lady of the house was about to cut the pie, the fellow looked up to her with the most provoking assurance in the world, and said, in an inquisitive tone, "Is it mince?" Upon the lady's informing him that it was not, he indignantly rose, saying he did not care anything about it, *if it wasn't mince!*

A correspondent, in speaking of the calls which he received from beggars, says:

"A destitute woman called on my family for something to eat. A few dinner remnants were put in her basket, and having a small bag or pillow-slip in her hand, she was offered as much corn meal as would fill it. 'No, ma'am!' was her offended reply, 'I am poor enough, God knows, but I can't go corn meal; when I come to that, *I mean to starve!*'"

This woman equalled one who called at a friend's house, and was given cold meat and crusts. She took what was handed to her, and then left, but turned and pitched both crusts and meat at the house, as though indignant at such treatment, and want of liberality.

## GEN. GRANT'S TRADE.

A gentleman, in speaking of Gen. Grant, relates the following story:

"I knew Ulysses Grant when he was a little boy. We used to go to school together, near Georgetown, Brown County, Ohio. The boys used to plague him dreadfully about a horse trade he once made. When he was about twelve years old, his father sent him a few miles into the country to buy a horse from a man named Ralston. The old man told Ulysses to offer Ralston fifty dollars first; if he wouldn't take that, to offer fifty-five dollars, and to go as high as sixty dollars, if no less would make the purchase. The embryotic Major-General started off with these instructions fully impressed upon his mind. He called upon Mr. Ralston and told him he wished to buy the horse.

"How much did your father tell you to give for him?" was a very natural inquiry from the owner of the steed.

"Why," said Ulysses, "he told me to offer you fifty dollars, and if that wouldn't do, to give you fifty-five dollars, and if you wouldn't take less than sixty dollars, to give you that."

"Of course sixty dollars was the lowest figure, and on payment of that amount, the animal became the property of the young Napoleon."

# The Rat, Mouse, Cataract, Cascade and Waterfall Fever.



Young Lady—"Now, Mr. Artist, be sure and give me plenty of rats and mice!"



Maiden Lady of an uncertain age—"Now, sir, understand me distinctly. I want a cascade and waterfall, with as many rats as my hair will cover."



Ambitious Young Lady—"Be sure that I have the largest rats in your establishment."



# THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

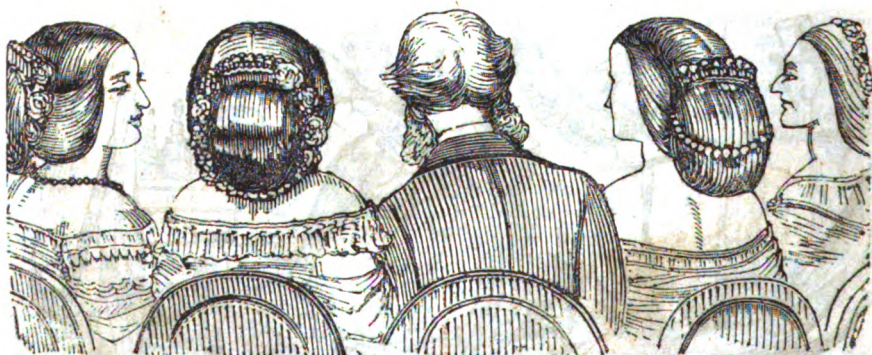
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Young Widow of Sixty to handsome Niece—"Now, Julia, candidly, do you think I had better wear waterfall curls this season? The men do like them so much."



Fond Mother to Artist—"Sure, Mr. Barberer, jist dress the child's head in the fashernable style, and I'll see ye paid for the same."



Rear view of a party at the Boston Theatre—rats, mice, cataracts, cascades and waterfalls, got up expressly for the occasion.



# THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX.—No. 5.

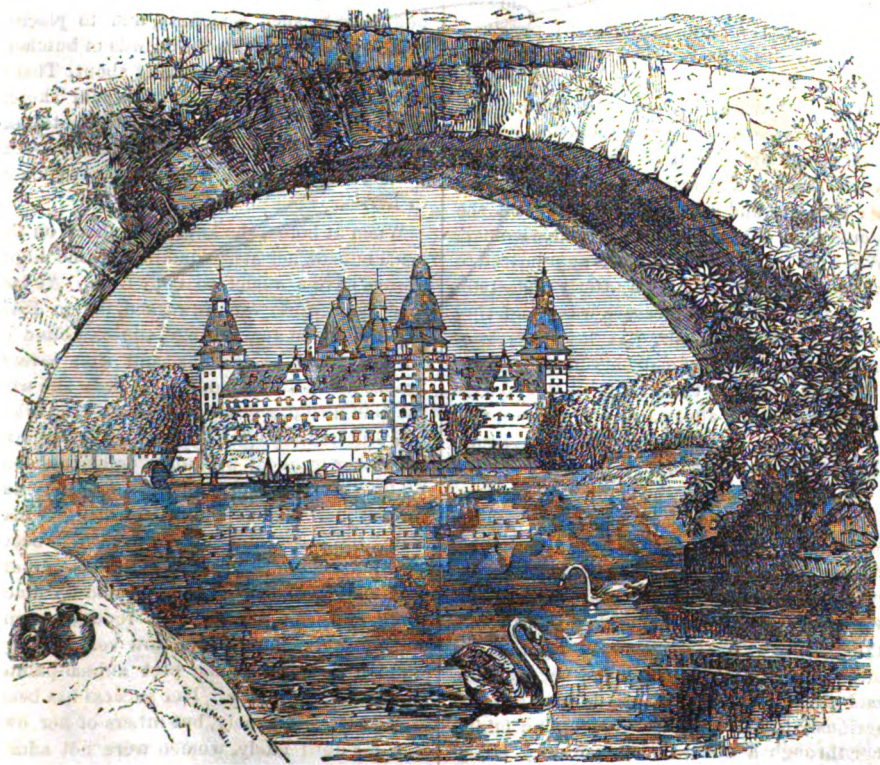
BOSTON, MAY, 1864.

WHOLE No. 113.

## CASTLE OF JOHANNISBURG.

This picturesque engraving of the Castle of Johannisburg, is one that will command the attention of our readers, for its name is associated with that of Prince Metternich, the wily statesman who served Austria so well during the long and terrible wars which she waged against the first Napoleon, and was only saved from ruin through the clemency of the French emperor, for which he repented while wearing out his life at St. Helena.

But Johannisburg is celebrated as well for the superior flavor of the wine of that name, as through Metternich's long residence in the castle, after he was driven from the Austrian cabinet, by the people who demanded reforms, and would not be refused. The best of Rhenish wine is made there, and has been for years, although the lands have often changed hands. In 1807, Napoleon gave the castle and vineyards to Kellerman, one of his marshals; but the general did not hold it long. It re-



CASTLE OF JOHANNISBURG.

verted to Austria, and the emperor of the latter country presented it to Metternich, on condition that the minister gave his master one-tenth of the wine-crop, the annual yield of which is about 42,000 bottles, although some years double that amount is raised. The wine is sold at an extravagant price, what little is disposed of, \$6 and \$12 per bottle being paid for the genuine; and although Johannisburg wine is vended in this country, the pure Johannisburg would never acknowledge its namesake, in case they should meet.

The castle contains a moderate library, and a famous collection of engravings. The buildings form a square, with a great tower at each of the angles, 180 feet high, with five stories. The length of each façade is 205 feet. The area of the central court is more than 30,000 square feet. The whole is built of a pinkish sandstone. The view from the mountain is one of the finest on the Rhine.

#### THE HORSE FAIR.

Rosa Bonheur, the painter of the Horse Fair, an engraving of which is presented on page 343, is a remarkable instance of the success attendant on genius joined to perseverance and firmness of character. She was born in 1822, and the daughter of a poor Parisian drawing-master; and during her early years she displayed no particular genius, though an old friend of her father's, with whom she was a favorite, used to augur from her vigorous and resolute character, that she would some day turn out a remarkable woman. When twelve years old, she was apprenticed to a dressmaker, a profession utterly distasteful to her, as her chief pleasure was wandering about in the open air. At last, distress of mind and confinement made her ill; her father, therefore, broke off the arrangement, and took her home. Soon afterwards she was sent to school, where, however, she showed aptitude for nothing but drawing.

On leaving school, she employed her time in modelling figures of animals in her father's studio, and copying his paintings. By this means she hoped to be able some day to support herself—perhaps attain to what had always been her secret ambition, to be something—so she worked hard all day, and day after day. Her father, amazed at her progress, and perceiving her talent, devoted himself seriously to her instruction, and after taking her through a course of preparatory study, sent her to the Louvre to copy the fine figures

there, as a discipline for her eye, hand and judgment. There she was the first to enter the gallery in the morning, and the last to leave it in the evening. At last her copies began to sell; she got but a small sum for each, but felt it delightful to be able to relieve her father of some part of her support; and she worked hard that she might make more copies.

At this period she was only sixteen years old, so she had wasted no time. One day, having made a study of a goat, she was so pleased with her success, that she determined to devote herself to painting animals. Too poor to procure models, she went out daily on foot into the country to sketch the sheep and cows. With a bit of bread in her pocket, she used to start early in the morning, laden with her painting materials; and having found a subject to her mind, would seat herself upon a bank or under a tree, and work till evening, coming home at nightfall, after a walk of many miles, browned by the sun and wind, or soaked with rain and covered with mud. She used also to go to the enclosures where the animals are kept previous to being sent to the slaughter-houses, overcoming alike her natural repugnance to such a vicinity, and to placing herself in contact with the crowds of butchers and drovers who were standing about. There, seated on a bundle of hay, she would sketch from morning till night; but such was the respect her simple earnestness in her art occasioned, that an uncivil word was never spoken to her.

When at home, she kept a pet sheep on the leads outside her attic window, that she might always have a model to copy from. At last this hard work was rewarded, for in 1841, when nineteen years of age, she exhibited in all the Paris exhibitions, and won several bronze and silver medals. At last she won the gold medal, a great distinction—and what was still more delightful, was able to relieve her father from all pecuniary embarrassment by the sale of her pictures. In 1853, she exhibited her famous picture of the "Horse-Fair," the preparatory studies for which occupied her for eighteen months. This picture sold for \$1800, and has been re-sold for much more, and from that time her reputation and fortune were made. She is now very wealthy, and is recognized as the best animal-painter of the day in Europe. Her success has benefited not herself only, but others of her own sex, for until lately, women were not admitted to study at the Royal Academy in England.

THE HORSE FAIR.





**THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.**

An American gentleman, who has lately visited Morocco, sent us an excellent portrait of the emperor, which we have had engraved, and transferred to the pages of our Magazine. The Emir of the true Believers and Vicar of God, as the man irreligiously calls himself, succeeded Abd-er-Rhamayr, who all his life was continually resisting the demands and

encroachments of France; and the present ruler no sooner found that he had grasped the sceptre, than he was compelled to meet the troops which Spain sent against his empire. The trouble was settled at the expense of Morocco; but the emperor fumes at the degradation, and would like revenge, but he is powerless to obtain it. At home the emperor's power is unlimited and direct; he does

**THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.**

not govern by means of a vizir and ministers, nor has he any council of ulemas to consult. He sometimes convokes the chief dignitaries of the empire to ask their advice, but can act without it, if he pleases. The emperor gives public audiences either in the palace or on horseback under his parasol, which is the emblem of authority, and is always borne by a caid. Neither a native nor a foreigner must approach him without a present, as a letter of introduction. The emperor resides alternately at his two capitals, Fez and Morocco, and occasionally visits other cities of his empire. In whatever town he appears, he exercises his chief attribution of administering justice and judging in last resort. Where he may be, all authority is, for the time of his stay, vested in his person. In his absence the provinces are governed by caids, califas, and cadis, which last also perform the religious service in the mosques.

#### MOUNT BLANC AND CHAMOUNI.

The engraving on page 346 conveys a good idea of the "monarch of the mountains" when seen close at hand. From a distance, all its minor roughnesses and irregularities are blended together, and instead of a ponderous mass of rock, earth and ice piled up in appalling bulk, it is converted by the atmosphere into something ethereal, cloudlike, even transparent. An interest of another kind attaches to a close examination of the mountain, with its seas of ice, its myriad pinnacles, its crevasses and chasms, its dangerous passes, where a shout or a pistol-shot would bring down the avalanche. What must have been the sensations of the first adventurous traveller, Dr. Pécard, of Chamouni, who first set foot on the summit of this mountain, 15,700 feet above the sea, and 12,160 feet above his native village! From the top a magnificent view meets the eye, extending in every direction nearly one hundred and fifty miles. Eighteen glaciers surround it, whose various and fantastic forms increase the magical effect of the spectacle. Our readers are of course aware that this famous mountain derives its name from the vast mantle of snow with which its summit and sides are covered, and which is estimated to extend not less than 12,000 feet, without the slightest appearance of rock to mar its dazzling purity and whiteness. It is discernible from Dijon and Langres, 140 miles distant.

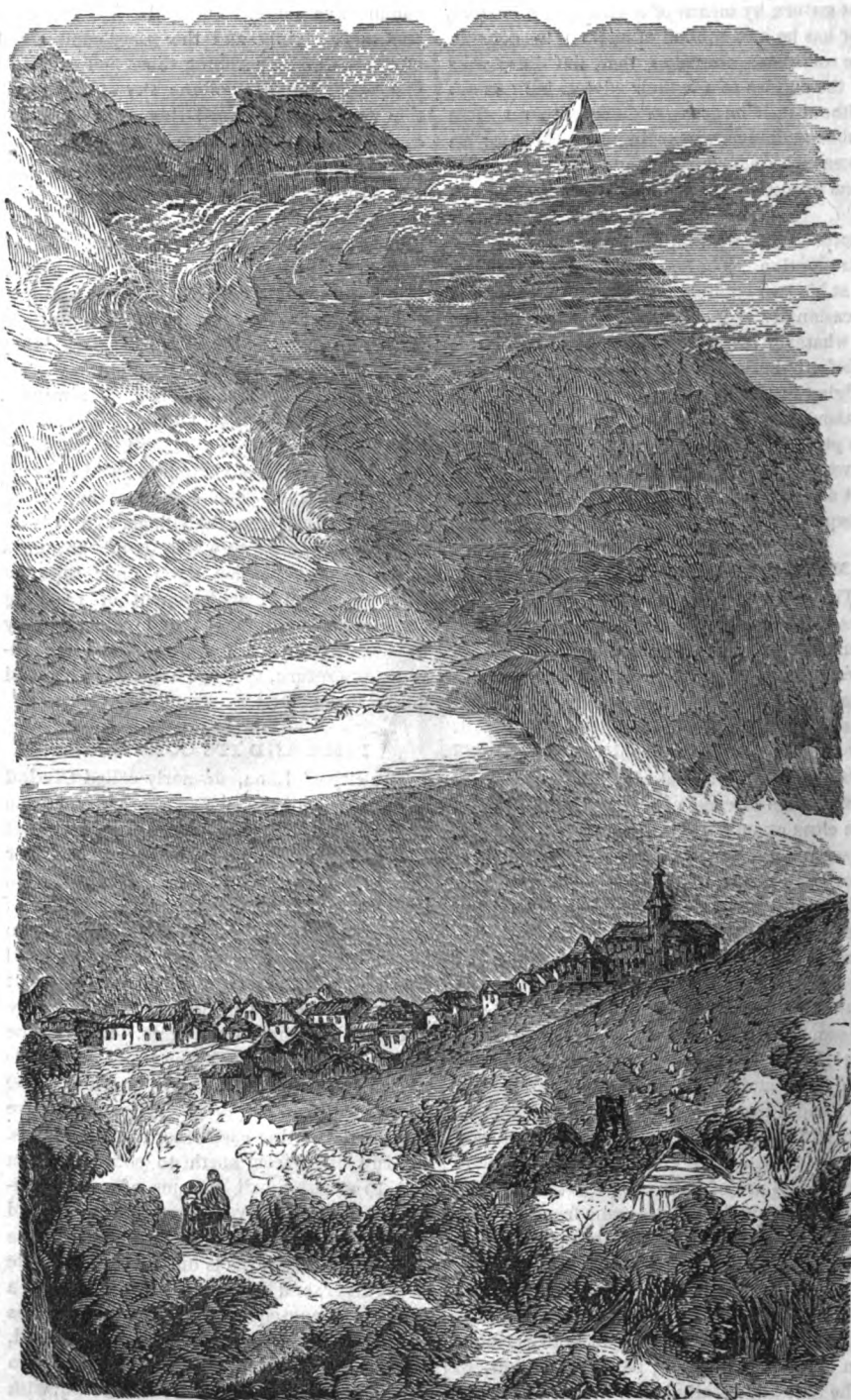
The first ascent, alluded to above, was made in 1786. In August, 1787, Saussure ascended it with eighteen guides, and remained on the

summit five hours. The pulse was found to beat more rapidly, and the party complained of exhaustion, a parching thirst and failure of appetite. The color of the sky at this elevation was deep blue, bordering on black, and in the shade the stars were visible. In 1818, Messrs. Howard and Van Rensselaer, of New York, and in 1825, Dr. Clark and Capt. Sherwill, ascended it. In 1827, two English gentlemen, who made the ascent, were obliged, by a cleft in the ice, to take a new ascent, which has proved to be less toilsome and hazardous than the former. Up to 1828, fourteen ascents were made, but since that period they have been somewhat more frequent.

The ascent of Mount Blanc is always a great event at the little village of Chamouni, which is nestled at its base, and where there is always a crowd of visitors to swell the resident population. The course of the travellers can be seen from the village, and it is intensely interesting to watch them through a telescope as they creep upon their toilsome way. The grand achievement of reaching the summit is announced and celebrated by the discharge of artillery; and when the adventurers return, they are honored by a grand dinner in the hotel.

#### LIMA AND ITS CONVENTS.

The city of Lima, formerly called *Ciudad de los Reyes*, or the City of the Kings, is one of the most interesting places to the tourist in South America. It is situated on the river Rimac, about ten miles from the Pacific Ocean, in latitude 12° 2' south, at an elevation of about 700 feet from the sea level. When seen from its port, Callao, it presents a beautiful appearance. It is entered by a magnificent Alameda, at the end of which stands a once beautiful but now ruined gate. Pizarro, the founder of the city, in laying it out, distributed the spaces for the houses in quarters of 150 varas, or Spanish yards. The streets are broad, intersecting each other at right angles, and run either from north to south, or from east to west. Small streams of water, conducted from the river about the town, and arched over, contribute to its cleanliness. The suburb of St. Lazarus is on the opposite side of the river, and connected with Lima by a bridge. In consequence of the earthquakes by which the city has so frequently suffered, the houses are seldom raised more than two stories, and commonly are built of wood, with flat roofs, from which no inconvenience arises in a country where rain is unknown. The



MONT BLANC, AND THE VILLAGE OF CHAMOUNI.



houses of the wealthy are built in the Moorish style, introduced from Spain, and are highly picturesque. They consist of a square pile, enclosing a quadrangular court, which is surrounded with piazzas, and sometimes contain a second or even third inner court. The Plaza, or great square, in the centre of the city, is surrounded partly by shops, and partly by

public buildings, among which are the cathedral and government palace, in which latter the visitor is shown the hall in which Pizarro was assassinated. The riches which have been lavished on the cathedral are almost beyond belief anywhere but in a city which once paved a street with ingots of silver, in honor of a new viceroy. The Cabildo, or city house,



VISIT TO A LIMA CONVENT.





THE BOY KING OF GREECE.

built in the Chinese style, the mint, the palace of the inquisition, part of which is now occupied as a national museum, and the convent of the Franciscans, said to cover an eighth of the whole city, are worthy of notice. Formerly there were 1200 monks in the city, but the number is now greatly reduced. There are fourteen convents for women, and a number of *casas de exercicio*, to which the ladies retire for two or three weeks, to perform various acts of pious penance. The personal appearance of the people of Lima is strikingly exhibited in our accompanying engraving, "a visit to a convent in Lima." The aged, weather-beaten and sandalled friar is receiving the visit of two ladies with their attendant Caballeros. The ladies are dressed in the Spanish style, which many of them have not yet abandoned, with their elegant black lace

mantillas and flowing *sayas*, which they wear with proverbial grace. At a little distance sits a third lady, with her head enveloped in the folds of a *reboso*, a style which the Spaniards adopted from the Orientals, and have transmitted to their colonies. The ladies of this city are noted all the world over, as much for their beauty as for their grace and peculiar fascination. If they sin, they are happy in the thought that their sins will be forgiven by their confessors, so they live a life of pleasure, and think as seldom as possible of the future.

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#### THE BOY KING OF GREECE.

Within little more than a year's time the house of Denmark has assumed an importance in the political world which it never dreamed of, even during its most ambitious hours. Its



first lucky hit at fortune was when the English cabinet decided that the Prince of Wales needed a good-looking, dashing, lively, young Protestant wife, and after a search through the royal families of Europe—at least that portion believing in the Episcopal form of religion—it was finally decided that the house of Denmark had a daughter, and that she was just the sort of person to please young Wales; so the handkerchief was thrown to Alexandra, and like a sensible maiden she picked it up, married the heir to the British throne, and has lost no time in presenting her husband with a promising son, all of which is right and proper; and we don't believe that the readers of the *DOLLAR MONTHLY* will fail to wish father, mother and son a long, happy and useful life, provided they deserve it.

A short time after the Prince of Wales's marriage, Frederick, the seventh king of Denmark, died rather unexpectedly, and Prince Christian, the father of Alexandra, succeeded to the throne.

This was lucky hit number two.

The third fortunate event that occurred to the royal family of Denmark, was the selection of Prince George, a brother of the Princess of Wales, and son of King Christian, to rule over Greece as its king, and the young man has resolutely commenced the difficult task; but he will not sleep on roses while reconciling the various oppositions which he will encounter at all hands.

The excellent portrait which we publish on page 348 of the *DOLLAR MONTHLY*, represents the boy king of Greece, as he appeared a few days after he landed at Athens, and was received by his people with acclamations, and every demonstration of joy. It is a firm, thoughtful face, handsome enough to please those who think a king should be good-looking, even if he knows but little.

We trust the lad will give satisfaction to his subjects, but we have our doubts of it, and fear that he will be pushed off like Otho, at short notice, unless England and France keep him on his throne, and his people quiet, by the aid of iron-clads and bayonets. The Greeks like change, and hate taxes. George may compel them to love him and the latter at the same time. He means to make the attempt.

The House of Denmark is now undergoing a severe trial, and time will tell whether it is to stand or fall before the German powers. We suppose that Fortune will not yet desert her favorites.

### SWALLOWING LEECHES.

It appears from an article in the *Archives Generales de Medecine*, that the soldiers in Algeria are particularly liable to accidents from swallowing leeches. At the time when the leeches are swallowed, they are so small as readily to escape detection; they are filiform, and rather resemble a blade of grass than anything else. They usually become attached to the isthmus faucium, or to the pharynx, and are sometimes found in the nostrils. When once they have become fixed, they generally remain for a considerable period, and undergo their development rapidly. Dr. Baizeau records a case in which they remained for more than six months within the pharynx. They very seldom come away of their own accord, and must usually be extracted forcibly. If they are too deeply seated to be caught by a forceps, then the patient must gurgle his throat with a mixture of vinegar, water and common salt, and must continue the process for several days. But even this sometimes proves unavailing. The symptoms are those of irritation in the part, together with occasional hemorrhage. The latter is often mistaken for a symptom of disease of the lungs, stomach, etc. The only preventive appears to be a caution to the soldiers not to drink water from streams, etc., when they are on the march. It is a remarkable circumstance that a leech can live so long a period under conditions so opposite to those it previously enjoyed, and bears out in some measure the views of those who class the *Hirundinellæ* with the *Trematoda* and *Planaria*.

### RELIGION.

Religion, that messenger of heaven, dwells not in cells or cloisters, but goes forth among men, not to frown on their happiness, but to do them good. She is familiar and cheerful at the tables and firesides of the happy; she is equally intimate in the dwellings of poverty and sorrow; she encourages innocent smiles of youth, and kindles a glow of sincerity on the venerable front of age; she is found too, at the bedside of the sick when the attendants have ceased their labor, and the heart is almost still; she is seen at the house of mourning, pointing to the "house not made with hands;" she will not retire so long as there is evil to be prevented, or kindness that can be given; and it is not until the last duty is done that she hastens away and raises her altar in the wilderness, so that she may not be seen among men.

[ORIGINAL.]

# **LITTLE MARY AND HER CHICKEN. A CHILD'S STORY.**

BY MISS CATHARINE THOMAS.

See, our Mary spied to-day,  
While playing on the walk,  
A wounded chicken, just escaped  
The talons of a hawk.  
She raised it gently, hugged it close,  
Close to her soft, white neck,



Nor feared she lest its blood-stained wing  
Her snowy frock would speck.

"It gasps and struggles very much;  
Chicken, be quiet, dear,  
I only mean to do you good,  
And me you need not fear."  
With many a kiss and fond caress  
She heaped the wounded bird,  
But not a feather seemed to stir,  
Nor e'en a chirp she heard.

"'Tis very strange!" our darling said,  
"My chicken now lies still;  
Papa must for a doctor go,  
I fear my birdie's ill."  
She pressed the chicken closer yet  
Between her neck and cheek,  
And stooped her rosy lips to meet  
Her darling's yellow beak.

Our little maiden paced the walk  
On one foot, then another,  
Just balancing her tiny weight,  
As nurse does little brother.  
We, from a ramble just returned,  
Had missed the welcome face  
We loved to see, through trellised gate,  
Peeping with winning grace.

But on the threshold, mute and grave,  
One hand her wee mouth prest,  
The other seemed too small to hold  
The chicken to her breast.  
I gently drew it from her grasp,  
No mortal wound appeared,  
A tiny scratch, no more it seemed,  
Its wing with blood had smeared.

But lifeless hung each little wing,  
Hushed was the gasping breath,  
Poor Mary's love, so fond and warm,  
Had wrought her chicken's death.  
The silent tears came stealing down,  
Fast o'er her rosy cheek,  
And mid her shuddering, bursting sobs,  
I heard my darling speak:  
"O, dear mama, I'd give my doll,  
My ball, and all beside,  
If chicken could come back again,  
And if it had not died."

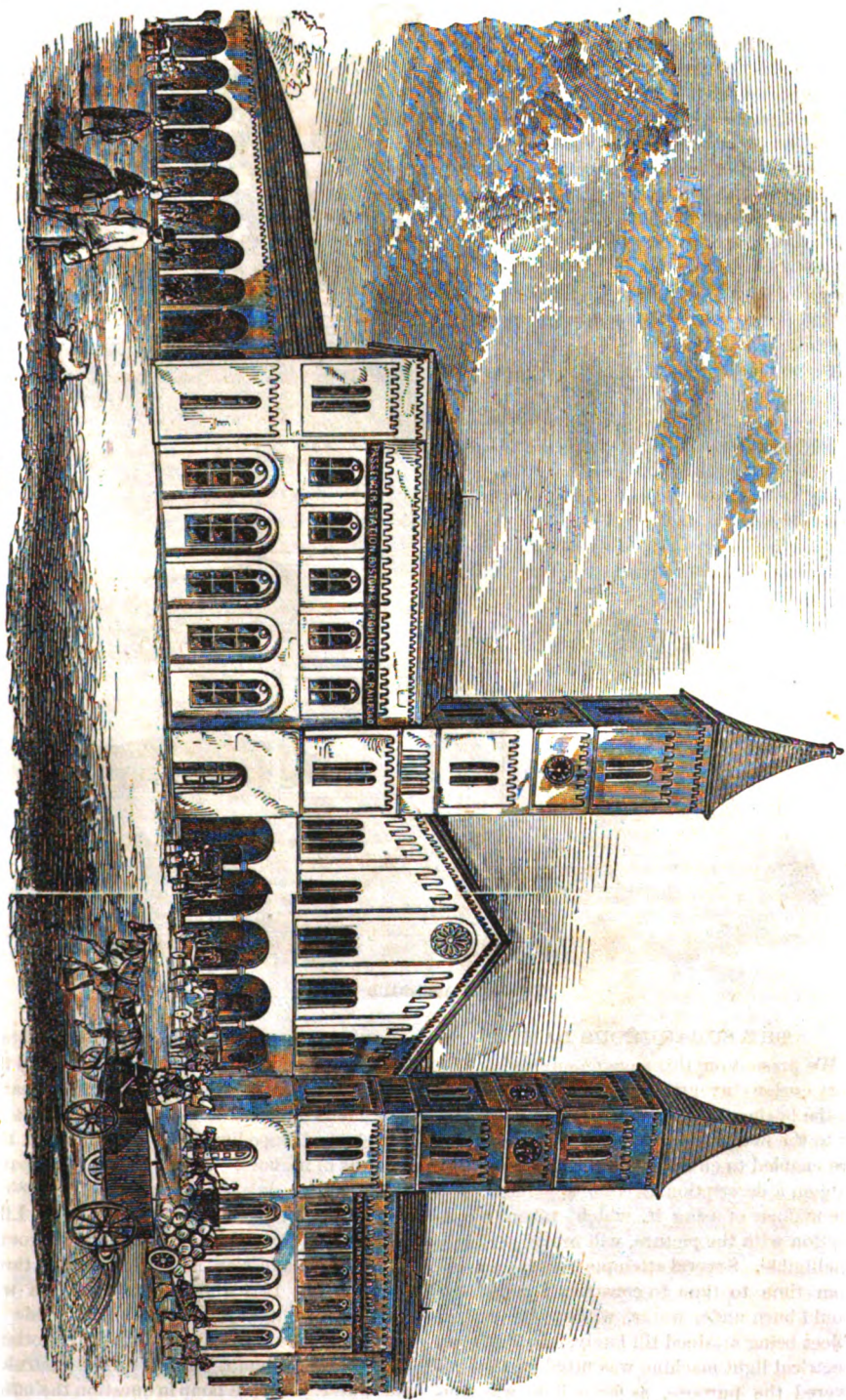
We could not tell her how it was,  
Our little one, so grieved,  
To find her fondly cherished pet  
Thus soon of life bereaved.  
Yet pitying tenderness and love  
Are never wasted *here*;  
Yon streamlet, murmuring in the grove,  
O'er pebbles bright and clear,  
May seem no useful work to do;  
But many a little floweret knows  
How much of growth and varied hue  
To its kind love it owes.

## **RAILROAD DEPOT, PROVIDENCE, R.I.**

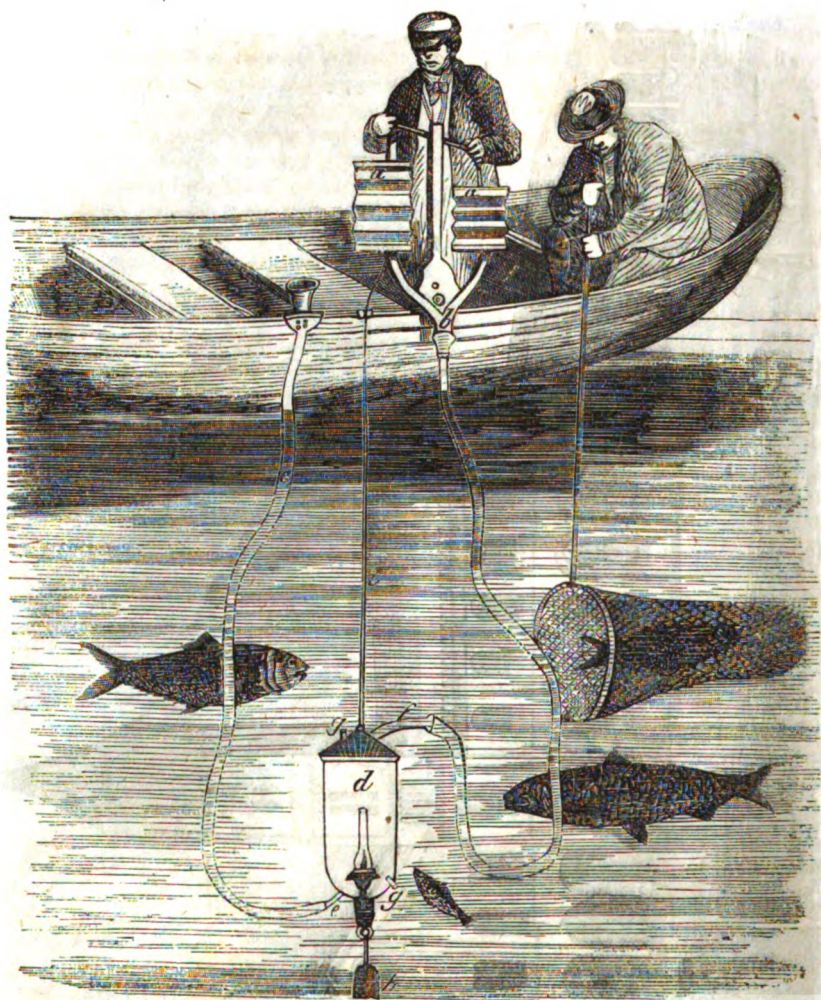
Providence owns one of the handsomest and most convenient railroad stations in the country. A correct view of the building is given on page 351. The ground on which the depot stands was redeemed from what was called the Cove, a body of water similar to our Back Bay, and which has been filled in with gravel and built upon. It is now one of the most beautiful parts of Providence.



VIEW OF THE RAILROAD DEPOT, PROVIDENCE, R. I.







THE SUBAQUEOUS LAMP.

**THE SUBAQUEOUS LAMP.**

We present on this page an engraving of a very curious invention, showing its adaptation to the business of fishing, and adding one other to the manifold contrivances by which men are enabled to ensnare the finny tribes. We subjoin a description of this apparatus, and the manner of using it, which, taken in connection with the picture, will prove perfectly intelligible. Several attempts have been made from time to time to construct a lamp that would burn under water, without the desired object being attained till lately. In Paris, an electrical light machine was fitted up that answered the purpose, as far as light was concerned; but the expense was too great to

allow of its general application. The object has been attained by Herr Karl Kohn, and the engraving shows the simplicity of the apparatus. It is intended to make examinations of wrecks and impediments to navigation at the mouths of harbors. The inventor anticipates being able to sink it to the depth of from 80 to 100 feet, without being extinguished. Like most useful inventions, this originated from a simple idea, and was first used about three years since. It is well known that fish will come to a light at night; and this mode of poaching is extensively practised in Scotland for catching salmon, and is called "burning the water." In the lamp in question the effect upon the finny inhabitants is greater than the

torch at the bows of the boat. The lamp is sunk to a considerable depth, and fish of all sizes, with laudable curiosity, are attracted by the novelty of the affair. When a large company is collected, the lamp is gradually raised, the fish following; and then, when at a convenient depth, the best are taken with hand-nets. Description of the lamp:—*a a*, Two exhausting bellows, by which a current of air is produced; *b*, a double cranked tin tube fixed to the boat, on which the bellows work; *c*, the supply-pipe, for the fresh air to feed the flame; *d*, the lamp itself, with glass air-tight case; *e*, the small pipe, to which the tube *c* is fixed to the lamp; *f*, the tube by which the deoxidised air passes to the bellows (this tube springs from the cover, which is hermetically closed upon the glass case containing the light); *g g*, two small openings to supply a draught till the lamp is ready for use; *h*, weight to sink the lamp; *i*, a wire to raise or lower the lamp. Some of the French fishermen use the lamp, but others repudiate it. But for exploring wrecks it is valuable.

#### WOMEN OF SABLES D'OLONNE.

In our researches after curious costumes, we have alighted on the graphic sketch which we have had engraved for this page. It represents the women of the town of Sables d'Olonne, a seaport in the department of La Vendee, France. The surrounding country is fertile and inhabited by one of the healthiest and most robust populations in all France. The men are almost all sailors; and the women pursue the avocations of fishing and farming. Their costume has a general character, differing only in the head-dress, which is changed with every costume, the most elegant being the *coiffe frisee* or *cabriole*. During the working hours the women of Sables go barefooted. In very cold weather they wear sabots, wooden shoes and pattens, with footless stockings, locally called *viroles*. When they go for water, they carry their jars suspended by a yoke. In winter they wear short cloaks of plush or fur, which give them a very singular appearance. Our engraving represents both their summer and winter costumes.



WOMEN OF SABLES D'OLONNE, LA VENDEE, FRANCE.



## VIEW IN BOSTON HARBOR.

The engraving on page 355 is a spirited view in Boston. The principal object in the foreground is Point Alderton, a high bluff or point of land, situated at the outer part of Boston harbor, about nine miles from the city. The light-house seen in our picture is the Boston outer light, and between it and Point Alderton is the entrance to the harbor. The land to the left slopes till it forms Nantasket Beach. The high cliff behind the light-house is part of the Great Brewster. Point Alderton is a high cliff, nearly perpendicular, the summit of which affords pasturage for sheep and cows.

The other entrance to the harbor, at Point Shirley, is four miles from the scene of our sketch. The harbor is sheltered from the ocean by the peninsula, of which Point Alderton and Point Shirley are the extremities, and by numerous islands, between which are three entrances. The main passage, which is about three miles southeast of the Charlestown navy yard, and quite narrow, lies between Castle and Governor's Islands, and is defended by Fort Independence and Fort Warren. A passage north of Governor's Island is also protected by Fort Warren. The new fortress on George's Island is designed to protect the entrance to the outer and lower harbor. The entire surface within Point Shirley is estimated at seventy-five square miles, and about half of this affords good anchorage ground for vessels of the largest class. The harbor is easy of access, and is very rarely obstructed by ice.

## PALACE OF THE TUILERIES, PARIS.

Our European friend has favored us with another notable foreign view—one that all will examine with remarkable interest; for there are so many associations connected with the Palace of the Tuileries (to be found on page 356), that even the most unimpressive of men cannot help recalling some of the great names and great men who have resided in the building. At the present time, our friend writes, "the palace of the Tuileries is the official residence of the emperor. The garden of the Tuileries contains about sixty-seven acres. Immediately in front of the palace are two flower-gardens, separated from a broad walk between them and the rest of the garden by fosses, and enclosed with netted iron railings. A large portion of the garden then follows, laid out in the style of Louis XIV. Three

circular basins and numerous groups of statues adorn this part of the garden. Beyond this is a plantation of elms and chestnut trees, and at the extremity of this plantation is an octagonal piece of water. A grand alley in the garden conducts from the centre pavilion of the palace to this point, and extends beyond the garden through the Champs Elysees up to the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, which, from the road being throughout of the same width and of gentle ascent, offers a perspective view of no common beauty.

"The entire garden is profusely decorated with statues, vases and fountains. The borders of all the alleys and avenues are studded with orange trees and laurel roses. This alley is the most fashionable promenade—all the gayest of the gay world of the capital are to be found here. A military band plays before the palace in the garden every evening. The closing of the garden is at nine, which is announced by the beat of drums, and a company of soldiers then pass through the garden to see that all have left.

"The court of the Tuileries, on the east side of the palace, was principally formed by Napoleon. It is separated from the Place du Carrousel by a handsome iron railing, with gilt spear-heads. There are three gateways opening from the court into the Place du Carrousel; Napoleon used to review his troops in this vast court. The troops who mount guard at the Tuileries, are inspected here daily at ten o'clock, with music. The Place du Carrousel derives its name from a great tournament held here by Louis XIV., in 1632. The principal object of interest in this square is the triumphal arch erected by the order of Napoleon, in 1806. It is an imitation of the arch of Septimius Severus at Rome; it is sixty feet by twenty at its base, and forty-five feet high. It consists of a central and two lateral arches. Eight Corinthian columns of red Languedoc marble, with bases and capitals of bronze, adorned with eagles, support the entablature. The summit is crowned by a triumphal car, formerly drawn by the four celebrated bronze horses cast at Corinth two hundred years before Christ. The Romans having pillaged Corinth, the horses were carried to Rome; from thence they were taken to Constantinople; from there to Venice, whence Napoleon took them to Paris; but were again restored to Venice by the Allies in 1815, where I saw them in front of the cathedral of St. Mark. The horses now drawing the car are

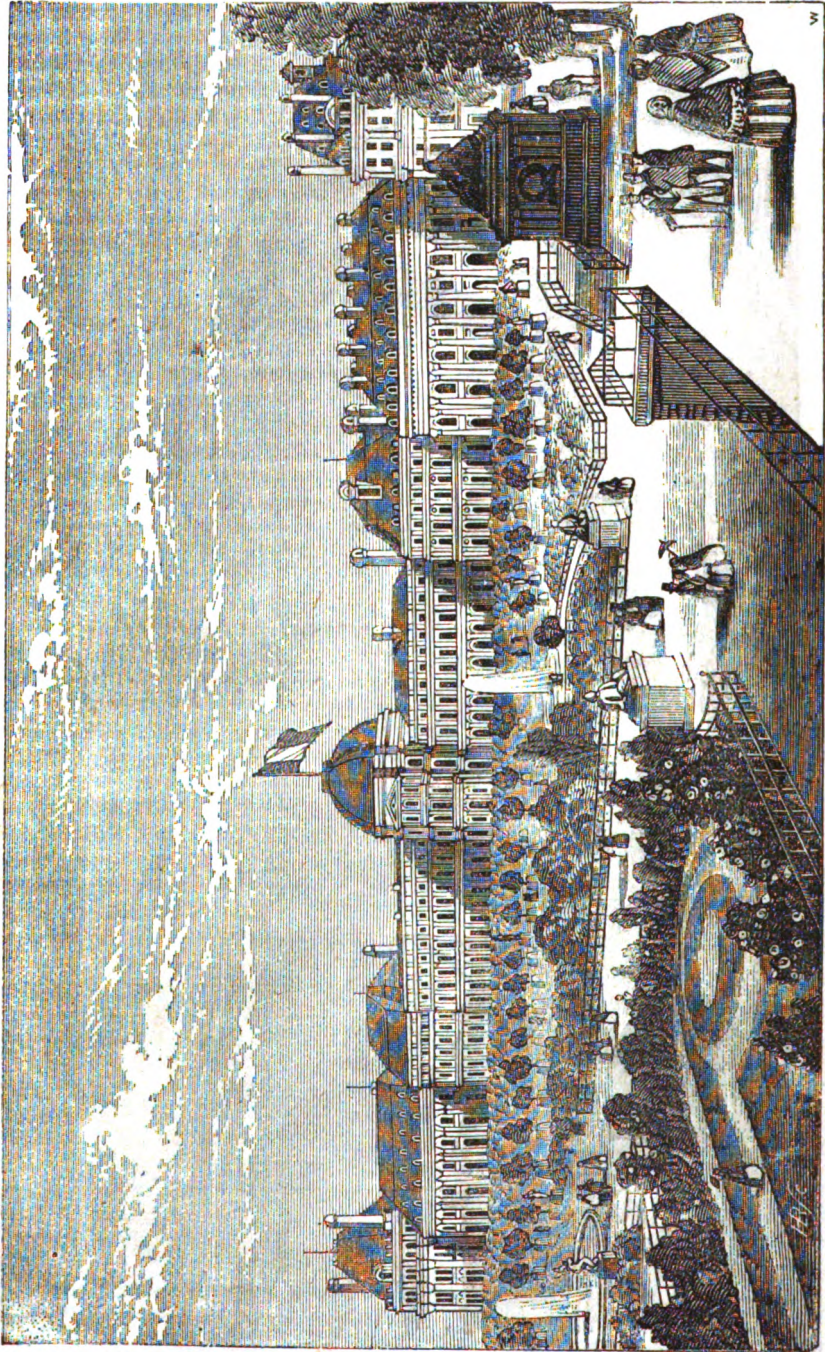
VIEW IN BOSTON HARBOR.





models of the above. A figure of Victory stands in the car, and figures on each side lead the horses. Over each column stands a marble figure of a soldier of Napoleon's army, in

the uniform of the several corps, and over each of the smaller archways is a marble bas-relief representing memorable events of the campaign of 1805."



PALACE OF THE TUILERIES, PARIS.

[ORIGINAL.]

## 1 SPRING IS COMING.

~~~~~  
BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.
~~~~~

Spring is coming! Spring is coming!  
Over hill and over plain;  
List, the busy wild bee's humming—  
Joyous spring has come again.

Wild flowers in her white hands bearing,  
With her eye of blue serene,  
Roses round her forehead wearing,  
Comes spring's fair and radiant green.

Like some young and beauteous maiden,  
Her small feet the green sward press;  
Her warm breath with fragrance ladened,  
Robed in regal loveliness.

Now the mountain torrent, breaking  
From its chain of ice and snow,  
Hill and dale to music waking,  
Rushes to the plain below.

And the crystal brook is singing  
Gaily by the cottage door,  
And the wild wood flowers are springing  
In the forest old and hoar.

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[ORIGINAL.]

THE TRAPPER'S PERIL.

A LEGEND OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

~~~~~  
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.  
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CHAPTER I.

THE CAPTURE.

"WELL!" exclaimed Le Sueur, a brawny Canadian trapper, as he drew his canoe upon one of the many little islands that lie along the northern shore of Lake Superior, in the noon of a mid-summer night—a night glorious in that latitude, when the "Strawberry moon" floats through the heavens like a misty pearl in the deepest azure of the ocean—"well, of all the hair-breadth escapes I've ever had, this whar ther nearest ter ther scalp. I think ther cussed red-skins would have overtook me, but, thank fortin, I dodged them among the islands. Jest as ef I hadn't er right ter trap here as well as them Ojibways—ther brutes! I've done it before, and I will do it agin, and no thanks ter them neither;" and the hardy and reckless frontier man began to make preparations for camping, with as much nonchalance as if he had not lately been pur-

sued by fifty savages, bent on his destruction. First, however, with the habitual caution of all educated among such scenes, and living ever amid danger, he examined the island upon which he had landed. It was low, rocky, and, except near the centre, uncovered by trees, though there the larch, hemlock and fir were interlocked so as to be almost impassable. Bending down as near as possible to the water, he searched, but vainly, for any trace of his enemies. Nothing broke the clear, glassy sheet of water. Dimly he could see the distant main shore, and no camp fires gleamed there. Satisfied of this, he carefully lifted his canoe upon the smooth rocks, so that no crafty eye could tell of his landing, and hid it in the dense thicket. Thither, also, he crawled; and, wearied and hungry as he was (for in the hurry of escape he had lost his rifle as well as his traps, and was without means of procuring food, even if he had dared to do so, and the time permitted), he threw himself upon the damp and moss-covered ground and was soon fast locked in heavy slumber.

He lay thus calmly reposing until the faint moon-rays of that far northern land had disappeared, and the dawn preceding darkness ruled unbroken. Then he turned uneasily from side to side, and awoke. But far too crafty and wood-wise was he to arise suddenly. As he lay so, he remained for a time eagerly listening. The low plash of the waves as they kissed the shore, the rustle of the leaves, the sighing of the wind and now and then the stealthy footstep of the rabbit, were the only sounds that came to his ears. All else was universal silence—the strange silence that reigns in the wilderness beyond the confines of civilization.

Knowing that it was time for him to steal like a guilty thing away, if he would be assured of safety, and satisfied that none were near to molest him, Le Sueur crept from his concealment, and removed his canoe to the water. With one end resting upon the shore and the other rising and falling with the tiny billows, he allowed it to remain, while he again scanned the dark bosom of the mighty lake. He could see nothing to arouse his fears. Should he then go at once and strive to procure some food, of which he now greatly felt the need? Better, thus, he thought, than to go to another of the little islets, that arose shadowy and almost unreal to the eye; and weaponless save his knife, he set at once about it.

Long association with the red men and severe experience had taught him how to sustain life, and even live luxuriantly, where a city-bred man would have starved; and the pliant root of the white pine (the thread with which Indians unite bark for their canoes) furnished him with means of making snares. A brace of rabbits rewarded him, but still the greatest difficulty remained. He was not rendered sufficiently ravenous by hunger to relish it raw, but should he light a fire for the cooking, keen eyes would speedily see it and compass his capture. A man of many resources, he was, however, equal to the task. First he found a hollow tree, a giant birch that had braved the storms of countless winters, and waved its gaunt arms far above the residue of the forest. Still it reared its head a monarch, but decay had found its heart, and its skeleton form was tottering to its fall. A natural chimney this; and soon its mouth was scantily filled with dead and perfectly dry branches, for well he knew that they emitted but little light, and that light thin, almost colorless smoke, while wet or green ones sent forth black clouds, staining the sky, and to be seen for miles.

The fire built, flint and steel and dry moss soon ignited it. The game was prepared, broiled upon the glowing coals and eaten with a zest that long fasting can alone give, and an appetite that all the boasted sauces of the land of vineyards and song could never confer.

Hark! Even while he was tearing the succulent flesh from the slender, brittle bones, a sound as of the sudden snapping of dry twigs startles him, and his fingers play nervelessly with the sharp knife. Long and intently he listens, but it is not renewed.

"Rabbit, no Indian!" he muttered to himself, and again applies himself to his meal.

It was now rapidly finished, for the inky clouds began to be streaked with gray, and warningly foretold the time of departure.

With the habitual recklessness of his class—who were wont to find food wherever hunger overtook them, whether on the rocky heights of the mountain, amid the tangled labyrinths of the larch and cedar swamps, by the little brook side or upon the almost fathomless and icy waters of the lake—he covered the fire with dirt, so as to extinguish it, burying at the same time the remnants of food, so as to defy almost the closest scrutiny. Then once more a careful searching of the water.

"All clear—all still. The lazy copper-skins

must have got drunk on the little whiskey I had in my flask, or else they have got some other poor devil in their clutches."

Standing upon a little hill that sloped gently down to where his canoe lay idly rocking with the waves, he had thus communed with himself, when turning, he saw, to his great surprise and horror, that a dozen war-painted and fully-armed savages were noiselessly advancing upon him from the opposite shore. The bows of some were raised, and the arrows drawn to the head; the rifles of others at the shoulder, and keen eyes glancing along the slender tubes, while brawny fingers were playing with the locks. All had knife or tomahawk clutched within their teeth, and a hundred deaths lay within their power.

Quick as was the discovery, so sudden also was the movements of Le Sueur, a shout of defiance burst from his lips, and rushing down the declivity he threw himself headlong into the canoe, which, obedient to the impulse, shot far out from the shore. The fearful, war-whoop and a shower of arrows and bullets answered, and the shore was lined with his enemies.

"By heaven!" burst from the lips of the trapper, the moment his frail bark had left the shore, and just when he fancied himself safe, "they have cut the bottom out of the canoe!" And even as he spoke the in-rushing water filled the egg-shell-like boat, and it sank with a gurgling sound from beneath him to the bottom.

As he had surmised, so in reality had the truth been. While he had been enjoying his early morning meal, a large canoe, loaded to its utmost capacity, had been silently paddled to the other side of the island, from whence the smoke of his little fire could be distinctly seen, and the roar of the flames as they swept the hollow trunk of the mighty tree plainly heard. Landing as silently as had been their coming, all waited until further plans should be carried out before they revealed themselves. At the motion of the chief, a young brave noiselessly lowered himself into the water, and swam along the shore until he reached the canoe of the feasting trapper. To rip the birch covering into many pieces was the work of an instant, and it was the swift passing of the knife through the resinous bark that startled Le Sueur, and which he falsely attributed to the passing of a rabbit.

The work of the Indian accomplished, he returned to his waiting companions, and by signs told of his success. Then they prepar-

ed to advance; the trapper had also taken his station upon the hill-top and discovered them.

To float in the icy waters of Lake Superior, even the hottest summer day, is speedy death.* Well Le Sueur knew this; but grasping the floating paddles, he still swam rapidly towards the nearest island, believing such a death preferable to the lingering one of torture, which he knew would follow his capture. But high-beating heart and strong will, limbs cast in a mould of iron, sinews pliant as whip-cord and nerves firm as marble, are not proof against the power of cold. With all his giant power he swam, and yet very soon his flesh became purple; his strong, set jaws trembled convulsively, and his teeth clashed together. The ice-king allowed none to bathe unpunished in his chosen pool, and seizing upon the extremities, was fast working his way through the mysterious channels of life to the fountain-head—the heart—to paralyze the flood-gates and check the flow forever.

There was death around him on all sides, but not his heart to yield. To do and to dare, to never give up, is a characteristic of such men, who, scorning the restraints of civilization, make for themselves houses in the wilderness, and first follow the ever westering star that will soon culminate in civilization, learning and religion; the forerunners they of new states—the hardy pioneers of a nation's glory and a nation's wealth.

Slow, slower, and yet more slowly his now half-paralyzed arms flung aside the dark waters, and his limbs lost their swift, frog-like fling. The chains of the ice-demon, forged in the Arctic fastnesses, were flung around him, and the very blood was congealing in the stiffened veins. A year hence and his form, ice-petrified,† may be thrown upon some sandy beach to find an earthly grave; but until then the waters shall sing an unceasing requiem above it.

One effort more—the last giant effort of nature to battle against the doom of the dark-

* This is a well-authenticated fact. Freezing soon puts an end to life. Captain Stannard and others often tested it with the hardy dogs of the Indians, and none survived longer than ten minutes, so extremely cold is the water. And this probably accounts for the superiority of the fish taken there over all others of the great chain of lakes.

† The reader will remember that this was the case with the lamented Dr. Houghton, the State Geologist of Michigan.

winged angel of death—and the struggles of the trapper are over, just as a canoe, laden with Indians, sweeping from the island he was striving to reach, swooped down like an eagle upon him, for with the ceasing of his efforts he had sunk like lead. So the dark fiends, that wait ever upon human misery, were sent howling back in anger at being robbed of their prey. A motion of the paddle, and the birchen wave-cradle turned as upon a pivot; a strong hand sent a long-shafted spear down deep into the tide; a dripping and apparently lifeless form was drawn up, lifted into the canoe, and, as if running a race, the paddles flashed, and the bark was driven ashore.

CHAPTER II.

SAVAGE WOOING. A RESCUE.

NEAR where the swift-rolling Kamanistiquie empties itself into the lake, through so many mouths that the stranger is often lost in their windings, and seeks in vain for the main stream, was the home camping-ground of the Ojibways. Upon the very spot where their wigwams were built, standing in picturesque confusion about, is now Fort William, one of the frontier trading posts of that grasping monopoly, the Hudson Bay Company. From the labors and excitement of the hunt, or the more dangerous path of war, thither the chiefs returned to rest, feast and offer sacrifices to the Manitou—waited upon by their wives and daughters, who were very slaves to their lords and parents—hewers of wood and drawers of water, and uncomplaining drudges in all menial offices.

The acknowledged beauty of the tribe—for the savage heart bows in as great if not greater devotion to one thus gifted than their more cultivated brothers—was the daughter and only living child of the great war-chief of the nation. Her brothers had passed from earth to the shadowy land of spirits, on the bloody path of battle, when the fire-weapons of the white man thinned their ranks, and fore-shadowed the fate that should follow them—total destruction. Far and wide had the fame of this forest belle spread, and many a warrior had sought, but in vain, to mesh her heart in the rosy net of love, and lure her to his wigwam to cook his venison and cunningly embroider his moccasins and leggins. But "Fire-Fly," as she had been named with the red man's love of the poetical in nomenclature, was as yet heart whole. Perchance in her many

visits with her father to the rapids of the Sault de Ste Marie (for the great chief was proud of his beautiful child), and her consequent association in some degree with the white man, she had been strikingly impressed with the different treatment of her sex, and so resolved never to own one of her tribe as master. No offerings that had ever been laid at the door of her wigwam had ever been taken in, and no brave ever received a smile of encouragement.

When the bright sun of morning flung its braided rays of gold, azure and vermillion over the dreamy landscape, gliding the little wavelets of the river, creeping among the tangled bowers of the tamarack, throwing a halo around the lofty mountain crests, and kissing the dewy cups of the God-cultured flowers, Fire-Fly issued from the screening curtains of her lodge. Her tall, slender figure was clad in the most snowily-dressed doe skins, quill and wampum-worked and bead-fringed. Among the midnight braids of her hair a single feather, torn from the wing of the great war-eagle, was twined, and drooped daintily over her shoulder—a token of her rank.

With a light and rapid step she threaded her way through the encampment, and disappeared in the thickets that formed a dark background to the scene. Secure from prying eyes, after having wandered far, she seated herself upon a fallen tree, and began weaving a basket of green twigs and blood-hued flowers of the moisture-loving larch. Communing with her thoughts, and busy with her dainty employment, hours passed without her heeding them, when suddenly raising her head, she saw the form of a huge bear crowding its way along and almost at her side.

Springing to her feet, she would have sought safety in flight; but her path was obstructed by the beast, and with a heart-born but unuttered prayer, she sank down again hopeless and helpless. With the calmness of despair she awaited death, coming, even as she knew it was, in the most horrible form. But her torturing suspense was but momentary, for the huge beast reared itself aloft, raising at the same time its paws as in the act to strike. The head of Fire-Fly sank upon her knees, her eyes were covered with her hands, but no stroke followed. A few moments of intense agony—an agony that was more terrible than death itself, and she again cautiously raised her eyes to solve the mystery.

A war-painted brave stood before her, and

at his feet, in many a fold, lay the skin stripped from the fierce black bear of the mountains.

"A-puk-wa!" she exclaimed, starting up in confusion, not unmixed with anger, at having her privacy thus disturbed.

"Fire-Fly wanders far," was the evasive reply.

The Great Manitou guards his red children as well in the forest as in the wigwams of the Ojibways."

"The wigwam of Fire-Fly is lonely."

"A-puk-wa has never entered there. He knows not."

"The great chief is ever absent. The mother that rocked the little birchen cradle has gone to the land of spirits; the daughter is alone there."

"Is the dove lonely when sitting on its wind-rocked nest, swaying with the boughs and singing in the sunshine?"

"The tongue of Fire-Fly wanders far from the trail."

"As the bee flies, so are her words."

"The path of the bee is crooked as the serpent's when it seeks to rob the flowers of their honey dew."

"Then as the arrow when the wolf is in the way, and the hunter would bury its stony head in the quick-throbbing brain."

"The ragged string turns the arrow from the mark, and the half-feathered shaft flies a sport for the wind."

"Then the eye is false and the arm unsteady."

Aware that it was simply useless to bandy words with the girl, whom he had long and urgently sought to fill his wigwam, and vexed that she should thus lightly turn away all his advances to the subject that was nearest and dearest to his heart, the swarthy brow of the Indian grew black as night, and his hand involuntarily sought the tomahawk that glittered in his belt. But reason returned in season to control the base impulses of passion, and softening his manner he continued, outwardly calm, but with a raging fire burning volcano-like within:

"Fire-Fly knows well the words A-puk-wa would have steal into her ears, and find a resting-place in her heart."

"Her ears are not closed like an adder's. She can hear the low music of the waters, and the rustling of the forest leaves."

"Let her listen, then, to the voice of the warrior."

"It is not soft like that of the dove. It is

the harsh scream of the prey-seeking hawk. If she would, she could not be deaf to its sound."

"The wigwam of A-puk-wa is filled with the meat and hung around with the scalps of his enemies; but there is no squaw there to cook—to grind the maize, mend his moccasins, or welcome him when he returns faint and hungry.

"There are many maidens in the lodges of the Ojibways that would gladden the warrior's heart."

"The one within whose veins swells the hot, red blood of chieftains seeks not his mate from such. The eagle chooses not the dove, the proud-antlered buck the cowardly sheep of the pale-face, or the high-leaping panther the snarling wolf."

"The maidens of the forest will not be deaf to the call of the Bulrush. Let him speak—they will answer."

"And Fire-Fly?"

"Her light must still remain to gladden the lodge of her father."

It was a point-blank refusal, and again the black shadow fell upon the face of the Indian, and the veins on his forehead swelled out like whip cords. All the base, black passions of his nature surged wildly up, and would not be controlled. The flood-gates of revenge burst through the fettering embankments, and ran riot in their wrath. Rapid as thought was the strong grasp he laid upon her arm, while with his other hand he waved the death-dealing tomahawk in circles around.

"Fire-Fly must die!" he hissed, serpent-like, through his fast-locked teeth. "She has scorned the love of the warrior whose tent poles are hung with the scalps of the enemies, and whose leggings are fringed with their hair. Look! Upon his breast he wears their teeth and claws, won in a single-handed fight, when winter-starved it rushed from its rocky den.

"The Bulrush is a coward, and no warrior. He would frighten a weak girl, even as the serpent does the tiny bird," was the taunting reply, for Fire-Fly well knew that any show of fear would but hasten her fate.

"Let the prayers of Fire-Fly be breathed to the Manitou. See! the sunshine is creeping to the mossy end of the log she is resting upon. Quickly almost as the panther's leap it will be there. Then the death-angel will bear the soul of Fire-Fly to the land of shadows."

"And A-puk-wa will boast of his bravery in

the wigwams of his tribe. But no, he dare not! He will slink away like the whipped dog. The braves of the Ojibways will drive him from the council lodge when they learn of his baseness, and the Medicine devise new tortures for him."

"Fire-Fly croaks like the ill-omened buzzard," replied the warrior, still retaining his grasp with so firm and strong a hold that the fingers were pressed deeply—almost buried in the soft flesh of the girl.

"Let him strike if he dare! One cry from the lips of Fire-Fly, and a hundred warriors would spring as from the ground for her defence and her revenge," she continued, seeing that her savage enemy quailed at her words, and hoping thereby to obtain her freedom.

"Will Fire-Fly lock within her heart what has now passed in the forest, and ever keep her lips from uttering it?" he asked, undecided how to act, for his cunning mind told him that he dare not stain his hands in her blood. Passion had had time to cool, and sober reason was busy at work attempting to devise some means of escape from the snare his headlong violence had entrapped him in.

"Go ask the Medicine."

"The lips of Fire-Fly alone must answer."

"He will tell you," she continued, unmindful of his words; "he who has learned from the spirits of the air, that one from whose lips a promise is forced is freed therefrom by the laws of the Ojibways, and the mandates of the Great Manitou. A-puk-wa knows this."

"Your promise or death!" thundered the brawny warrior, knowing that his fate hung between the two—that in the cold grave she would perforce be silent, and that with her word once pledged she would be equally so."

"Death sooner than that my lips should be blistered with lies!" was the brave response, as, drawing her lithe form to its utmost height, she looked him unflinchingly in the eye, and flashed back defiance.

"Then so it shall be!"

Brave to the last, she bowed her beautiful head, as if to welcome the coming stroke. The strong arm was raised—the hatchet whirled ringing round—strength was gathered for the blow, and then, even as the weapon was descending on its fatal errand, a clubbed rifle descended upon the unprotected head of the would-be murderer, and he fell senseless to the ground.

"Murder er gal, would yer, in cold blood, yer catamount!" exclaimed a gruff voice, and the speaker stepped from behind the screen—

ing bushes, dressed and armed, and bearing unmistakable signs of his vocation as a trapper. "Waal," he continued, seeing that the Indian remained insensible, "I've hearn tell of Indian devilty erfore, but 'twas all tanter-mount ter nothin' compared to this! A war-painted brave er goin' ter butcher er squaw, and er pretty one too. Pretty? I've seen that air face erfore, jest as sure as shootin'. It's Fire-Fly, as I'm a sinner!" and he stooped and raised the girl tenderly in his strong arms, and continued: "And she's gone and fainted, too!" Hark! Paddles and er death chant! A prisoner er goin' ter ther torture. By heavens! but it may be my sworn companion, Le Sueur; I've tried ter find him, but cannot. No sign, no trace; he never left me so erfore. By —," but he strangled the oath before it escaped his lips, and listened earnestly.

The low, solemn death-song of the Ojibways came stealing to his ears like a wail of lost spirits, and his not unhandsome face became dark as night.

"Yes, it must be Le Sueur! Thar is no other white trapper except me 'on ther lake, and the red-skins for er wonder are not er fightin' with ther scalpin' brotherin'. But ef it should be, and they so much as harm a hair ef his head, I'll make such a howlin' in ther camp as will make them think ther hull of creation is er breakin' up."

With the words his resolve was taken, his plan of action formed, and with one glance—to satisfy himself that the prostrate Indian had not sufficiently recovered his consciousness to be aware of his presence, he hastily but silently wended his way to the shore, and deposited the form of Fire-Fly in a canoe he had hidden there. A moment after, the bark of the Indians who had captured Le Sueur passed, and from his concealment he saw that it was indeed his friend—another, and he was cautiously paddling through one of the most hidden and intricate mouths of the Kamanistiquie. Soon he reached the open waters of the lake, and turning southward, sped like an arrow towards the head of Thunder Bay.

If the red man had a prisoner, so now had the white man, and upon the fate of one hung that of the other.

CHAPTER III.

TORTURE! A GHOST! THE TABLES TURNED.

It was noon in the camping-ground of the Ojibways, and a silence like death reigned

there. All work was suspended. Paddles, canoes, baskets, all remained unfinished. The ever noisy children had suddenly disappeared from sight altogether, or were cautiously peering out from beneath the covering of the wigwams. Even the snarling, thieving, half-starved dogs were silent. But one human figure was visible, and that was the captive Le Sueur, who, fettered to a post in the centre of the group of lodges, stood awaiting his doom. Yet in the largest wigwam in the encampment the arbiters of fate had assembled, and were in earnest debate as to what manner of death he should die, for that he should perish had long been settled in the minds of all. With the gaudily-painted and hieroglyphical-marked curtains closely drawn, the elders and braves of the tribe sat smoking as calmly as if engaged in a pleasurable pastime. The pipe passed slowly around the circle—the fragrant smoke of the dried willow was puffed in wreaths from the wide-spread nostrils—the sacred fire of the Medicine was kindled in the centre, and the great chief and father of Fire-Fly arose.

"The pale face," began Leaping Thunder, "has stolen like a serpent into the hunting-grounds of the Ojibways. He has fished in the streams, shot in the forests and taken the beaver and otter in his iron traps. My brothers know the laws of the tribe—let them say what shall be his doom."

"Death!" responded all, while the circling calumet ceased to be handed about, and the fire within it was allowed to go out—an emblem, perchance, of what should be; for was not the mystic flame of life to be quenched, and naught but the cold, inanimate ashes remain?

"It is well!" hoarsely breathed the Medicine, in a croaking voice, while the carrion crow that sat upon his shoulder answered with a loud "caw," and the fangless serpent in his hand reared its crest and hissed startlingly.

"Such are the laws of the Ojibways, given to them by the mighty Meda of the Manitou, long before the paddle of the pale-face ever broke their dark waters."

"Hugh, hugh!" again answered all.

"Let my brothers think of his fate. Not the death of a brave taken in battle—not as if found on the war-path must his end be."

"No, no indeed!" burst indignantly from every lip.

"When the sneaking wolf is found in the trap of the hunter, he meets not the fate of

the great bear that battles with his enemies to the last," interrupted the Medicine, shaking bells and wierd emblems of power, and dancing grotesquely around.

"The Medicine's words are straight as the trail of truth," continued Leaping Thunder.

"They have been sung to him by the stars, whispered by the winds, breathed in perfume by the flowers and murmured by the stream," proudly responded the (supposed to be) great magician.

"Of the tortures of the red man which shall be his doom?"

"All, save that reserved by the laws of the Ojibways for one of their own braves who proves false to his honor, his vows when he first entered the council lodge, learned its mysteries and became a warrior, or dares to raise his hand in anger against one of the tribe."

"The Medicine speaks well. His tongue is gifted with wisdom. Then the pale-face wolf shall suffer the torture of hunger?"

"Hugh, yes!"

"Thirst?"

"Hugh!"

"Knife, arrow and fire?"

"Hugh, hugh!"

"It is well—so let it be," shouted the Medicine, in exultation, shaking his rattles, and waving the writhing, hissing snake around his head; while his ill-omened crow croaked solemnly, as if breathing a satisfying amen to the verdict.

And now the fierce conclave was broken up; the warriors stepped outside of the sacred council lodge; two old and repulsive squaws brought rude drums and beat a monotonous tune, and the dance of death was begun—begun even under the very eye of the prisoner, who but too well knew its meaning. Like fiends escaped from their penal element, and revelling in a short-lived holiday, they circled, twisted and leaped in uncouth changes, with horrid grimaces and fearful shouts, while the aged squaws beat the drums and sang in strains almost infernal.

All this Le Sueur saw, and knew that it was but preliminary to his being the victim to the most severe torture that their savage brains could invent and their savage hands execute. One thought given to the home of his childhood; one prayer for the aged mother, who would watch for his coming; one half-formed anathema against those who had lured him from civilization, inculcated false precepts of independence in his mind and trained him to

the wild and ever dangerous life of a trapper, and then he nerved himself to die a death of uncomplaining and of defiance.

The warriors, tired with their frantic exertions, and the man of mummery fatigued with his genuflections and contortions, sank upon the ground as the squaws gathered up their instruments of death and disappeared. The signal was given, and the youths of the tribe gathered around, with their blunt-headed arrows and dulled knives. First, however, the squaws completed the torture of hunger and thirst, for not a morsel of food or drink had passed the lips of Le Sueur since the hour of his capture, as the Ojibways believed, in their savage superstition, that a fasting sacrifice was the more acceptable to the Great Spirit. With dainty food steaming from the fire, and redolent with savory juices and odors, and with birchen cups filled with cool, clear water, and dripping with freshness, they approached him. One after the other was held to his lips, tempting to the utmost the ravenous wolves of hunger and thirst that were gnawing at his very heart-strings, but he smiled in disdain. A delicate morsel was placed between his parched lips, with the rich juices gushing out at the slightest pressure, and he spat it in apparent anger to the ground. Too well had he nerved himself to exhibit pleasure that would only prolong his agony, and tend to render his torture more severe.

And now that he had shown himself brave, and not to be influenced by minor matters—minor, at least, in the eyes of the red man—the squaws ceased their efforts, and the youths formed a circle around. With the rapidity of lightning shot after shot was fired, every arrow coming in close proximity to the head of the prisoner, and now and then one hitting him, but without severe injury. Firm as the deeply-planted post to which he was bound, Le Sueur stood. Not a nerve quivered or eye winked.

To him who knew the customs of the Indians in all their minutiae this was but pastime, and he laughingly and tauntingly exclaimed:

"Is this ther way the Ojibways are wont ter try each other's courage? Bah! It mought do for old women and young gals, but er old hunter laughs at yer 'for yer trouble."

A growl of anger burst from the lips of the warriors, and the places of the boys were instantly filled by them, armed with keen-edged knives and glittering tomahawks. Still the prisoner felt that he was safe, except from

some unlucky blow—some misdirected weapon; for it was the pride of all to throw as near as possible to the victim without injuring him, and he who drew blood or inflicted a wound was scouted at and even rebuked. But the play was becoming earnest. The slender knives flashed through the sunlight, and stuck quivering in the post, and the tomahawks buried themselves deeply in the wood, or tore off huge splinters. Still Le Sueur stood firm, knowing that it was his only chance for safety, though it required a wonderful command of nerve to do so. Many minutes had he remained thus, when a knife, less dexterously thrown than the others, cut the thongs that bound his hands. The blood flowed in a stream from one of his arms that had been wounded, and the knife stuck deep and quivering in the flesh; but stifling the heart-pang it created, the dauntless trapper folded his arms without removing the weapon, and smiled grimly around, while a mocking laugh burst from his lips.

"Hi-yi-yi! Hi-yi-yi!" exclaimed the Indians, completely thrown off their guard, and surprised from their usual stoical demeanor by this unexpected exhibition of bravery.

"Shout away, ye heathens! Did yer never see er man erfore, ye imps of Satan?" howled back the trapper; but the swift-flying weapons cut his speech short, and it required all his command to stand firm.

A chosen few of the most skillful hunters had taken the places of the others, and the keen-cutting and death-dealing weapons were stuck into the post thick as porcupine quills. So eager were they to outdo each other, that more than one had pierced the skin, planing legs, arms and even head firmly, as if nailed there, and inflicting exquisite pain without in the least endangering life. Intently was his every motion watched to discover signs of fear or pain; but the weather-bronzed features of Le Sueur gave no token. Baffled in this, they tired of their inhuman sport, and fell back in sullen anger.

This moment of comparative freedom was not lost by the captive. Death he knew would be the end, but should it come to him unresisting? Should he die without a struggle, calmly and unrevenged—die as a lamb in a slaughter-pen? Made of sterner stuff, and taught to look upon an Indian as but one remove from a beast, retaliation was as natural as breath to him, and "blood for blood" was an immutable law. Seeing his torturers thus idle and cast down, he suddenly drew

the knife from his arm, cut the thongs from his feet, and stepped boldly towards the astonished warriors.

"Now, ye blood-thirsty devils," he exclaimed, waving the knife in his bleeding arm, "jest send yer bravest along, and I'll soon show him how a white man can fight!"

A hundred arrows were fitted to the string, the bows strained to the utmost in an instant, and his taunt would soon have made him a target, had not the great chief, Leaping Thunder, interfered.

"No warrior of the Ojibways crosses weapons with the pale-face!" he said.

"Then yer a pack of cowards, that's all," replied Le Sueur, looking cautiously around him to discover some weak part in the circle, through which he might force a way with a chance of success.

No answer was returned; but he saw the cordon of dark forms rapidly contracting, and felt that he would soon again be overpowered, and completely at their mercy. A rapid glance—a shout, loud, ringing and clear as the clang of a sharp-toned bell—and he threw himself upon them, dashed down the nearest, plunging the knife hilt deep in his broad, uncovered bosom. The savage fell with a deep groan, but his fingers had fastened firmly in the strong buckskin hunting-shirt of the trapper, and he dragged him with him to the ground. Strong as were his efforts, giant as was the strength he put forth to free himself—it was all in vain. He was clutched in the unyielding grasp of death, and before he could in the least recover himself, was pinioned in the arms of a dozen brawny savages, infuriated at the probably fatal wound of one of their number, bound ten times more strongly, and re-led to the fatal post.

"The blood of a warrior of the Ojibways stains the green grass, and cries aloud to the Great Manitou!" almost shrieked the old Medicine, trembling with rage, while the crow creaked, and the serpent hissed a diabolical accompaniment.

"Let the heart be torn from the breast of the pale-face, and thrown—life-beating as it is, blood-throbbing and quivering—upon the burning coals!" howled a brother of the sorely wounded man, dancing with fiendish gestures around the prisoner, and menacing him with his huge and knotted war club.

"The dark angel of death shall swoop upon him like the black buzzard upon the cowardly hare, and that quickly!" said Leaping Thunder. Let the torture of the fire begin! Let

the pale-face sing his death song, and the spirits that dwell in the pale man's hell fling open wide its gates!"

"It is well," responded the hoarse voice of the Medicine, while the mystic emblems of his calling whirled around his head like the fall of a threshing, and the satisfied passions of his heart glowed through his dark eyes.

Many willing forms sprang forward to execute the orders of the chieftain; but even as they turned towards the pile of readily prepared wood, they started back as if serpent-stung.

"A ghost! ghest!" burst in terror from every lip.

Le Sueur turned his eyes towards the spot, and saw a painted warrior come staggering along with the uncertain step of a drunken man. A deep gash was visible on his shaven head—shaven closely, with the exception of the scalp-lock; and the blood that had oozed from its ragged and gaping lips had streamed over his face and breast, and had been allowed to congeal there in great ghastly drops. As he came nearer, the cry of the Indians changed from fear to anger. They rattled their weapons, and stamped furiously in the whirlwind of their passion.

"The Bulrush—no ghost!" resounded from all parts of the encampment.

It was indeed the false-hearted warrior who had been struck down by the hand of the trapper—the sworn friend and companion of the prisoner. Long had he lain helpless; but at length recovering, had crawled back to his wigwam, learned what was going on, and that the daughter of the chief had not returned, and so presented himself with a ready forged tale to account for his injury.

He had been wandering in the forest, he said, in search of game, when suddenly he heard the voice of Fire-Fly, shrieking in terror. In the direction of the sound he rushed, prepared to die for her, when terrible thunder rocked the earth; the red forked lightning rent the heavens, and he was struck down insensible.

"By all that's wonderful," shouted Le Sueur, "if lightning ever made such a hole in a man's head, it must have used a rifle lock for a bolt."

Swarthy eyes glared upon him at this speech, and but little attention was paid to it then, though it was well remembered in the hereafter.

The tumult caused by the arrival of the wounded brave ceased as suddenly as it had

begun, and the fagots were piled quickly around the condemned man.

Now look your last, brave trapper of the wilderness, upon the fair earth, the master-work of the Master Workman whose own voice pronounced it "good." The scathing fire shall surround thee—the forked tongues of the flames lap up thy blood—the yet throbbing heart shall be torn from thy breast, and cast upon the glowing coals—thy body shall be consumed, and thy ashes scattered to the winds!

"Fire!"

Sternly and sudden came the command from the lips of the Medicine, but the hand of the chief stayed its execution. He had searched in vain for his beautiful daughter, and, with a heart torn between love for her and revenge upon the pale-face, he knew not how to act.

"Fire-Fly! Fire-Fly!" burst in sorrowful accents from his lips.

"Let the pale-face die first, and then shall Fire-Fly be found."

"It must be so! Fire!"

But even as the flames were being applied, a runner, faint from fatigue, burst suddenly from the woods into the circle, waving wildly a strip of silvery bark above his head. In the hands of Leaping Thunder he placed it, and then fell headlong to the ground, with the blood gushing from nostrils and mouth, and telling more forcibly than words the length and speed of his race. From one to the other was the bark scroll passed in vain. None could decipher it. Then, at the suggestion of one of the elders, it was taken to Le Sueur. With great difficulty even he read it; but at length he managed to master the writing sufficiently to understand that La Frombois had captured Fire-Fly, and as they dealt with him, so would he deal with the girl. This he explained to the gathered warriors in great glee, for now he knew himself safe. Short was the council before he was released. His wounds were dressed, and he was fed and treated as a welcome and honored guest in all respects, save that he was held as a hostage for the safety of the girl.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EXCHANGE. INDIAN PUNISHMENT.
CUPID IS KING.

DIFFICULT indeed was it for either the savages to decide (now that they were satisfied

that the Indian girl was in the power of the white man) how an exchange was to be made. La Frombois would not of course trust himself in the power of the Ojibways, and they would not release the trapper and trust to his honor to return, after they had treated him so brutally. The guilty and treacherous are always suspicious of others, judging them, as they ever do, by their own hearts. Perchance some conclusions would speedily have been arrived at had it not been that the false lover—the Bulrush—threw every obstacle that was possible in the way; even hinting, as broadly as he dared, that it was of her own free will that she was in the power of La Frombois, who was well known to many of the braves.

"My brothers know," he whispered (especially in the ears of those who deemed themselves slighted by Fire-Fly), "that the daughter of Leaping Thunder ever scorned the love of the red man, and was proud of even a passing notice from one of a pale skin.

"You're er jealous brute, onyhaw," replied Le Sueur, who by chance heard the remark, "and I'd bet a dozen prime beaver skins that she's flung yer higher nor a kite. But sposin' she should take er shine to Joe La Frombois, what of it? He's worth a hull craft of fellers like you, 'specially ef they come lyin' erbout bein' struck by lightning, when thar's ther plain print ef er rifle lock in yer skull."

The face of the savage was distorted with anger, and his fingers played for a moment with the handle of his knife; but with a mighty effort he controlled himself, and turned away, seemingly indifferent to words, to ply his villany at some more favorable time. Busily engaged in this, he neglected to watch others; and soon Le Sueur found an opportunity to communicate his suspicions to the chief, Leaping Thunder, proposing at the same time that they two should take a canoe, coast down the shore, and not overtaking La Frombois, should even go so far as Saint Mary, where he was certain they would find him and the girl, and an exchange could be effected without danger to either party, pledging himself not to attempt to escape. This, after much objection on the part of the Indian, was agreed upon, and a secret watch was placed upon A-puk-wa, so that in the event of the trapper's suspicions proving true, he would readily be found. The spies were charged to try all means to ascertain the truth, and use every effort in their power to draw from him confessions that would be fatal to him in the event of a trial.

On a bright morning, Leaping Thunder and his late prisoner set sail. The canoe danced gaily on the sun-gilded waters of the lake, and after many days it was drawn ashore at the head of the rapids of Saint Mary. A portion of the tribe of the Ojibways always resided there, and tidings of the lost girl and the trapper were soon learned. She was still a prisoner to La Frombois, but at the house of a Frenchman who had married an Indian woman, and was well-treated and apparently contented.

The last words of the sentence jarred harshly on the feelings of the savage warrior, and brought a smile to the face of the white man. "Apparently contented?" Was there not a hidden meaning in the term? Each thought so, but with far different emotions.

La Frombois appeared quickly, when summoned by his friend, and in a plain, bluff manner, related the story of his striking down A-puk-wa in order to save the life of Fire-Fly, and his carrying her off to make sure of the safety of his friend. He did not know, he said, who the Indian was, but the girl could tell; and together the two wended their way to the rude shanty in which she had found a home.

The meeting of the father and daughter was guarded, and exhibited but few of the demonstrations of pleasure common among their (so-called) civilized brethren. Modestly, when questioned, the Indian girl related all that had passed between her and A-puk-wa—the threat of death, the raising of the weapon, the sudden appearance and aid of the trapper, her sinking insensible, waking therefrom in the canoe, and the voyage down the lake.

"And he treated yer like a lady, didn't he?" asked Le Sueur.

No answer was returned; but the eyes of Fire-Fly lit up with a lightning-like flash, and her hand drew a long, sharp knife from the folds of her wampum sash. It was a reply far better than words, and one that none present could fail to understand.

And now the exchange was made. On the morrow the canoe of Leaping Thunder would be turned homeward. With a few earnest words he thanked La Frombois for the kind treatment of his daughter, and then added:

"Will the hunters of the pale-face return to the wigwams of the Ojibways, and learn how they punish one of their own tribe when he has broken their laws? The red man will welcome them as brothers. There will be peace between them forever. The forest and

the stream will be open to them, and should an enemy hunt them to death, even as the snarling wolves hunt the stag of ten antlers, the Ojibways will fight for them as if they were red children of the Great Manitou."

The chief had advanced as he spoke, towards where the two white men were standing, leaving his daughter somewhat in the rear. Both of the trappers were undecided, when La Frombois, chancing to look up, beheld the form of the girl bent eagerly forward, her lips half parted, as if in the act to speak, and her eyes gleaming with a strange, pleading expression. A new idea was born in his brain—a new pulse quickened to life in his heart, and his resolution was taken in an instant.

"Go?" he answered, in a voice more than usually mild, "go? of course we will. I don't owe that Bulrush, as you call him, any grudge; though if I had known as much erbout him as I do now, I reckon he'd never have lived ter be tried. Jest think of er man er goin' ter kill er woman, and such a pooty one, too," and he glanced towards Fire-Fly again. But if he had intended part of the words for her benefit alone, any effect they might have had was beyond his power of discernment, for she had sunk to the floor, and sat with her head buried in her lap.

Pleasant was their return. By easy stages they travelled, camping in the most beautiful places, and feasting upon the varied spoils of the forest and lake. The first evening, the red man was somewhat startled from his usual taciturn manner to see La Frombois erect a little bower, covered securely with bark, and carpet it deep with the odorous boughs of the fir, throwing over them blankets and skins. It was a forest bed, perfumed, soft, springy, and meet for a queen, and no wonder the Indian was startled from his propriety by such an exhibition of luxury.

"Does the pale-face sleep thus?" he asked of Le Sueur, who was by his side engaged in securing the canoes. "Is he a sick squaw that the earth or the rock is not soft enough for him to rest upon?"

"It is for Fire-Fly," answered the trapper, with a noiseless laugh.

"For Fire-Fly!" and an uneasy feeling troubled the features of her father—a very shadow of a new, undefined fear.

"Sartinly, Thunder; that's ther way ther white men always take care of ther women. I know yer daughter don't need it, and haint been used ter it; but it's a kind er compliment

ter her sex, and so don't say er word agin it."

Night after night this was repeated; and by some strange chance it happened that La Frombois was ever relieving the Indian girl of the labor usually performed on a journey by one in her condition; sitting near her at their meals—helping her to the choicest fare—wandering with her in search of dry fuel, and keeping guard near her at night. This, after the explanation of Le Sueur, was little thought of by Leaping Thunder. He fully believed the words of the trapper; and now that his daughter was safe, his mind (in accordance with his nature) turned almost entirely towards the punishment of the false-hearted, lying A-puk-wa. Even Le Sueur paid little attention to it, until one morning he saw that the chain and little gold cross his friend usually wore around his neck, was missing, and further search saw it (as the girl was stooping over the fire) glittering brightly on her bosom. Then his eyes were opened; and though he said nothing, and pretended to be blind to all that was passing around him, he indulged in many a silent, hearty laugh, and managed, by every means in his power, to draw the chief away, and leave the twain together unwatched.

The canoes shot up the many-mouthed Kasmanistique, and their slender prows rested against the shore. Fire-Fly departed silently to her wigwam, and the two trappers were led by the chief to his own as favored guests. It was night when they arrived, and soon the stars glittered down upon the feast of the White Dog, prepared expressly in their honor. Dance—a wild, uncouth dance followed; and then, as if by magic, the scene changed, and where swift feet had but now beat time upon the hard ground, a captive stood, pinioned and awaiting his doom. It was A-puk-wa!

Certain of death, he gloriéd in his crime. Loud was his song, and boastful was he of his deeds as a warrior. All this was listened to in silence; but soon his song changed, and he struck a string that he intended should bring sorrow to the heart of the chief. It was the last, spiteful hissing of the scorched snake—the final sting whose venom should linger and fester long after he had passed away. A doubt first, then almost a direct charge he made against the honor of Fire-Fly, coupling her name with that of La Frombois.

"Shame upon you!" burst from the lips of the assembled braves, though they remained unmoving except Leaping Thunder, who started to his feet, his form trembling with the ex-

cess of his anger, and his tomahawk whirling rapidly around his head.

But not so calmly the accused trapper heard the words, linking him and the Indian girl to shame. Le Sueur laid hold of him as he started forward; but he exerted his giant strength, and shook him off as easily as the buffalo does the wolf that would bar his angry way.

"By Heaven!" he exclaimed, "unsay those words, or I'll tear ther lyin' tongue out of yer mouth!"

"The pale-face does well to defend her whom he has ruined," was the taunting reply of the prisoner.

"It is false as hell!" and the trapper dashed towards where the other was bound, knife in hand.

"The pale-face is a brave!" continued the Indian. "When the red man is free, he sneaks away and hides himself, like a whipped dog, in the bushes. When he is bound and helpless, he is boastful of his courage like a squaw."

"Am I?" and with the rapidity of lightning, and before any one could interfere, he had cut the thongs that bound A-puk-wa to the fatal post. "Am I? Now you're free. Give him er knife, some one, and see ef I don't cram ther words down his ugly, black throat."

But he was overpowered, and, though raving with anger, was compelled by Le Sueur and the warriors to keep still, while the prisoner was rebound. And then, before the heart had time to throb, the form of A-puk-wa was stuck full of resinous splinters—his tongue torn from his mouth, and stamped into the dust, and the flame spirit had wrapped him in its blanket of fire! A loud whoop of defiance—a startling, soul-affrighting groan, and then the ashes scattered to the winds alone told of what once had been a stalwart warrior.

"His name will be forgotten by the tribe," said the old Medicine, as he turned away with the symbolic bird upon his shoulder, and the serpent hissing almost in his face; and that was the end of the terrible scene of fire-butchery and Indian punishment.

A few days of repose, and the ever restless spirits of the trappers could no longer be content with the monotonous life of an Indian encampment. Le Sueur was the first to be discontented, and make preparations for moving, and although his friend made no objection, yet still he appeared disposed to linger. But at length all was ready—the two canoes were

waiting in the stream; the traps, paddles, and blankets had all been placed therein, and even Le Sueur was seated.

Most of the tribe stood watching on the shore, wondering why they did not depart, and then La Frombois also stepped into the slender bark. As if in desperation he whirled the paddle above his head, and striking it deep into the flashing waters of the Kamanistiquie, the boat shot from the shore with an arrowy swiftness. The parting had been one of silence; but now that it was apparently over, a low, sweet, plaintive voice broke it, startling all: "Pity me! pity me!"

All turned to see who was thus calling upon a lover to pity her, and on the very brink kneeled Fire-Fly, with bowed head and clasped hands.

Quickly as the swallow turns upon its strong wing, so whirled the canoe of La Frombois; and, before any could well understand his meaning, he had lifted the sorrowing girl in, pushed out again into the stream, and was darting downwards towards the icy waters of the lake.

"Wahono-win!" burst from many a lip at the loss of the beauty of the tribe; but the stern chieftain, her father, said not a word. His loved daughter had left him for a pale-face—had gone to fill the wigwam of a stranger; and, although he had premonition that such would be the case, yet, with ash-covered head and blackened face he grieved long and silently, hid from all eyes.

When the spring-time came again—when he saw his loved one and her pale-face husband return—his heart put on the liveliest gladness, and he breathed a prayer that when their life canoes should be called upon to cross the fathomless waters of the River of Death, the To-wa-ke-ya-kaw of the Great Spirit should be open to them.

HABITS.

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountains, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief which pernicious habits have brought together by unseen accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY JENNY MARSH.

She had hid the rose mid her golden curls,
 And bound the violet there;
 And a gleam of joy lit the crimson cheek,
 That knew no shade of care.
 For the skies were blue, and the flowers bright,
 The birdling's song was love;
 And a charm was thrown around her gentle heart,
 Like beamings from above.

She thought of the home in the better land,
 Where all is wreathed in light;
 "My Father," said she, "bless the flowers here,
 And keep them ever bright.
 Let the sunshine fall on their pretty heads,
 And bid the rosebuds bloom;
 Nor to the wild storm and the tempest's wrath,
 These gentle blossoms doom."

And the Father smiled on the little one,
 For he loved the rosebuds, too;
 And he knew what years, with their bitter strife,
 On that spotless heart would do.
 He feared that storms of life's foaming tide
 Would robe that flower in night;
 So he bore it hence, where the angels dwell,
 To keep it forever bright!

[ORIGINAL.]

LOVED AT LAST.

BY S. W. LOPER.

CLAUDE LESLIE was in love with Marion Lawrence. Hitherto he had enjoyed, with the zest of a keen, active mind, the movements of social life, unmindful of the tender passion; his heart was swayed by no impulse save his own clear conscience, and full, self-sacrificing principles, which spared nothing to ameliorate the condition of the suffering, or to enhance the real pleasures of society.

Talented, wealthy, and honored in his profession, noble in person and manners, many a fair woman had wondered who would be the bride of Claude Leslie. The deep fountain remained untroubled, until he gazed upon Marion Lawrence, and felt the light of her dark eyes glancing into his own. To him she appeared possessed not only of unrivalled beauty of person, but of every desirable quality of mind. He could not look upon her with indifference; there was in all her movements a graceful dignity, which seemed to de-

mand the homage she everywhere received. The admiration of Leslie was undisguised. It was not long before he became the most ardent and devoted of her admirers.

With her brother Clarence, Marion Lawrence had come to New York the previous spring, from the distant city of C—, where, left an orphan, rich and beautiful, her will uncontrolled, her breeding had been of the most light and frivolous character. Her acquired brilliancy of language gave an impression of cultivated intellect, of study and penetration, which she was far from possessing. Her mind was capable of the highest purposes; yet by education, or lack of it, had been degraded in its tastes, until she knew little, and cared less, for the great duties of life. Little love had she in her heart, save for herself. Conscious of her beauty and its power, she exercised, in connection with it, such qualities as would only fascinate and deceive.

When Leslie came and worshipped at her shrine, offering thereon the wealth of his existence, it was to her but another triumph to feast her morbid soul; yet she could not tamper with him as she had done with others. She saw his superiority, and could not turn carelessly from the love of such a man. The world revered him, and to wed him would place her still higher in the world; so when he offered to her keeping his life, wealth and honor, and the priceless love of his manly heart, she accepted the holy trust—not for his happiness, but for her pride.

Leslie was in a fevered dream of bliss. He saw nothing, felt nothing, save that God had blessed him far beyond what he deserved; and when, in a few weeks, he led her to the altar, and ratified his vows, his dream was at its height. Alas! that the dawning of realities should dispel its charms.

A few months only, sufficed to show Claude that the wife he had chosen had no tenderness to meet or match his own. He saw that she was proud of him, yet she could not sacrifice aught for him. She gave up none of her old enjoyments, while all his habits of thought and action were broken in upon in a perfectly thoughtless and reckless manner. His tastes or desires were seldom consulted or regarded. But love is charitable. He could not believe that she could really fail to fill the niche he had made for her within his heart; his affection for her could not abate. Yet, as month after month he watched her, still whirling on in the same round of gaiety and excitement, making herself a magnetic centre of society,

craving even the worship of her old admirers, his soul was troubled. This was not life to him; it was not his vision of usefulness and truth.

Thrown open to a crowd of thoughtless people, his house had little of that domestic comfort he had ever associated with the idea of home and wife. There was still less of harmony in his generous plans and purposes. Sometimes, when he contrived to gain her attention, she would show apparent interest. Oftener it was, "I don't see the use of your bothering yourself about these things, Claude. There are beggars enough at the door every day, without running after them." And she would turn to her own luxuries and her extravagant pleasures, utterly indifferent to the good she might have accomplished. Claude, with a sigh, would give himself up the more assiduously to his benevolent enterprises, hoping and praying that she would at last tire of her careless existence, and that he might yet win her to that better life and love of which he could not but acknowledge her mind was capable.

Two years passed away, with little outward indications of change. Yet Marion could not live in contact and observation of such a nature as her husband's, without being made better herself—without occasionally feeling her unworthiness of him, and making some faint resolutions of greater devotion to his happiness. But old temptations and favorite amusements would always overcome her awakening reason, and divert it from its proper action. It was seldom, now, that Claude forced himself upon her attention. Sometimes he would ask her to favor him with her company, but she had always some engagement to plead. She had promised to go somewhere "with Charlie Burton and sister," or she "was engaged to ride with Hugh Malvern." Marion was a superb rider, and Hugh took especial delight in her skill. He was a cousin of Marion's, therefore Claude had not heeded their intimacy; he little thought how the mystery of his life was being woven.

It was Claude Leslie's third wedding anniversary. He did not like to have the day pass without something to recall the first sweet freshness of his love. The night before, he had passed in fevered restlessness; thoughts came crowding, with disturbing force, upon his mind; every event of his married life glided before him, and, with unjust and persistent self-condemnation, he laid to his own

charge too many of its faults and failures. He saw his wife again, through the misty veil—beautiful and lovable, and if possessed of faults, it was through his own lack of skill in shielding and guiding her aright; the future should see him more earnest and attractive in his love.

In the morning, he was pleased to find Marion in an unusual loving mood. With an earnest kiss, he reminded her of their anniversary, and stated his little plans for the evening; he would be home early, and there must be no intrusion upon their pretty love feast.

"Why, Claude," said Marion, "I did not think it was our anniversary. I am very sorry, for I promised to go to the opera this evening, with Clara Severance, Frank Jones and Hugh Malvern."

"But you can send them word that you cannot go," said Claude.

"I do not see how I can. The last time I promised to go with them, you know, I was ill, and I cannot disappoint them again."

"But, Marion, wedding anniversaries do not come every day; you will surely give them up for me to-night, will you not?" And Claude's tones were soft and pleading.

Marion seemed to waver; but in a moment said, slowly:

"You will not mind if I go, will you, Claude? I cannot disappoint them again."

Claude's countenance fell. He saw it would be of no use to urge the matter; he could not quarrel with his wife, and, bending over, he silently gave her a kiss, and left the room. As he passed out, Marion caught the sadness of his face. Her resolutions flashed upon her mind. She sprang out into the hall, calling:

"Claude, Claude—come back!"

But he was gone, and she returned to her room, with an unwonted chill upon her heart. Was it a shadow of the coming evil?

When Claude left the house, he passed rapidly down the street, absorbed in unpleasant thoughts. Many a friend wondered, that morning, what made Claude Leslie forget his usual hearty greetings. The world knew that his wife was not as devoted as she ought to be, and, as ever, was uncharitable enough to make her much worse than she really was.

Claude at last turned into a popular restaurant, entered a private stall, and called for the morning paper and a glass of wine. The wine remained untouched; the paper he held mechanically, while his eye seemed to be

scanning its contents. Suddenly the tones of a voice in the adjoining stall attracted his attention; it was that of a valued friend, who had been abroad, and whom he had not met for three years.

"I say, Hal, what do you suppose was the matter with Leslie? Pretty way that, to treat an old friend; couldn't see nor hear a fellow!"

Claude's impulse was to step in immediately, and apologize; but the tones of the answer, which came sternly enough, from the lips of a brother lawyer, Halbert Foster, checked him.

"What was the matter? Matter enough! Bob, Leslie is ruined with that wife of his; he is not the happy man you left."

"Ruined? Why, I heard that he had married the very pride of the country."

"Yes, she was so considered; but as a wife, I fear she is far from perfect; if all is true which is said of her, her conduct is scandalous."

Claude's brow flushed and his hands clenched. Though his wife had been an anxious study to him, it had never entered his mind that the world could be thus observing and condemning. But the dagger was yet to be thrust deeper; he stood paralyzed; he felt he ought not to listen, yet his feet were rooted to the spot.

"She is of rare beauty, is she not?" said the person whom Foster addressed as Bob.

"Yes, marvellous; and so thinks Hugh Malvern. I saw him riding out with her, yesterday, and if ever man looked love at a woman, he did." A moment's pause, and then Foster continued, "Rumor says that Hugh was an old beau of hers, and engaged, too; but Leslie's position was too dazzling a temptation, and she gave Malvern the slip."

"But can't forget the old love, eh?"

"No; and Malvern soon found it out."

"And is taking his revenge, is he?"

"I don't know," said Foster. "I should judge that it was more love than revenge, and that she meets him fully half way."

"This is too bad for Leslie; I am really sorry for the poor fellow."

"So am I," said Foster; and the two friends passed out to the bar, called for cigars, and departed.

Two quarters chimed from the great clock in the hall, ere Claude followed them, and, save a deathly paleness, there was little to indicate the fearful struggles of the last half hour. His soul was passing through its hum-

bling inquisition, and its tortures were nerveing him up to an unnatural calmness.

All that day, Marion felt uneasy. Many of her gay companions called, but for the first time she could not enjoy their society. Hugh called to remind her of her promise for the evening, and she had half a mind then to tell him that she could not go; but with a laughing reproach at her unusual stupidity, he had left before she had made up her mind to do so. As the evening approached, her uneasiness increased; and when her maid, Maggie, came to dress her, she was startled at the unwonted expression upon her mistress's face. Was there, after all, a sympathetic chord in her heart, which was vibrating to Claude's agony?

"Maggie, I want you to do me an extra service to-night. This is my wedding anniversary, and I wish to plan a little surprise for Mr. Leslie. While I am at the opera, you must have a fire started in the library, and I want you and Martha to see that the table is furnished with delicacies. You know how to do everything, and you can send out and order whatever is needed; and be sure, Maggie, to have plenty of flowers. If Mr. Leslie comes home first, tell him I shall not stay till the close of the opera, and contrive, if you can, to keep him from the library. Do your best, and you shall all have your rewards."

Maggie, wondering at this unwonted anxiety for Mr. Leslie's pleasure, promised that everything should be as she desired. She was proud of her beautiful mistress, and Marion was always liberal to her servants.

At eight o'clock the carriage called for her. Hugh and the others were in such exceeding good humor, that she could but catch somewhat of their spirit. She enjoyed in a measure the evening, until a vision in the opposite gallery sent the chill back upon her heart; it was a ghastly face, which she would have said was Claude's, but for its agonized expression. It was only a glimpse, and she could not catch sight of it again. To the surprise of the rest of the party, she insisted on leaving early. The others could not think of going, and Hugh arranged that they should stay, while he returned with Marion. As she stepped into the carriage, and turned to take her seat, she again caught sight of that ghastly face, shrinking back within the shadow of the doorway. This time she was sure it was Claude; she started towards him, but the carriage rolled on, and she sank back, worried and oppressed. Hugh could not understand

her, and he left her at the door, puzzled, and somewhat irritated at her conduct. In the hall, she met Maggie, who was in the gayest possible mood.

"Have you arranged everything, Maggie?" was her eager inquiry.

"Yes, my lady, and it is perfectly charming."

"Mr. Leslie has not been in yet, has he?" inquired Marion.

"No; but a letter has been left for you, and I laid it on the table in the library."

Without laying off her wrappings, Marion hastened to the room. She paused upon the threshold, with an exclamation of delight at the almost fairy scene of loveliness and comfort presented to her view. Her directions had indeed been well fulfilled, and she thought of the pleasure it would give Claude. She was experiencing new sensations, and was, for the first time, impatient for his return. As she gazed at the preparations, she caught sight of the letter, and hastened to open it. An instinctive thrill of pain passed through her, as she recognized her husband's hand. Its contents froze the blood in her veins, and her heart almost ceased to beat, as she read:

"MARION LESLIE:—I left you this morning with a troubled mind, yet with but little consciousness of the true horrors of my position. My eyes have been opened, and I am in possession of your secret, through means which I have not sought. God only knows what I have suffered to-day. I take my only course. I leave you to your unholy passion. I cannot forget my love for you, and I go forth from you with a broken heart—with the hopes of my life shattered and destroyed. I am thankful now that we are childless—that there are none to inherit your shame. You have property enough in your own right, and three years' desertion will entitle you to a divorce. You can then marry your foul paramour.

CLAUDE LESLIE."

Perfectly motionless, she stood there, and drank in those terrible words, whose very characters showed that they had been drawn out in agony. She seemed unable to comprehend their fearful meaning, until the voice of Maggie, who had followed her to the room, aroused her. Raising her eyes, she saw the preparations which had been made for her husband's return, and, with a low, walling cry, sank lifeless to the floor.

Her love had come too late!

Five years have passed away since that night of sorrow, which was passed by Marion in wild delirium, and in pitiful and beseeching cries for her lost husband. Her love came too late—yet it had stood the test of time. Struggling against her grief, her mind resumed its usual vigor, but with a deeper Christian tone. Although conscious that she had been wronged in her husband's judgment, she could not blame him for his desertion. Her own frivolous conduct had destroyed his confidence in her; he had ceased to love her, and she resigned herself to what she considered her just and righteous fate. Renouncing all her old vanities and companions, and devoting herself to works of love and charity, she seemed to be striving to make some atonement for her past negligences. It was not long before she became as an angel of mercy to many a suffering soul, and as she received the God blessings of the recipients of her kindness and honesty, there was little to indicate in her heart anything but humble Christian desire. She could not avoid sometimes hearing her husband's name mentioned; but there was nothing to tell of the deep, reverential love, or the inexpressible longing of her heart.

But these long years of patient endurance were telling upon her health, and her friends and physician insisted upon a change; she must have some relaxation from her self-imposed duties. A sea voyage was urged; but Claude was yet abroad, and she would not think of it; she dared not run the risk of meeting him. It was not until she saw his name advertised in the list of passengers expected in the next steamer, that she consented; then her feverish anxiety to start upon her journey was perfectly inexplicable to her friends.

What mysteries there are in woman's heart!

What an unearthly jargon! So thought more than one of the little party of travellers, as they sat there in their disabled vehicle, surrounded by that strange German landscape, and listened to the incomprehensible jabbering of the postillions. Their position was indeed perplexing. In their rapid speed over a heavy water bar, they had broken an axle, and were fully three leagues from the village of B——, and not a house in sight. At last they sifted out from the torrent of words, that there was a cottage half a league beyond, where the party could find rest and refreshment, if the ladies could walk thus far. Ma-

rión—for it was she to whom the rest of the company looked questioningly—at once declared herself equal to the emergency. The short time already spent, with her brother Clarence, his wife and Maggie, amid the beautiful scenes of which she had often dreamed, and which had so many glorious associations clinging to them, had brought new vigor to her frame. She sprang lightly to the ground, and they were all soon delighted with the change. Every step increased their pleasure, and they paused often to enjoy the rich surroundings of nature, tinted as they were with autumn hues.

At last a sudden turn of the road brought into view their destination. They could not but exclaim at the scene of loveliness it presented, nestled on the margin of one of those miniature lakes, which seemed to have been dropped in everywhere among the hills of Germany, almost buried in shrubbery; yet, with the view upon the lake unobstructed, it seemed like a paradise of love. Their astonishment was greater, when they found themselves welcomed in pure English, by a buxom lady of thirty-five, who ushered them into a cosy sitting-room, looking out upon the water.

While they were sipping their wine, and nibbling the sweet cakes which the talkative hostess had quickly provided, Clarence, with his usual restlessness, cake in hand, passed out of the room, wandered down to the lake, and soon called his wife and Maggie to take a sail in a "love of a craft," as he called it, which he found moored to a stake.

While they were gone, Marion amused herself with the objects in the room. At last she took up a little miniature-case lying upon the table, opened it, and uttered a faint exclamation. It was *her own face* she gazed upon! Not as she now appeared, pale and emaciated, but full, beautiful and rosy, as when she plighted her faith to Claude Leslie. It was a picture which she had then given him, and one which she well knew he never allowed others to gaze upon. How, then, came it here? He had ceased to cherish it—he had ceased to love her! How still her heart was, as she held it in her hand, and her mind went back to those early days! Ah! Marion Leslie, you valued not the golden sunshine of love with which God then enriched your life; it has passed away, and the tempest shadows are upon you.

In a few moments the hostess entered the room, and came to the table as if looking for

something. She saw the picture in Marion's hand, and said:

"I was looking for that. Isn't it beautiful? It belongs to a gentleman who has boarded here for the past year." Marion started. "He was a noble man, yet we all thought he had seen much trouble. He taught me English, and was so patient and gentle that we all loved him." Marion listened attentively to the voluble tongue. "He left yesterday for his mother country. I could not help weeping at his departure. After he left, I found this picture under his pillow, and he has sent back a post-boy after it."

She did not notice Marion's agitation, but taking the miniature, passed out.

"Marion!"

It was her brother's voice, which startled her from her dream. She had been completely lost in its mazy wanderings; she had not even heard the carriage drive up to the door.

They were again ready for their journey. As she passed out, she gave one long, lingering look around the little room, in which there seemed to be yet something of Claude's presence left. Here he had lived and thought of her. Was there hope? She could not suffer herself to think of it. She had failed him once; he could not trust her again. His picture-worship was nothing; its early associations were all he had left of the good and beautiful of his manhood's dream. He could not but cling to that.

Claude Leslie was not the man to waste life, although he had been deprived of much of its inspiration. With his superior taste and intelligence, he could not travel, even with a shadow upon his heart, without appreciating every object of study. He always loved to grapple mysticisms, and at one of the great universities of Northern Germany, he at last plunged deep into its exuberant, massive literature, tempted on by the philosophic lore of Leibnitz and Thomasius; and also thrown in contact with many powerful living minds, it was no wonder his zeal exhausted his physical energies, and that he was compelled, in a year or two, to seek rest and recreation. His physician advised him to seek his native climate, and he telegraphed, though reluctantly, to Havre, to secure a passage. He could not finally bring his mind to that, and at last concluded to try the mountain air and wild scenery of Tyrol.

With the humble cottagers he had found a peaceful home, and in its surroundings, enough

to cheer and invigorate both mind and body. Twelve months passed pleasantly among those contented Tyrolese, until the ripening of events again disturbed the tenor of his life. Riding, one fine morning, as far as the city of Botzen, to execute a few commissions for his kind hostess, he saw upon the register of the chief hostellerie the names of several Americans—among them, that of Hugh Malvern and wife. Old sensations were aroused. He had met many Americans in Germany, yet they had all been strangers; he had not sought their acquaintance, but rather avoided them, save through his attorney. He had heard little from home, and knew nothing of the social events which had transpired. This was a shock for which he was not prepared. Was this Marion? He had not the courage to ascertain.

Remounting his horse, Claude dashed out into the open country. Absorbed in unpleasant thoughts, and holding a careless rein, his horse turned into a road he had never travelled before. He did not notice it, until a rough voice commanded him, in vulgar French, to stop. He looked around, bewildered at the scenery, wild and unknown as the uncouth figure which stood holding his horse's bits.

"What do you want, my man?" said Claude.

"Want? I want what you can give!" at the same time raising a heavy pistol.

Claude's position was desperate. He was no coward, and though unarmed, was not the man to yield, even with such odds against him. Holding out his purse, as if for the man to take, he left the bridle, and came to the saddle in an instant. Claude's hand was upon his throat, and he sprang from the saddle, with his whole weight upon the villain. The shock bore them both to the ground. Claude soon found he had more than a match in strength, and the fellow was upon him with the rage of a demon. Claude was overpowered, when, suddenly, there came a heavy blow. His adversary's blood flew in his face; his hold released, and, springing to his feet, Claude stood face to face with Hugh Malvern!

"Good heavens, Claude Leslie! you in the clutches of such a villain? I little thought, when I cracked his skull, that I was doing you a favor;" and he held out his hand cordially.

The bitterness of his life overshadowed for an instant Claude's gratitude. It was but a moment. He took the proffered hand, and said, slowly and painfully:

"Hugh Malvern, I have had cause to curse

you in the past, but for this present service, I cannot but feel an overwhelming gratitude."

Hugh was puzzled, and looked at Claude as if questioning his sanity.

"What the deuce do you mean, Leslie? Is that the way, among these stupid Germans, of returning favors?"

It was Claude's turn to be puzzled. Could the man whom he charged in his mind of such foul wrong, speak thus lightly to him? Thus those two men, who had met so strangely, stood and gazed at each other. Hugh's mind was the first to receive any illumination. His own intimacy with Marion, Claude's desertion, and the evident traces of suffering in the man before him, revealed the truth. He spoke sternly enough now.

"Leslie, you are laboring under a fearful delusion. I never yet wronged any man. I may have been guilty of follies, but never of crime.

"Have you not crossed my threshold, and overthrown my household gods? Have you not come between me and mine, taking into your life the sweetness of my own? Wrong, indeed! There was no wrong in tempting a wife from her husband's love—no crime in such follies?" And he turned from Hugh with a sneer.

Hugh seized him by the arm.

"I tell you again, Leslie, you are deceived. Your wife is as faithful and pure as you could desire, and little deserving of the sufferings your heartless desertion has brought upon her."

Claude turned pale, as a glimmering of what might be the truth flashed upon his mind, and he gasped:

"She—my—Marion—is she—not with you?"

Hugh could not help feeling commiseration for the wretched man, and he made him sit down by the wayside, while he related Marion's whole course, from the evening when she received her husband's letter, up to the time of her failing health. Claude saw his hastiness in sacrificing his happiness for mere rumors; and when Hugh stated that even in his cousinly intimacy with Marion, she often spoke of her husband in terms of pride and affection, his self-condemnation and reproach was agonizing to behold. Long and earnestly Hugh reasoned with him that there was yet time to make amends.

"It cannot be," said he; "I have destroyed all hopes of happiness; with my own hand I have thrown them away."

"Leslie, I am confident that Marion loves you with all the earnestness you could desire. I believe that it is this love, and remorse for the past, which is wearing her life away. Go to her; you have no right yet longer to trample upon her heart, or your own."

At last Claude raised his ghastly face, and said:

"I will go. I cannot live without at least her forgiveness for the wrong I have done her. If she spurns me, it will be no more than I deserve. I have wronged you, too. I know you must despise my weakness. I have cursed you in my heart. You have saved my life, and I owe you a double reparation."

"If I have restored you to happiness, as well as life, I am amply satisfied," said Hugh.

Claude grasped his hand.

"I thank you, Hugh, for all this. I can never repay your nobleness. But what shall we do with this villain?" pointing to the body of the highwayman.

"Leave him to me; he is only stunned—he is coming to himself already. 'I will see that he has his deserts.'"

Claude again wrung Hugh's hand, then mounted his horse, and spurred away. The next morning saw him, with feverish anxiety, on his journey, little dreaming that every step was leading him away from the object of his desires.

After the incidents at the little cottage, Marion lost much of her interest in the journey. Clarence saw, with anxiety, her increasing sadness; he could not understand it. He had not seen or heard anything of the miniature, and this new melancholy troubled him.

Crossing the Rhetian Alps, the little party moved on leisurely through Switzerland, towards Geneva, where they intended to spend part of the winter months; and in the spring they were to see Italy in all its sunny freshness.

At the close of a raw November day, they stopped at a little wayside inn, a league from Lausanne, and the whole party welcomed with delight the rousing fire and warm supper of the obsequious *maitre d'hôtel*, who danced in and out of the little dining-room, expressing the utmost anxiety for their comfort. While enjoying their substantial repast, there came several times a low, moaning sound through the opening door, which they mistook at first for the rising wind; but at last it came so distinctly to their ears, that they all looked inquiringly at the little *maitre*. Clarence questioned him rapidly in French, and learned

that it was an English gentleman, who had come there the week previous, looking sick and jaded, but expressing the utmost anxiety to reach and cross the Juras, before they were impassable from snow. He had stopped for the night, and before morning was in a raging fever. For a day or two he had been delirious, and was evidently failing.

The sympathies of all were aroused, and Clarence begged the privilege of going to him at once. As he entered the sick room, he was almost appalled at the sight. The poor man, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the two or three men who were trying to hold and pacify him, was standing almost upright, struggling, and calling in most piteous tones for his wife—"his poor, poor lost wife!" begging of them not to drive him away from her. Clarence looked but an instant, then stepping quickly to the bedside, laid his hand soothingly upon him, and said, in hearty English tones: "Don't worry, my good man; we will bring your wife back safe again."

The sick man looked up vacantly; there was, however, a magnetic influence in the tones and the touch, and he sank back, murmuring softly some endearing word. Clarence looked at him a few moments with strange emotion; then turning to the physician, who had been improving the opportunity to administer an opiate, asked him eagerly some question in French. The old man shook his head. Clarence seemed to be thinking deeply for some time; at last he drew the old doctor aside, and talked long and earnestly. The man's face brightened, and ere long he was fairly rubbing his hands with glee.

Clarence seemed to have but little of this exuberant feeling. With one more glance at the now quiet sufferer, he left the room to rejoin the little group who were anxiously awaiting his return.

His heart was in a tumult of sensations. He had recognized in the sick man Marion's truant husband, and in his expressions he read his unchanging love. He had never talked with Marion of her husband, yet he knew the deep, cherished devotion of her life. He had hoped the pure fountain might be some time opened, yet now he trembled for the result. He had confided in the old doctor, and, highly elated, he had assured Clarence that Marion's presence would do more than his skill. Claude would yet have an interval of reason, and Marion must be prepared to meet him. There was a risk of too suddenly touching the silver cord, yet it was the only thing that

would save him, and he was confident of a happy issue.

Marion sat gazing into the bright, glowing coals, dreaming of the past, when her brother re-entered the room. His wife questioned him immediately in regard to the sick man. Her voice aroused Marion, who also arose and came forward. Clarence did not hesitate in what he knew lay before him. Passing his strong arm lovingly around her, and kissing her affectionately, while she looked up wonderingly into his face, he said:

"Marion, we have more interest in the poor sick man than we thought. I have a strange story to tell, and you must have a brave heart to hear it."

With a dim perception of the truth, she turned her eyes full upon him, as if to read his meaning. Before he could speak again, she understood the whole.

"Clarence, it is my husband!"

She said it calmly, quietly, but slowly, as if she was thinking some great thought.

"Yes, it is indeed your lost husband, and waiting for your love to save him."

"Let me go! Lead me to him. Claude! Do not hold me, Clarence—let me go to him!"

"Not yet, Marion; be calm. He knows not that you are here, and the shock would be too sudden. I would not give you pain, but his life hangs by a thread."

"O! he is dying—dying! Clarence—Katie! he must not die!" she exclaimed, her lips quivering with unfathomable feeling.

Assuring her of his speedy return, Clarence gave her up to Katie, and again hastened to the sick room. Claude still lay unconscious, but moaning and murmuring in broken sentences. After a hurried consultation, it was decided to let Marion come at once, as it could do Claude no harm, in his present condition.

As Clarence led Marion to the room, he told her of Claude's wandering mind, but begged of her to have confidence, and hope for the best. What her thoughts were as she stood beside her husband, we cannot tell. She uttered not a word, but laid her head beside his, and pressed his ghastly face lovingly to her own; and even as she did so, in his wanderings he murmured, "Poor, poor Marion!"

For two days and nights she hung over his couch, almost constantly, drinking in all his wild, endearing expressions, and supplying every necessity. He seemed to realize the presence of some new soothing power, and if

she left him even for a moment, was more restless and uneasy. The third day, he sank into a deep slumber; the fever was at its height—he would wake to life or death. Earnest were the prayers that went heavenward from Marion's heart, and the angels of mercy, as they hovered near, pitied her sorrow. She was holding Claude's thin and almost pulseless hands, and her eyes had been closed an instant in humble petition. When she opened them, Claude's dark eyes were fixed full upon her face, while his hands closed with a convulsive grasp upon her own. A quick thrill passed through her frame, and her heart fluttered with a wild eagerness. Softly and gently she bowed her face down to his, and murmured:

"Claude! my own husband!"

A faint, sweet smile passed over his face, while his hands tightened their feeble grasp.

"Marion, love!" he whispered, and the shadows had all passed away.

Claude Leslie lived, and was "loved at last!"

THE PIG AND THE VENTRILOQUIST.

At Macon Fair, Comte, the ventriloquist, saw a countrywoman driving a pig before her, which could hardly move, so laden was it with fat. "What's the price of your pig, my good woman?"—"A hundred francs, my good-looking gentleman, at your service, if you wish to buy."—"Of course I wish to buy; but it's a great deal too much. I can offer you ten crowns."—"I want one hundred francs, no more, and no less; take it or leave it." "Stay," said Comte, approaching the animal; "I am sure your pig is more reasonable than you. Tell me, on your conscience, my fine fellow, are you worth one hundred sous?" "I am measled, and my mistress is trying to take you in." The crowd that had assembled around the woman and pig fell back in terror, fancying them both bewitched, while Comte returned to his hotel, where the story was told him with sundry additions, and he learned that some courageous persons had gone up to the woman, begged her to be exorcised, and thus drive the wicked spirit out of the pig.

EUROPEAN ARMIES.—It is estimated that the effective strength of the European armies in a time of profound peace amounts to 3,875,847 men, nearly equal to the whole population of the State of New York, maintained in absolute idleness, at an annual cost to the people of over seven hundred millions of dollars.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE YEARS ROLL ON.

BY B. C. LEECH.

An infant at rest in our mother's arms,
A little form with a spirit bright,
Blue eyes, and dimples, and baby charms,
Filling the household with deep delight:
And the years roll on.

O'er field and meadow a child at play,
Joyous and bright are the golden hours;
E'er drinking life's pleasures by the way,
Gathering sweets from the opening flowers:
And the years roll on.

In the busy scenes of toil and care
We act our part in the worldly strife;
And the smiles of youth, and the skies so fair,
Have changed for the sterner walks of life,
As the years roll on.

Now clouds and tempests obscure the sky,
Our bark is tossed on the troubled wave;
We shed the tear and we heave the sigh,
We bury our friends in the silent grave:
And the years roll on.

Another cycle, with record true,
Has taken its flight to the distant clime,
With a page for me, and one for you,
Of our words and acts on the shores of time,
As the years roll on.

Swiftly the moments are gliding by,
We are travelling on at a rapid pace;
Death is fast coming to you and I—
'Tis the common lot of the human race,
As the years roll on.

Soon shall our labors and sorrows cease,
There's rest for the weary ones on high;
In the world above there is perfect peace,
O, sweet are the thoughts of the brighter sky,
As the years roll on!

[ORIGINAL.]

A BLOW FOR LIBERTY.

A TALE OF TO-DAY.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

It was a green spot in the midst of the pine woods, floored with softest moss variegated by a thousand bright blossoms, and roofed by the midnight sky, steel blue and far away and glittering with shining stars. All around it, tangled thickets of the dense tropical undergrowth, interlaced by strong, climb-

ing vines, shut it from sight, and held it secure and almost inaccessible. A wild creature, driven to desperation, would surely have recoiled from the attempt to pierce that bristling curtain of woven briers, and have died facing its pursuers. But nature in her fiercest moods is kinder than man, and a human being might have fled hither for shelter from the cruelty of his fellows. A little group of abject men and women cowered together in the centre of the area. They were all of the outcast race—miserable and ignorant, most of them—but with that strange hidden thing within them which we call soul, manifesting itself always in uncouth fashion, and mostly in that clinging instinct of affection which binds these dumb, suffering hearts to each other.

"Is Anthony coming?" asked one who seemed to be the leader of the band, a muscular, broad-shouldered mulatto, with a fine, intelligent face.

"I ruther guess Anthony is gwine fur to come, but Mas'r Western's done gone to Raleigh, and Anthony has heaps of things to 'tend to. Don't you go fur to think, Sam, dat Anthony aint true," said a woolly-headed black, who sat at the foot of a tall pine, with his arms crossed around his knees.

"No, I don't," replied the first speaker, and just as the words passed his lips, a low, peculiar sound was heard, and, presently, working his way through the thicket in some unexplainable manner, appeared a stalwart young man of four or five-and-twenty, whose olive complexion and large black eyes with a flickering iridescence in them, betrayed the variety of color denominated yellow.

He looked around upon the party with an air of interest slightly mingled with scorn.

"Is this all there is of you?" he asked.

A woman who sat with her face in her hands, looked up and said, "Pompey couldn't come, and Sue's got de measles; dat's all, 'cept us."

"No, Debby—you've forgotten one—and he's mightier dan a thousand, and he is able to prevail against de hosts of de wicked, and put 'em to flight!" said the mulatto.

"Lord knows I wish he'd come, den," said the black man; "'pears like we wants jest one ob dat sort ob folks dat aint afraid ob nobody. What's his name, anyhow, and why aint he been here afore, Sam?"

"He is God, and he's been with you in six troubles, and he'll be with you in seven," replied the mulatto, solemnly, stretching his hand towards heaven.

"O, Lord!" ejaculated Uncle Dick, in a disappointed tone. "Hasn't you been tellin' us dat ar dese tree years, and de Lord haint never 'peared yet. Why didn't he come out when my ole woman was sole to de trader, and why didn't he interfere when ole Brooks broke his cane ober my poor ole head? Tell you what, Sam, dis yer's mighty fine talk, but Mas'r Western, he says, says he, "De Lord's 'pinted you to be hewers of wood and drawers ob water cause you's brack," and I 'clare, Sam, does seem's though mas'r tells de truf. Don't de Lord let de white folks hab eberyting dere own way? 'Pears like he don't want to make a fuss wid 'em. Don't dey hab all de lands and de houses, and de swords and guns and powder, and don't dey know how to use 'em? Tell yer, Sam, 'pears as ef de Lord said to hisself, "Dese yer white folks is so set in dere own way, and make such a row if I interfere—it's clar I'se got my hands full, and taint wuth while makin' a fuss about a heap o' niggers. Dey aint no 'count, noways."

Anthony's soft, musical laugh broke upon the silence of the forest.

"It looks to me, Sam, as if Uncle Dick wasn't far from right. Now if there is any God, and he is on our side, why don't he show himself?" he said.

"Why! because the time is not fulfilled."

Anthony uttered an expression of impatience.

"And till 'tis, we must be content to be ground between the upper and nether millstone. I tell you, I want deliverance now."

"You aint got faith enough, Anthony," said the mulatto, with steady gravity. "Don't you see you belong to him? 'Hath not the potter power over the clay which he has fashioned, and hath he not a right to appoint some to honor and some to dishonor?"

"That sounds a deal like the kind of talk I hear every time I go to meeting—that's what Elder Kant says, and then he goes home to his plantation and flogs his niggers. Every Sunday I drive the young ladies to church. It's a different place from Elder Kant's meeting; they have fine prayer books with gold clasps and wonderful music and the minister wears a black gown; but it all amounts to the same thing. It is—'Submit, be humble, obey your masters, because that is the Lord's will.' Sam, I don't believe there is any God—there!" and having uttered this sentiment with an air of despairing defiance, he dropped upon the green sward.

We, who listen to the cant of skepticism every day, who see the gravest themes tossed about upon irreverent lips, who are accustomed to hear the existence of the Deity called in question, and to whom, even in our best hours, the thought of a higher power is somewhat unfamiliar and unreal, a thought which only creeps close to our hearts in some terrible season of bereavement, can with difficulty understand the simple faith of the negro, or the utter blackness of that despair which thrusts out belief from his soul. The greatest truths and mysteries are easily impressed upon their imaginative minds. God, once apprehended, is a very near and real being to them. He walks before his people in cloud and smoke, as he did before Israel of old, he is seen in visions, and comes personally to those who call upon him. Belief is natural to ignorance—incredulity comes with that half-culture which sharpens without expanding the mind. These negroes had been carefully taught the elements of religious truth; and so it was natural that Anthony's avowal should strike them with surprise and alarm.

"Don't, Anthony," exclaimed the mulatto. "You don't know what you are talking about."

"Dat ar comes o' educatin' niggers," sniffed Uncle Dick, contemptuously. "Know jest enough to spile 'em."

The woman who had spoken before, raised her head again.

"Don't be too hard on Anthony. When he's called to pass fru de sea of blood, he'll be found calling on de Lord, sure."

"Auntie," said Anthony, suddenly fixing his eyes upon her, "do you really believe there is any Lord?"

"Sartin I does—I knows it."

"How do you know it?"

"Chile, I'se seen him."

Anthony dropped his chin upon his hands, and let his eyes fall gloomily upon the ground.

"I wish I could; perhaps he'd tell me what to do. I'm a man, and I'd like to be free, but then there's Rosa. And what would master do without me—and if I made up my mind to go, would Rosa go, too—and if she would, what would I do with her—how could I take care of her—a tender thing that never had any hardship? Suppose we got safe to the camp, what then? God help us!" turning in his helplessness to him whom he had just denied.

"Anthony," said the mulatto, laying his hand upon the other's shoulder, "the Lord is

making a path for you out of your troubles. I was down to old Biggs's to-day, and I got it out of him, little by little, that the Yankees aint so far off as folks think. It seems he's been among 'em and found out a good deal; he's one of that sort that don't care which beats if he can only feather his own nest; he'd shear both sides of the fleece, if he could. Well, he says taint so hard a matter to get beyond the lines, after all. I suspect he's smuggled a lot of whiskey through; a man only has to be sharp. If you'll try it with me, I think we can manage it, and after awhile we'll get the rest off."

Anthony listened with eager attention to the first part of this speech, but gradually his countenance fell, and when the mulatto ceased, he only said:

"Well, we will talk it over next time. It's time I was off, now, and you'd better hurry back to the quarters."

Anthony glided out as he had entered. Sam looked after him with a kind of contemptuous pity.

"The flesh-pots of Egypt entice him," he muttered.

Presently the little cleared spot was deserted. The night insects housed in the surrounding swamp, chirped their monotonous song, the odor of the unseen blossoms swam on the still, warm air, the far-off bright stars shone on, and by-and-by morning flashed up the east in gold and crimson, the birds woke up, and the sun looked into the little green sanctuary; but the pine woods kept the secret which they had held for many a year.

The gaunt pines stretched their long arms across the road, and the warning shadows of their leaves flecked the sunny brightness of the path along which Anthony was walking, a heavy burden upon his stalwart shoulders, but with a light heart in his breast, and occasional snatches of song upon his lips. The gay, pleasant day was so marked a contrast to the gloom of the preceding night, that Anthony's circumstances wore a very different appearance, and the temperament of his race, but scantily endowed with forecast, disposed his thoughts and feelings towards a different channel. Here was he, Anthony—a slave indeed—but still possessing a certain instinctive impulse to claim his strong muscles and brave, buoyant spirit as his own property, and to feel that it was his own, in spite of law; and in this cheery morning the consciousness of self-possession came upon him with such force as to make him forget his condition. His chains

fell away from him, figuratively, for really they had always been of the frailest kind, and Anthony's servitude was largely nominal. Mr. Western was an active politician, having considerable property aside from his plantation and slaves, and his wealth gave him the means, as his kindly disposition allowed him the inclination, to provide liberally for his servants, and to treat them with the utmost indulgence. Anthony had been petted in his boyhood, and when older had been entrusted with the affairs of the estate until he had at length come to be considered its virtual manager. He had, beside, opportunities for petty speculation upon his own account, the privilege of cultivating a patch of soil and selling its produce, and, being industrious and enterprising, he had accumulated a considerable sum of money, which, in the confidence of his generous nature, he had placed in his master's hands for investment.

Lately Anthony had found a new incentive to his ambition. The charms of a young quadroon named Rosa, who acted as maid for the young ladies of the household, had all at once become apparent to him, and made a profound impression upon his susceptible mind. It was now a darling dream of Anthony's to buy Rosa, and thus remove her forever from all danger of being sold away from him. Mr. Western would, he thought, consent to such an arrangement, and he had almost enough money of his own to complete the purchase. There was a little corner of the estate where Anthony had often thought a cottage would look charmingly, and with Rosa as mistress of the small dwelling, and himself looked up to and made much of by the family, and indeed by every one who knew him—all the comforts of life, and occasional luxuries in the shape of a gay dress for Rosa or a smart suit for himself, not too much work to do, and only such care as was agreeable—what could freedom give him, more than these? It must be remembered that in Anthony's case there was no necessity for prudent foresight, no special need to lay by anything for a rainy day. When bright-eyed Rosa grew old, or Anthony's quick perceptions began to dim—and these things seemed a very long way off indeed—there were the master and mistress to look to. No visions of future want arose to admonish him of prudence and economy. As Anthony thought of this pleasant picture, which his imagination made most real and vivid, his step became more elastic and his song more gladsome.

He was very happy; it was all delightful to his ease-loving nature. By the time he reached Biggs's, where he was going to sell a store of chickens and eggs against the Christmas holidays, it seemed entirely impossible and every way absurd that he should ever run away or even wish for a different condition in life. His wrongs and injuries receded. Sam was not there to stimulate him with his eloquence.

Everything—the sunshine, the songs of the birds, the picture of Rosa and the cottage, his glad consciousness of his own manly strength and vigor, and even the odor of the fruit and vegetables which he carried, conspired to fill him with sensuous pleasure; so that when he turned up the path which led to Biggs's log shanty, Anthony was the farthest possible from being a hero or a likely martyr, and might have been thought an admirable specimen of the most contented peasantry in the world. The squalor about the cabin gave him a slight disgust; the whiskey barrels and the broken glass thrown in a heap in the doorway, Anthony glanced at with contempt. He sniffed in disdain at two or three representations of the poor whites, that lounged about the door, and without noticing them by a word, entered the cabin.

Something within made him start, sent his blood inward, dispelled all his pleasant visions, as rudely as if the hand of death itself had been laid upon him. It was a coffin, stopped at the shanty over night on its way south—half a score of dejected creatures of various ages, sitting on the bare floor; the trader, Mr. Bray, was giving them a morning dram.

"I always go for treating niggers well," he remarked, as he poured out a glass of the poisonous liquor, "I tell you it pays. Some folks go for skinchin' and drivin', but it's my opinion that coixin' goes further and don't cost any more. There was my old partner, Brag—Bray and Bragg—we was known all over the States, and we've driv' more niggers and handled more money than any two men in the country—well, Bray was for skinchin', he was for puttin' water in the whiskey, or ruther he was for puttin' a little whiskey into the water, but I used to say, 'There aint no reason in that ere.' I tell 'em down with it—a whole swig of the generwine article. There aint nothin' sperrits 'em up so when they git kinder down in the mouth, and they're dreadful apt to git so. It makes 'em look bright and hop round lively, and they go off better. Tell you, it pays. I calc'late to look after my

own interests putty sharp, but when I kin do a kind thing and not hurt myself, and even make a little more out on't, I go in for doin' of it. I believe in bein' generous, Mr. Biggs!" and Mr. Bray set down his glass and bottle upon the board that served for a counter, with an air of complacency refreshing to see.

"Them's sentiments o' the right sort, Mr. Bray," responded Biggs, deferentially. "And so you and Brag parted."

"Yes. Me and Brag couldn't agree. He was too stingy, 'specially after he got plous and jined the church, and so we parted, and he gin up the business. 'Twas a great loss to the trade though, for he was a mighty good judge o' niggers. Hullo!"

This exclamation was delivered upon looking around and seeing Anthony, who had stood patiently waiting till Mr. Biggs should be at leisure.

"How do ye do, Anthony?" said that gentleman, his manner indicating an odd compromise between servility and condescension. "Got some truck ter sell, then?" and he went around the counter and began looking over Anthony's stock.

While the bargaining was going on, which required half an hour or more, as Anthony's good sense came into collision with Biggs's avarice, Mr. Bray stood looking at Anthony, and watching his movements with that peculiar air of admiring interest which a horse dealer would be expected to manifest when one of his favorite animals was on exhibition. Occasionally he walked around him and gave a low chuckle of satisfaction.

When at last the money was counted out and Anthony was rolling up his bag preparatory to leaving, Mr. Bray walked out into the floor, and addressed him.

"I say, my boy, who owns you?"

"Mr. Western, sir," said Anthony, a little proudly.

It was a highly respectable name, as Anthony knew, and human nature must have something to be proud of.

"O! A mighty good piece of property, too," said Mr. Bray. "Now you'd measure som'er nigh six feet, I should say."

"Six feet and one inch," replied Anthony.

"Want to know! And ekally broad and stout—got good strong arms and shoulders?" and he gave Anthony a pinch.

He drew back, the color flashing into his olive face.

"Techy, eh? 'Spose you master'd be askin' som'er in the neighborhood of a thousand

dollars for ye, or twelve hundred p'raps, though you know you aint wuth so much sence the war begun—makes niggers dreadful uncertain property. P'raps he'd be glad to git rid on ye at eight hundred. Got any more likely chaps on your place? women, now, are in good demand. Wuth wille for me to come up and see your master?"

"I don't think it will be," said Anthony, turning his back upon him. "He doesn't have anything to do with traders."

"Don't he? Don't you go to beln' sarsy. He'd have—" but Anthony was out of hearing.

"Too smart—too smart," said the trader, shaking his head in disapprobation. "If I was tradin' now I'd make him throw off a hundred or too on that chap, 'cause of his smartness. It's a valuable quality in a white man, but 'taint no manner o' use in niggers. Guess I'll go up and see the old feller, anyhow. You'll keep a sharp eye on this ere truck, Mr. Biggs," and he indicated the negroes.

Mr. Western was sitting in his library. He had returned from his journey in no very jubilant mood. Having been an ardent secessionist, and staked his fortune and reputation upon the success of the Southern Confederacy, the strait in which his companions then found themselves filled him with the greatest anxiety and concern. The Federals had invaded the State, and were advancing victoriously. Troops must be raised to confront them, or the old North state was lost to the cause. This was what Mr. Western and his compeers had agreed upon when they were met in Raleigh, and they had voluntarily taxed themselves as well as others for the common defence. Large sums were levied upon the wealthy planters.

But Mr. Western could no longer control his means. His pockets were full of confederate paper, now rapidly depreciating. How could he pay the sum demanded by the government? He turned over this question in his mind all the way home from the capital. He meditated it gloomily as he sat by his library fire. And while he thought in perplexity, the tempter was without in the guise of the negro trader.

Mr. Bray had driven his horse into the entrance gate without the least misgiving. He was not naturally a modest man; he had no fine perceptions, and the practice of his calling had worn away what little regard for the feelings of others he may have possessed originally. He drove his horse straight up to the verandah, where Anthony happened at that

moment to be standing, and accosted him with a free and easy cordiality.

"How are you, boy? I calc'lated to get along afore, but one wheel o' this ere rickety old wagon come off and I had to stop to git it fixed. If I do well this trip I'm agoin' to have a new one, but buyin' and sellin' niggers aint such a profitable specerlation as it used to be. Mr. Western to home?"

"Master is at home," replied Anthony, without stirring.

"Well, now that's lucky, aint it? 'Taint half the time I kin git a sight of the gentry—have to do a sight o' tradin' with the women folks. You kin tell him I want to see him, and be lively now. I'm in a hurry."

Anthony stood motionless a moment, but, glancing up, saw his master standing at the library window, where he must have seen Mr. Bray alight, and so, trembling all over with, he knew not what dreadful foreboding, he sought Mr. Western's presence.

"If you please, master, here's a man wants to see you."

"Who is it, Anthony?"

"I believe his name is Bray, a trader," replied Anthony, feeling his face grow hot at the word.

Mr. Western turned eagerly around. All at once he saw a path open out of his difficulties.

"Send him 'in here," he said.

Anthony's heart sank as he showed Mr. Bray in, and went out of the house, mechanically taking a path that led down to the quarters. He came upon a gang of the people just coming home for supper.

"Who's dat ar?" demanded Uncle Dick, pointing to the shabby equipage at the door.

"That's a slave-dealer, curse him!" and Anthony ground his teeth.

The people looked at each other. Such visitors were rare upon the plantation. One or two of the older ones remembered when a trader came, and what followed it. Sam, the mulatto, drew himself up, and said with stern solemnity:

"Some of us has got to go. De Lord help him to bear it."

"What do you say that for, Sam?" shouted Anthony, in sudden fierceness. "You know master don't have any dealings with such folks."

"Dat he don't," exclaimed Uncle Dick. "He's too much of a gen'l'man for dat. But I wish he hadn't a showed his ugly face here, nebertheless. I'd rudder see de debbil any time."

Anthony walked about the place for half an hour, and then set himself about some work.

"Master never would," he kept saying to himself, "master never would part with any of his people."

Anthony went out and Mr. Bray entered the room. In that interval of half a minute Mr. Western had thoroughly considered what it had just occurred to him to do. It was a thing from which his sense of honor revolted, and to which his natural kindness was averse. It was a disagreeable thing to do—he was vexed at the necessity that brought him in contact with the trader.

Mr. Bray's reception was not over-cordial, a fact which in no wise disconcerted that gentleman.

"Glad to see you, squire," he said, seating himself in one of the comfortable arm-chairs. "Got a good many books here, I see. Guess you're of a literary turn of mind. Like to see that—had an inkling that way myself—thought of goin' to college, but found 'twas too expensive. Learnin', sir, is a luxury that poor folks can't indulge in."

"Very true, Mr. Bray; but this isn't what you came here to tell me, I take it," said Mr. Western, curtly.

"No more 'taint. You're for business, squire. Them's the sort I like. Some folks 'll beat the brush all day without comin' to the pint, but 'taint my way. If I have anything to do I go and do it, and then if I have any talkin' to do I do *that*. That's my way. Business afore pleasure allus."

Mr. Western took a turn about the room and stopped in front of the window. He would have given a great deal to order the fellow out of the house; but—where was the money to come from to pay for equipping volunteers?

"Well, squire," said the other, after Mr. Western had looked out of the window five minutes.

"I was goin' this way and I thought I'd call and see if I could trade with you for any of yer hands. You've got a lot on 'em, I see. Some on 'em's prime and some aint. You keep 'em too well, I guess—rather expensive that—don't you find it so now?"

"I dare say 'tis."

"Yes. Beats all how much a gang o' niggers will eat, and how little work they'll do to pay for it. I know a man down in Georgy—"

"Did you say you wanted to buy some of my hands?" interrupted Mr. Western.

"Well, no, squire, I guess I didn't. I asked

you if you hadn't some you wanted to sell," answered Mr. Bray, with great coolness.

"Ah! I see the distinction," said Mr. Western, smiling in spite of himself. "But that depends upon circumstances. If you will tell me what kind of people you want, I can tell you at once whether I can suit you."

"Well, squire, that's fair anyhow. The fact is, I've got about enough now, but if they was offered cheap and was pretty likely, I might buy one or two boys—not field hands; you see, but the knowing kind—not too knowing, but hardy and smart—and p'raps I might buy a girl or two."

Mr. Western was silent a moment. His face darkened.

"I am opposed to selling my servants upon principle," he said, more to himself than to the trader.

"O, of course. Most folks is. Principles is excellent things—I believe in 'em. If I could afford it, I'd invest in that way myself. I respect a man that has principles. But then, you see, they're confoundedly inconvenient sometimes—tie up a man so. But if I ever get rich I shall stick to my principles. Can't afford it now, though. Well, squire, what kind of hands you got?"

Mr. Western walked about the room.

"I cannot spare many hands, but there's a mulatto boy, Sam, a carpenter, a fine, likely fellow—there isn't much he can do just now, and"—Mr. Western hesitated—"there is a girl, Rosa."

"Fancy?"

"I suppose you would call her so."

The trader shook his head.

"There aint a good market for them kind now. It's too expensive to keep 'em; folks can't afford the ornamental now-a-days."

"Rosa will pay her way. She is neat and capable—remarkably handy with her needle."

"Well, squire, what'll you take for the two?"

Mr. Western sat down, and the bargaining proceeded. At the end of an hour, the planter rose, saying:

"Very well, Mr. Bray, if those are your terms, I will think the matter over, and if you will come here to-morrow, I will let you know my decision."

Mr. Western was deceived. His mind was already made up. He wished to gain time to reconcile his conscience to the step he was determined to take.

Anthony kept about the work he had set himself to do until the trader was gone, then he went with a slow, hesitating step, unlike

his usual quick movements, to the house. Presently, Mr. Western heard a rap at the door.

"Come in," he said.

The door was opened.

"O, is it you, Anthony? What do you want?"

Just now it struck Mr. Western that Anthony might be of service to him in getting Sam, who was always known as rather a turbulent spirit, off quietly. With this thought in his mind, he said, kindly:

"Anything the matter?"

"I'm in trouble, master," said Anthony, tremblingly. "I've seen the trader come here, and I'm troubled about it. Sure, master wouldn't sell any of his people to go South."

"Not if I could help it, Anthony," said Mr. Western, after a moment.

"Master!" said Anthony, imploringly.

"The truth is, my boy," Mr. Western went on hastily, thinking it best to break the matter at once, "the truth is, I am in difficulty. I must have some money, and I don't know where to get it. Now, here's Sam, I've nothing for him to do, and nobody wants to hire carpenters now. The trader offers me a good price for him, and promises to find him a kind master."

"O, master!" exclaimed Anthony, "it will kill Sam to go—there's his wife he thinks so much of—"

"I know it, Anthony," interrupted Mr. Western, with some impatience, "but what am I to do? I tell you I *must* have the money."

Anthony's face lighted up. "I know a way, master, if you don't want too much. Master knows he's got some money of mine—you can take that and welcome. I was laying out to buy Rosa with it when I got a little more, but if master wants it that can wait. I'm glad to do something for master." And the affectionate Anthony looked at Mr. Western, pale and agitated now, and in some real trouble. The master walked away to the window, ejaculating indistinctly some words that Anthony could not make out.

"Good Heaven—I had forgotten that."

Anthony was silent, in respectful sympathy. After a little, Mr. Western came back to the fire.

"Thank you, my good fellow," he said, in a husky voice that betrayed emotion, "but you don't know—your few hundreds would do nothing, comparatively." Anthony's face fell.

"What's to be done then, master? I can't bear to think of Sam's going away."

Mr. Western was silent a moment longer—then he said in an embarrassed manner:

"I'll think it over, Anthony. In the meantime don't say anything about it. We'll see if we can't make it come right." And Anthony went away quite comforted with this assurance.

Mr. Western sat down the moment he was alone and looked gloomily into the fire.

"Good Heaven! how could I tell him?" he muttered.

How indeed! How could he tell Anthony that the little sum he had entrusted to him for safe keeping, had been used in a moment of embarrassment and was now beyond his power to refund, without making the very sacrifice Anthony was so desirous to avoid? How could he tell him that he had determined to sell Rosa to the trader, because she would bring him the highest price, and could be best spared?

Mr. Western had dismissed Anthony with the feeling that he could not do this—that some other way must be found. It was easy to say over those vague words to himself. Perhaps the government would not call for the money, and if it did, perhaps something else would happen before it did so. Mr. Western was a person who could be roused to feel strongly and act energetically while the mood was upon him, but if a little time elapsed, his feelings were modified and he suffered himself to let the opportunity for action pass.

So, after sitting for half an hour longer in the library, he began to derive some comfort from his vague perhapses, and when the bell rang for tea, he joined the family in quite a placid frame of mind. But his equanimity was soon disturbed.

"Letters from Raleigh, papa," said one of his daughters, taking the bag from the servant's hand.

Mr. Western frowned as he broke the seal and read, and for a moment it was not strange that he wished the Confederacy at the antipodes, at the very least. "Money—money—money!" he growled, and then he swallowed his tea in silence.

"So Sam and Rosa must be sold after all—it was no use thinking about it—" and having once admitted this to be so, it is wonderful what a change was wrought in his mind. All the reasons for not parting with them, which had but just now seemed so formidable, melted away, and his bad faith with Anthony dwindled to the dimensions of a mere trifle.

Anthony was sound asleep that night in his cottage; it was the quiet, happy sleep of youth and light-heartedness. He had great confidence in his master, and his mercurial disposition easily shook off any weight. Things were apt to look rose-colored to him. And for these reasons he had dismissed the thought of the trader and was, I dare say, dreaming of Rosa. But his sleep though sound was light, and a very gentle tap on the door awoke him. He sprang up instantly, awake, but a little confused.

"What's the matter—anybody sick?" he asked.

"No," said the voice of Sam, the mulatto. "Dress yourself, Anthony, and come out here."

There was something startling and impressive in the tone. Anthony dressed and went out without another word. Two other figures stood near Sam.

"Come," said the mulatto, and Anthony followed the three figures to Sam's hut. There was a fragment of candle burning within. Sam held it up.

"Who be these, Anthony?"

"I'm sure I don't know," was the wondering reply.

Sam chuckled. "Then I guess nobody wont."

"Ho, ho! don't know Uncle Dick! That's a good one. Look here, Anthony, boy, don't I make a 'spectable teamster?" and the old man displayed his dress with great satisfaction.

"Sam, what does this mean?"

"It means that master has sold Rosa and me to the trader, and we are going to try to get to the Yankee camp."

"Sam, this isn't true," exclaimed Anthony, in excitement.

"O, yes, Anthony, it is. Aunt Sue heard master and mistress talkin' about it, and master's spent your money, Anthony, and there's nothing for it but to run away." And the small figure in boy's clothes glided to Anthony's side. He stood like one stupified.

"Don't you know me, Anthony?" said the little thing, beginning to cry.

"Is it Rosa?" asked Anthony.

"Yes, it's Rosa?" said Sam. "I got them clothes of Biggs—he promised not to betray us, and I paid him for it. I've had 'em for a good while. Here's another suit for you, Anthony. You're to be a confederate officer and Rosa's your servant. I'm a private selder and—"

"I'm a teamster," interrupted Uncle Dick.

"We've got to get through the confederate

lines," continued Sam, "and if we can get past their pickets safe, we shall be pretty sure to reach the Yankees. Now, Anthony, what will you do—go or not?"

"Go!" replied Anthony, steadily.

"It's a risky business—we may get shot—it may be life and it may be death."

"No matter! I will go, life or death."

"All right! come then," and they glided out into the open starlight.

There was a great commotion at the Pines the next morning. When it was known with certainty that Sam and Anthony, Uncle Dick and Rosa were gone, Mr. Western's wrath rose to a towering height. He was sure that no man was ever so ill-treated before. How it was possible that Anthony, whom he had treated almost as if he had been his own son, could find it in his heart to run away from him, he could not divine. And how Sam, who had always professed such an affection for the place and the people, and whom he had caused to be taught the trade, which he chose, at great inconvenience and expense to himself, could repay him with such black ingratitude was past comprehension.

He quite forgot that he had been on the eve of separating Sam from the place he loved so well. Such an escapade was almost an unheard-of thing in that vicinity. In the course of the morning, it came out that Sam's wife was missing from a neighboring plantation. At this, Mr. Western declared that he was now sure some party of Yankee marauders had taken them off.

He wouldn't budge an inch in search of them—not he. The Confederacy might take care of itself. If the government had established patrols in every district, as he had urged it to do, such things wouldn't happen. And so Mr. Western sat by the fire in a pet. To complete his annoyance, Mr. Bray came at noon according to agreement.

"Well, squire—" the planter cut him short.

"It's of no use talking, Mr. Bray. The servants I proposed to sell you have run away."

"Run away!"

"Yes, sir."

"Run away!"

"Didn't I tell you so?" exclaimed Mr. Western, rather snappishly.

"Law, squire, you needn't be mad at me. I aint to blame for it. But wasn't it lucky I hadn't bought 'em?" said Mr. Bray, in a self-congratulatory tone.

This view of the case did not seem to mollify Mr. Western, but the trader went on.

"Where on earth do you 'spose they're gone to?"

"Gone to the —, I hope."

"Now don't, squire. You couldn't get 'em noways if they was, and now p'r'aps you may."

"I shan't try. If every nigger on my plantation should run away, I wouldn't take the trouble to go after them, confound 'em. They're more plague than profit, any day."

The trader's eyes twinkled.

"I say, squire, how much 'll you throw off, if I'll take 'em off your hands?"

"What?"

"I asked you how much you'd make 'em over to me for, and let me run my own risk."

Mr. Western roused himself. That might be worth considering.

In a little while the trader left the house.

"Now, it's my opinion I've got a clue to it. If I didn't see that Sam hanging round Biggs's last night, I'm mistaken."

He went straight back to Biggs's.

"I say, Biggs, there's been a stampede over there," said the trader.

"Good Lord! they aint gone, have they?" exclaimed Biggs, thrown entirely off his guard. He had been drinking, even at that early hour, and was no match for the shrewd Mr. Bray. At the expense of three glasses of whiskey and a little strategy, Mr. Bray learnt all that the tavern-keeper knew of Sam's intentions, and moreover induced him to aid in the pursuit. They started about the middle of the afternoon.

"You see," said the astute trader, "they'll lay by till it's fairly dark, and then start, and we shall be likely to come up with 'em, jest as they're getting ready to move."

They rode several miles. The fugitives were on foot, and could not have gone any great distance encumbered as they were with women unused to travelling. As the pursuers advanced, they explored cautiously but sharply, every little copse and thicket.

"We shan't find 'em in the thick woods," said Mr. Bray. "They'll calc'late that's where we'll look for 'em, and they'll be more likely to hide where it's a little open."

They rode on in silence at last. The sun was gone down and the short twilight was almost faded. Suddenly Mr. Bray exclaimed: "Stop! Look! Don't you see something fluttering? A woman's gown, or something."

Mr. Biggs, who was by this time too much under the influence of the whiskey to be very reliable, stood on tiptoe in his stirrups, and declared that he could discern nothing.

"Stop your noise, you drunken fool. I tell you I see 'em—there, behind that clump of bush. We've got 'em, look at your pistols and mind you know what you're about. We'd better leave our hosses here and creep up and take 'em by surprise. There's no use in a fight if we can help it. I don't want to spile any of 'em."

They dismounted, fastened their horses to some trees near by, and crept softly up to the thicket.

Rosa, sitting quietly on the ground while Anthony and Sam made preparations for their departure, was startled by the apparition of a man's face peering at her through the pine boughs close at her side. She gave a loud shriek, and instantly Mr. Bray had emerged from his concealment, and Sam and Anthony sprang to the defence.

"You're caught now, you confounded niggers, and you might as well give up. If you don't, I'll shoot you."

Sam quickly raised his revolver, the trader guessed his intention, and both fired at the same instant. Sam sank to the ground, and the trader reeled and fell.

"I'se a gwine to strike one blow for liberty, anyhow," said Uncle Dick, and seizing the club he had borne all day, he struck Mr. Biggs's revolver from his hand.

That heroic individual instantly fell upon his knees, and pleaded for mercy.

"You shet up! I'se a gwine to tie your hands, ole feller, so you can't do no more mischief. You're a mean scamp anyhow. I'd rudder be a nigger dan one o' dese yer mis'able white trash, aint fit for nothin' but to swallow whiskey and tote round de traders. Aint ye ashamed o' yerself now?" said Uncle Dick, bitterly.

Meantime Anthony knelt over Sam's body. His wife moaned and wept beside him, and Rosa was perfectly dumb with terror.

Was he dead? That heart was beating hard and fast but just now. Was it stilled forever? They tried to rouse the dormant life, for some time vainly.

At last Anthony started up with an exclamation of joy.

"He is not dead!"

"No, I guess he aint. Here's dis ole feller's got a bottle full o' something strong. Jes' let me give him some o' dis, and see if he don't come to himself."

The stimulant was efficacious. Sam presently sat up.

"Now dese hosses—'pears as if de Lord had

sent 'em on purpose," said Uncle Dick, delightedly. "Jes' what we want."

"The horses are not ours," protested Sam.

"Now don't you go fur to 'ject to usin' de means de Lord has pervided for you. Dey're his and he gibs 'em to us. Don't de Bible say de cattle on a thousand hills am de Lord's. 'Spose he didn't know we couldn't go afoot and tote you along besides. Sh'now!" and Dick made preparations to appropriate the horses.

"What of him?" and Anthony pointed, with a slight shudder, to the spot where the trader still lay motionless.

"He'll come to, I guess, an' if he don't 'taint no matter. He's only stunned. Anyhow, I rudder tink he can be spared from dis world's well as anybody I knows ob. Only I shouldn't tink de Lord 'u'd want him."

They put Sam upon one of the horses and the two women upon the other.

"Now, please God," said Anthony, "this is our last peril."

It was. They passed the remaining rebel pickets during the following night and came into Newbern the next day.

Mr. Bray, upon recovering, decided that he had made a most unfortunate speculation, and expressed his determination to abandon his profession just as soon as it was practicable.

Mr. Western, it may be presumed, still inveighs against the astonishing ingratitude of servants, and the more angrily, as he sees the petted institution for whose sake he and his compeers have dared and endured so much, falling into irremediable ruin.

SKETCH IN MOSCOW.

In Moscow, with its glorious undulating site, its long, irregular streets of handsome villas, interspersed with greenery, its handsome *magazines*, and its constant rattle of equipages, you feel as if surrounded by human interest, and cease to wonder why neither despotic power, nor long neglect, nor systematic preference for a rival, can wean the true Russian from his love for the ancient cradle of his race. And now it looks brighter and gayer than ever. Paint, and lime, and varnish have done wonders, making even the old Chinese town look sprightly and modern; while the gilder has given to the thousand domes, minarets and spires of Moscow a splendor and refulgence which can only be appreciated by being seen. Stand on the esplanade of the Kremlin, and having first curiously examined

its battlemented walls, its ancient treasury, its grotesque church—the Assumption; watch for a moment the people, high and low, military and civil, as they reverentially doff their hats while passing under the sacred gate; and then turn suddenly towards the vast city that spreads itself out beneath your feet, count its innumerable church spires of delicate green, bright golden, or royal red; look down its long streets, alive with human ants; learn to distinguish its fortress-like convents, its regal palaces, its great public institutes, and you must admit that you are gazing on a panorama to which the civilized world offers but few parallels.

SINGULARITIES OF BIRDS.

Bishop Stanley tells a story of a nightingale, which, after being reared from the nest and kept in a cage a couple of winters, was allowed to fly about freely among the shrubberies and pleasure-grounds during the song season. The nightingale would always return to be fed out of the hand when called by a known voice. When the migration time came, it seemed uneasy for a day or two; but the cage being hung up out of doors, it would enter it during the cold autumnal evenings, and being carried in-doors, would pass the winter singing sweetly from Christmas unto April. Much—we do not as yet know how much—in the habits of birds of what is ascribed to instinct, is the result of teaching. Old song-birds teach their tunes to the young by giving them music-lessons which are not paid for by the hour. Hawks drill their offspring in hawking. Travellers in virgin forests are astonished at the confidence of birds which have never witnessed the effects of the rifle. A hen-house sparrow, whose leg was kindly set by a lady, brought another sparrow to undergo the same operation, and spent the winter nights for years in the apartment in which she had received the kind treatment, flying out every morning and returning every evening, except during the breeding season. Rooks which fly away with cries of alarm, if they see a man with a gun approaching them in the fields, are not frightened when they see a man with a gun in town.

Lawyers often know too much of law to have a very clear perception of justice, just as divines are often too deeply read in theology to appreciate the full grandeur and proper tendencies of religion.

[ORIGINAL.]

WHERE HAVE THEY VANISHED?

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Where have they vanished—all my youthful fancies?
Where have they flown—my fond delights and dreams?

Alas! with love's remembered smiles and glances,
With hope's frail fabrics and delusive gleams.

I sit and muse on many a golden glory
That played like sunshine round my early years;
Back to my mind comes many a tender story
That dimmed my yet unfaded eyes with tears.

I see once more the oft-frequented places,
Where, like a group in some old picture, throng
Familiar forms and unforgotten faces,
Gone to their far, returnless home, how long!

And one is fairer than the rest, as morning
More lovely is than noon or sinking day;
She too has flown, that loftier sphere adorning,
Where grief is not, and sighs are done away.

As years increase, my heart is filled with sadness,
More prone am I to wander in the past,
And, though my present is not void of gladness,
Still is my tearful vision backward cast.

Forgive me, objects of my dear affection,
My treasured blessings, that sometimes I turn
From thoughts of you in hours of lone reflection,
To twine some leaves round memory's funeral urn.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

Now, you *will* be brave, Ora! This foolish war cannot last long. The South must see that they are wrong who have encouraged it, and we shall see that no one except the leaders will persist in such unholy principles as have led to this rebellion. It will not be long, dear Ora, before I return to you as whole in body as in heart. Let me see you look up and smile your own glad smile once more."

The girl did raise the face that had nestled on his shoulder; but O, what a dreamy, mournful face it was! No smile was there, but tears were coursing plentifully over it.

"I cannot smile, Russ. I have such awful dreams about you. The very remembrance of them chills my blood."

He interrupted her, impatiently. Russell Christy had an inveterate horror of all superstitions—dreams, prophecies, presentiments,

omens—he had no patience with them nor with those who held them.

He had been engaged to Orabelle Page for nearly a year, and their marriage had been anticipated by their mutual friends, as an event that would bring the greatest happiness to both. Young, handsome, moderately wealthy, well-born and well-bred, intelligent, and, to crown all, good and noble-hearted, where was the fate that could blight that happiness?

The blight came with the rebellion. Russ thought it was his duty to go forth in behalf of his country; but the little cherished flower, on whose head not a single storm had ever beaten, drooped and withered before what she felt to be a mighty tempest. She would not listen to any expression of a necessity for just such men as Russell Christy—brave, high-hearted, heroic. To her, the war seemed to need only men of strength, only brute force, to quell it. She little knew that only the highest type of manhood—only those in whom the highest qualities are developed, can be trusted to bring about the grand object for which the friends of the Union are fighting, soul and heart and body, pledging, as did the grand old heroes of the Revolution, "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor." It was strange, too, that she did not see how inconsistent it would be with his principles to draw back from any sacrifice for his country; for he had said to her, many times, during the year of threatened trouble which preceded the war, "Ora, I love you next to God and my country." And yet she was unreasonable enough, now, to think that he ought to place her before either. Had Russ been a weaker or a less true man than he was, he would have bowed beneath her terrible distress, and, most probably, would have given up his heroism. But on any point of honor, he was as inflexible as iron. For his life he could not help pitying the sorrow that was so genuine, but no pity, no love, however deep, could triumph over the still holier sentiments of reverence and patriotism, although he was still troubled to find that they were not appreciated by Orabelle Page.

Patiently he went all over the same ground that he had gone over at first; explained to her his sense of duty and the need of his obeying it with unquestioning devotion. She could not, would not see its truth.

For the first time since their engagement, Russ felt that his dreams of a perfect union were about to vanish into thin air. How was

he to infuse into her mind the principle which woman, no less than man, should hold sacred as life itself? O, was it not enough that he was about to part from home and friends—from her, too, when he loved her so devotedly—was it not enough, without her adding to his grief by childish unreason?

Russ had enlisted as a private; but he had scarcely done so, when a commission was offered him. He was to command a company in the —th. He told Ora of this, at last. He meant she should hear of it from other lips than his; but she was so inconsolable, that he appealed to her pride and ambition, and was, perhaps, both pleased and pained to see that it did seem to mitigate her grief; at least, her tears were dried. They parted at last; parted as lovers, certainly; but a cloud had overshadowed their love, notwithstanding.

Ora rushed to her room, and was on her knees in an agony of tears, by the time Russ had shut the gate. She did not pray—she could not; not *then*, at least. “O, why did he go? why did he go?” This was her sole thought, and she brooded over it until she believed him cruel and unkind.

Three months after this parting, Russ Christy lay, wounded sorely, in a hospital at Washington. He had been taken from the battlefield with others, under the supposition that life had departed. Already rebel “chivalry and generosity” had been at work upon his apparently dead body, and had stolen from it his watch, money, sword and a part of his clothing. They who lament so pathetically that they are in danger of becoming *Yankeeified* and learning lessons of meanness and stinginess from Northern people, can do these things very comfortably. Robbing the dying and dead is very noble and chivalric.

Life was not wholly gone from Russ Christy. He was spared for the great future that was to come upon his country; and feeble and disabled, he was taken to Washington. His mother and sister were with him almost immediately; and with watchful and tender nursing, it was thought by the surgeons that he might live through the terrible fever that succeeded.

It was so sad that Mrs. Christy and Helen should both take the fever from Russ! They both drooped on the same day, in about three weeks after they came, and were taken away to a hotel, Russ being unconscious of their presence or absence.

His fever was long and high; and in his

delirium, he would tear the bandages from his poor, gaping wounds, and let them bleed afresh. It took two men to subdue him to anything like calmness or obedience. But one day he woke up from a sleep so long and quiet that they thought him dead, and was his own calm, sweet and reasonable self once more. Then the two strong, rough men were detailed to another sick bed, and their place was taken by a lady. It was delicious to the poor, weary sufferer to have this soft and gentle being about him; to feel the touch upon his forehead of her cool, tender hand—to look into her mild eyes, and read the true pity and commiseration there; so dear to the sick. She trod on air, he thought, for her footfall was never heard, and her voice was sweet and low, lingering like music on his ear.

Yet Mary Langdon was not beautiful. Beside Orabelle Page, she might have seemed homely, even. Her eyes were gray, with soft brown lashes, the color of her hair, which was quite smooth and abundant; but it fell above a colorless cheek, which it seemed no emotion could ever flush into radiance or bloom. Her figure was slight, even to sparseness, and her stature was scarce more than a child's. Russ watched her as she glided silently about his bed, anticipating all his wants and ministering to them so gently that pain and sickness seemed rather pleasant to him than otherwise, since it brought such sweet companionship.

She read to him, sung for him, prayed beside him. Russ was in danger of forgetting that he was betrothed to another; for this calm and quiet girl was almost taking her place in his heart. Although they had rarely conversed together, still there seemed to be a sympathy between them deeper than the few weeks she had taken care of him would warrant.

She carried him a note from Helen, one day, after the latter had become able to write him. He took it, eagerly.

“It seems good to see my sister's handwriting again, but it is written by a feeble hand, I see.”

He opened and read:

“DARLING RUSS: I cut a scrap from yesterday's paper, which I thought would interest you. Here it is. ‘Married in New York, Henry Schwartz to Orabelle, daughter of Charles Page.’ I know you won't care for such a heartless creature, dear Russ, or I would not have sent you this. We shall soon see you, darling. HELEN CHRISTY.”

Was that Ora Page's lover, lying there, with unquicken pulses and unheightened color, reading the announcement of her marriage? He looked up at last, and caught the serene glance of his gentle nurse. He tossed Helen's note into her lap.

"Read that," he said, softly, "and fancy that the person there named was once my lady-love!"

He spoke so lightly, and his face looked so serene, that she could not think he was serious. She did not avail herself of his permission, or rather command, to read it.

"Yes, read it, Miss Langdon," he said, again. "I want you to admire the constancy of your sex. I find I was too sanguine altogether, to expect it to last from the period at which the war commenced until now."

"Are you quite just, Mr. Christy? Is it fair to judge all by one?"

"No; I am willing to acknowledge that the suddenness of this announcement has made me unjust. I believe there is some fine gold left yet, in the world; and perhaps Russ Christy may find it, sometime, away in the far future. If you care to hear my experience, I will while away this stormy afternoon by telling it."

She looked interested, and expressed herself so; and Russ told her all. He did full justice to Orabelle's fine qualities of heart and disposition; and was gentle and tender to the weakness she had shown at parting. But he must have been more or less than man, had he not shown some little indignation at her deliberate desertion of him in his absence, and when she knew not that he was not dying upon the battle-field.

Mary Langdon's fine eyes were often suffused with tears, while he told his love story. She had the rare faculty of listening without interrupting, and yet of giving the attention that the speaker demands. He ended off playfully, with saying:

"Well, I suppose I am now doomed to a bachelor life. I shall never dare to ask another lady to share my fortunes."

He cast his eyes sidelong at the quiet figure before him. Could he believe that she was both blushing and crying—she, whom he had thought so impassive? He dared not appear to notice it, so he waited patiently until she recovered herself, which she did almost immediately.

The next morning was glorious.

"How I wish you were well enough to walk out!" said Mary Langdon, as she took

the place of the man who had watched with Russ through the night.

Russ looked up. Her voice, sweet as ever, was yet fuller and deeper than he had ever heard it, and he was looking to see if haply the face had become brighter. No; there was the same tender, gentle expression there, that had won upon him from the first.

She glided about the room, making it as neat as possible, and removing all bottles and bandages that might be unsightly to him. Then she placed a few sweet flowers in a glass and put them on a little stand beside the bed. His eyes thanked her. She had taken her knitting, a soldier's sock, and now sat by him in her usual quiet fashion.

"Miss Langdon, I think you owe me something for my yesterday's confidence. I should so like to know your history. Don't think me impertinent or inquisitive; but I really would like to know if you were always as still and quiet as you are now, or if you have been subdued from former gaiety by any experience, sad or mournful."

His tone was so kind and friendly, that she could not repulse him.

"Would you really like to know, Mr. Christy? Well, then, be satisfied with the few words I have to say. I have gone through with the same experience that you have. It did not crush me. I am thankful it came in season, before I was more nearly bound. But if it did not subdue me, it chilled. It took away my girlish gaiety, never, I think, to return; and O, Mr. Christy, I must own that it destroyed, or at least weakened, my faith in man. Now, not another word. I never spoke of it before—never shall again. Here are your drops, Mr. Christy. Will you take them clear, or with water?"

And Mary Langdon poured out the medicine without the quivering of a muscle. She had become the same calm, cool, undemonstrative being that Russ had always known her during the few weeks of their acquaintance.

There was an announcement of visitors at the hospital, a few days afterward, and the nurses were bustling about to put their patients in good order to be seen. Miss Langdon, alone, never stirred from her position. She had no need to move anything a hair's breadth. Russ was beautifully fresh and clean in all his surroundings.

The visitors passed his bed on one side without remark; but coming up on the other side, they came into a full view of his face,

Two gentlemen walked on, in close conversation, and behind them came two ladies. He saw one of these last start and shiver as if ice drops had fallen upon her, and make a step forward, as if she would come up to the bed. The gentlemen had walked on, and the other lady had followed. In a brief moment, she who had been affected by the sight of him, was at his bedside, clasping his hand, and whispering in his ear:

"Russ! Russ! forgive me; I am so wretched!"

"Wretched! and just married!"

"O, I was so wrong! I did not know what I was doing. I was tempted, baited into this hateful marriage."

Russ replied coldly. She felt the tone—so altered from all she had heard from his lips before. He did not even kiss the fair, white hand she had left in his.

"As ye sow, so shall ye reap," said Russ. "I have nothing to forgive. You have done me an unintentional kindness, for which I thank you, in preventing me from mating with an unloving wife."

"O, not that! never that, Russ. But hear my defence before you—"

"Ora, my love!" said a bland looking gentleman, partially bald and wholly gray, "you are exhausting yourself over that sick-bed. She has so much sympathy for the sick soldiers, that she becomes hysterical over them," he continued, addressing his companion. Then calling her again, she went to him, not without casting a "longing, lingering look" behind.

Russ looked up at his nurse.

"You did not think of such a scene, this morning, Miss Langdon! Yet, feel my pulse; it is slow and steady, is it not? Her avowal of wretchedness just steels my heart against her. Had she been true, she might have been happy—happier, at least. But it is best for us all."

Mary Langdon did not answer, save by the smile she usually gave him when he talked to her. Yet, the next hour, she conversed well and rapidly, upon some mountain scenery she had witnessed, and becoming interested in the subject, she was really enthusiastic. A very brilliant color overspread the cheeks he had decided were never to bloom, and the gray eyes assumed a lustre which he had thought impossible for them to wear.

"I wonder," he said, after a pause, "I wonder if she knows I am crippled. Miss Langdon, she has treated me ill. I am not sensible

that she even asked after my poor limbs; and I have two less than I owned when she loved me. I should be a fine cavalier, now! I am glad she is married. She would not marry me now, with these poor stumps."

And he held up the fragment of an arm to her gaze.

"Miss Langdon," he went on, "if your lover went away to the war, and returned as I am, could you love him as before?"

"Certainly," was her simple reply.

"But, suppose that he was not your lover,—that you met him after he was in 'fragments,' could you love such an one?"

"Mr. Christy, you have no right to ask me that."

"I have not, I own. I am a villain to make you cry, dear Mary, but I must be answered. Will you marry me?"

She *did* marry him—and never on this good earth, did a happier pair exist. Mary Langdon has grown absolutely handsome, in this new accession of happiness.

WOMAN'S HEART.

There is a period in the early life of every true woman when moral and intellectual growth seems, for the time, to cease. The vacant heart seeks for an occupant. The intellect, having appropriated allment requisite to the growth of the uncrowned feminine nature, feels the necessity of more intimate companionship with the masculine mind, to start it on its second period of development. Here, at this point, some stand for years, without making a step in advance. Others marry, and astonish, in a few years, by their sweet temper, new beauty, high accomplishments, and noble womanhood, those whose blindness led them to suppose they were among the incurably heartless and frivolous.

A RICH MAN'S FREAK.

The elder Rothschild once had need of the services of Liston, the celebrated English surgeon. After he had done, the banker said:

"You think, perhaps, I am going to pay you for making me suffer so much; you are mistaken—you'll only get this souvenir," saying which, he threw his night-cap at him.

Liston smiled, took the night-cap, but, as he was descending the stairs, he looked inside, and found a \$1000 bill.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE HAPPIEST HOME.

BY OWEN G. WARREN.

That is the brightest, happiest home,
Where love and peace are shrined;
And whence the heart would never roam,
A warmer spot to find.
'Tis not the mansion, proud and high,
Nor halls of lordly state;
'Tis not the robes of richest dye,
Nor slaves that round us wait;
'Tis not the steeds that prance in pride,
With harness flecked with foam;
No—luxury and dominion wide
Have nought to do with home.

But one condition makes a home—
Hearts must be happy there;
As well in hovel as in dome,
Content can find a lair.
Want and disease may bitter life,
Discordant souls may hate,
Strong interests may engender strife—
These are the common fate.
But, if we ask it prayerfully,
Joy to our roof will come;
Love, the condition sole must be,
For love will make a home.

[ORIGINAL.]

THAT WICKED LITTLE MOUSTACHE.

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.

SOME years ago, I was a young lawyer just getting into practice in my native city of Boston, and with very little besides hope and a comfortable belief in my own luck to support me. My office was in Court street, and my very unostentatious lodging in—well, not in Court street, but somewhere else. It was, moreover, in a corner house, situated just opposite one of the great, public, primary schools of the modern Athens, and my last, sweet morning nap was very apt to be rudely disturbed by the squabbles or noisy sports of the little urchins, as they assembled for a half-hour of play before they were “rung in” to their studies.

When this annoyance first became obvious (for I had taken the lodgings during a vacation of the school), I used to growl a good deal, and promise myself, as I vainly tried to unite the broken chain of my dreams, that I would change my abiding-place before another nightfall. But these resolutions never con-

tinued in force long enough to lead me to act upon them, and at last I began to rather rely upon the juvenile hubbub under my windows as an indication of the unwelcome but inevitable moment when I must arise.

Being naturally of rather an exact turn of mind, it gave me a considerable satisfaction, finally, to spring from my bed as soon as the shout “Schoolma’am’s coming,” met my ears, and so time my toilet as to be about half through shaving when the school-bell rang.

The little mirror where I performed this operation, hung just between the two windows of my apartment, and as I always raised the shades at this period of the toilet to give me the necessary light for conducting my tonsorial manœuvres, I could not well avoid casting an occasional side-glance down into the street, and generally managed to catch the schoolma’am in the process of ringing the bell at the door. After a while it occurred to me that the young woman was not bad-looking, and the hand extended with the bell was white and shapely.

“Poor thing! Wonder if she likes being shut up with all those steaming little varlets this splendid morning,” said I to myself, on one of these occasions, and as I wiped the lather from my face, my eyes fell upon a pretty little bouquet of Parma violets with one white camellia in their centre, that I had bought upon the previous evening, with a notion of leaving it at Blanche Levington’s door, an intention nipped in the bud by meeting that young lady, as I came out of the florist’s shop, walking with Petersham, and looking so outrageously flattered and charmed by his nonsense, that I resolved on the spot she should have no violets of mine to wear that night at Mrs. Boutemp’s party, for which I had received an invitation and refused it because my coat had become utterly unrepresentable, and I would not go in a sack, and I could not get another coat until I should collect my last fees from old Brown.

So, owing to this combination, I had not gone to the party, or presented my violets to Miss Levington, with a little remark about violets and eyes that had occurred to me in paying for them; and it was, perhaps, an indefinite result of my annoyance at my own poverty and Petersham’s monetary superiority, and Blanche Levington’s blindness, that made me remark, as I emerged from the towel and glanced at the neglected bouquet:

“By Jove, the schoolma’am shall have the violets. Poor, little girl, she’ll be too delight-

ed to speak. Hope she wont imagine I'm making love to her."

The idea was so comical a one that I smiled over it all the time I brushed my coat, fitted on my gloves, settled my hat over the curls that Miss Levington's confidential female friend had informed me were considered "perfect loves" by that young lady, and descended to the street, bouquet in hand.

The smile still lingered, when I lightly struck the inner door of the school-room with the head of my stick, and bade the little girl who answered the summons, tell the schoolmistress that a gentleman wished to speak with her.

I had barely withdrawn from the range of the hundred eyes, more or less, levelled at me through the open door, when she appeared, came down the entry to where I stood, looking out into the street. I heard her coming, but waited to see what she would say first at finding a—well, not a bad-looking or badly-dressed young man waiting for her, with a bunch of Parma violets in his hand.

She came close, and paused.

"Good morning, sir."

The voice was very sweet and soft, but not in the least hurried or embarrassed. In fact, it struck on my discriminating ear as sounding very much like the cold, courteous tone with which Blanche Levington would have addressed a stranger under similar circumstances. I felt indefinitely annoyed and disappointed, and turned to look at this audaciously self-possessed young woman.

She was rather tall, with shoulders well thrown back, a straight, lithe form, a regular head well and proudly set, fair and colorless in complexion, with red brown hair, cut short, and curling in loose rings around her face and neck; a sweet, soft mouth, and great, hazel eyes, that, as I completed my rapid examination, met mine, full and clear, with a shade of surprise stealing into their quiet depths.

"A splendid companion-piece she'd make to Blanche's pure, blonde style. I'd like to see them side by side," thought I, and the schoolma'am, coloring just a little, and raising her head a line higher than it had hitherto been held, said again:

"You wished to see me, sir!"

"Pardon me, I am very rude, but you can be at no loss to understand the cause of my momentary silence. Here are some violets to remind you that the world keeps holiday in June, although you keep school."

I held them out, and the fragrance appeal-

ed to her senses so subtly and unawares, that she held them to her face involuntarily, while a quick wave of color rushed up to her very hair.

"You like them?" said I, smiling.

Unlucky words! I should have gone away without speaking—in that moment when she had forgotten me, and remembered only the flowers. My speech recalled her to time and place, and with a sudden movement she thrust them into my hand, and though the rose blush deepened into a painful scarlet, said firmly and haughtily:

"I thank you, sir, but the world's holidays have no connection with my working days, and I cannot take the violets."

"You are not fond of flowers, then," remarked I, with half a sneer, for I will confess that I was excessively annoyed at the idea of this little primary schoolma'am undertaking to refuse flowers that I had taken the trouble to offer her.

She felt the taunt, and pressed her lips together to keep back a retort. Then with a stately bow of dismissal, she was turning away like an empress, who may no longer be importuned by a petitioner, when I exclaimed:

"Stay! I brought these flowers here for you, because I pitied the sordid life you lead, while all the rest of the world is gay and bright. Will you not take them?"

"I thank you, no. And even the pity you so graciously add, might be more acceptably bestowed."

"As you please, of course," remarked I, with a very poor attempt at *nonchalance*, and tossing the bouquet upon the floor, I set the heel of my boot into its midst, sending up the odor of the crushed violets in a perfect cloud.

"O!" cried the schoolma'am, involuntarily, as she clasped her hands, and looked down at the mangled flowers with that wistful pity and horror in her eyes that I have seen on the faces of women, as they watched a man maltreating his horse in the street.

I raised my hat, bowed, and said "good-morning," as sarcastically as I could intone the word, but the effect was quite lost upon my companion, I fear, and I went down the steps and away, leaving the little schoolma'am still looking piteously down upon the crushed violets.

After this, I used always to look out at the windows while I shaved, and found considerable satisfaction, for awhile, in addressing ironical remarks and inquiries to my opposite neighbor when she appeared, bell in hand, to

summon her noisy crew. But as there was no possibility of these reaching her ear, the amusement soon grew wearisome. Then I hastened my toilet a little, and used to open the street door of my lodging-house, just as the schoolmistress appeared. I made no attempt at greeting, but in the first careless glance up and down the street, I chanced once or twice to catch her eye, and saw the telltale color crimson her cheek.

After a few mornings, however, I perceived that the bell was rung from the inner door, and the person of the ringer was not visible. Disgusted with the idea that this absurd girl supposed that I cared to see her, and was keeping out of my way, I reverted to my original hours, and no longer left the house until the last straggler had entered the school-house, and the monotonous tones issuing from the open windows denoted that some one, the "absurd girl" probably, was reading such portions of the Bible aloud, as her Catholic pupils would permit her to do.

So the summer went by, and the long vacation arriving, the school-house was shut up, and the mornings were as quiet as heart could desire.

But, like the man who slept in an engine-room, until he could not shut his eyes in a quiet bed, I found that the absence of the squabbling children below my windows seriously interfered with my morning slumbers, and it was quite a relief to my mind, finally, to accept an invitation from Mrs. Levington to spend a week at her cottage in Newport.

That week! May Heaven forgive you, Blanche Levington, for that week's work. May Heaven forgive you, for I never will.

It chanced that there was no one else staying in the house, except a deaf, old aunt with a large fortune at her own disposal, to whom our hostess devoted herself, and Blanche was left to entertain me.

I must say that she did not appear to find the task an irksome one. We took early strolls upon the sands to watch the sun rise; we spent long mornings in shady nooks among the rocks, when I read aloud, as she sat and wrought at her needlework, and interpreted the passion of the poet with my eyes, until her own drooped, and the needle fell from her trembling fingers.

We rode or drove, we bathed and walked, we sang and danced, we watched the starry night until the rising Pleiades marked that the morning was at hand, we lived in each other's presence, and without words, told each

other the passion of our hearts a thousand times in every one of those summer days.

At last, upon the seventh I spoke, and timidly, yet hardly doubting of the answer I had so often read in those blue eyes, asked this fair heiress to share my poverty and hopes.

Then for one moment, she was genuine. Just for one glimpse she showed the frozen waste that should have been her heart. She looked at me with the blue eyes, now as cold and clear as a Greenland sky, and slowly said:

"I hoped you would have too much sense to do this. I thought you saw as well as I the impossibility of our pleasant dream becoming a reality, and would have spared yourself and me the awkwardness of this avowal."

I looked at her a moment, before I answered, and I was glad to see her lips turn white and falter, and her cold eyes droop, before my gaze.

"I am sorry—" she began, but I raised my hand.

"There is no need," said I. "It was only a misunderstanding on my part. I had fancied no woman of delicacy, modesty, shall I say, would have received and reciprocated certain demonstrations of my feelings in this last week, from a man whom she had predetermined to refuse. Receive my thanks, please, for the lesson, and—its conclusion."

I offered her my arm to the drawing-room—we had been strolling in the moonlight—and for the rest of the evening did the agreeable so vigorously to the deaf aunt, that Mrs. Levington became quite uneasy, for fear, I suppose, that I was going to marry the venerable spinster, and carry off the fortune.

Blanche, I grieve to say, retreated to the bay window in an unmistakable fit of the sulks; and answered her mother's suggestions as to the danger of taking cold so snappishly, that the good lady retreated in dismay, evidently fearing, from experience, disagreeable results from a prolonged conversation, in her daughter's present mood.

I think pure blondes are given to sulks and snappishness, where brunettes indulge in tempests. The *juste milieu* is in that composite complexion and character where "every creature's best" and the vices of neither extreme are judiciously mingled.

The next morning I went away, with no demonstration of peculiar pain or pleasure, either to mother or daughter, and I think, as Blanche Levington's eyes followed me to the door, she was wondering whether the little

scene of the previous evening had been a dream of her's, or if I had forgotten it.

I couldn't go back to my dingy law-office, after that, so I spent September in pedestrianizing among the White Mountains, and the lake scenery in Maine.

At last, however, my funds were exhausted, and I paid for my last lodging and breakfast with a pretty little bon-bon box, of no earthly use to my hostess of the backwoods, who, nevertheless, took it with much the same feeling of awe and delight, with which the king of Ashantee would receive an opera-glass.

Buying my steamboat ticket, and restoring my empty portmonnaie to my pocket, I went aboard, turned in, and slept like a top, until the yells of the men who made fast the boat to her pier in Boston aroused me, and I wandered forlornly up to my office, where I found a letter enclosing fifty dollars, from the same old Brown whom I had depended on to furnish me with funds for a new coat, in the previous winter.

So I got some breakfast, and went to pay my office rent, an operation which left me with just two dollars in my pocket; but I dined, and while taking my cup of coffee afterwards, read the advertisements of the *Morning Journal*.

Opera! I realized (as being a Yankee, I had a right to do) that I had been out of the world indeed, when I found that the Astor House troupe, my darling corps, my favorites of favorites, were actually performing in Boston, and I had not known it.

Now I should perhaps here acknowledge, that opera music is my most irresistible temptation. I could live and die among those gorgeous convolutions of sound, those bewildering harmonies, and entrancing melodies, that whirl of passion and vivid utterance, those waves and billows of sound, that bear the listener from earth to—well, paradise, if not heaven. In fact, I have a mania for opera, and never miss hearing one that I can possibly attend.

But the managers are men with pockets, in the place of hearts. They have no bowels for the poor wretches who have hearts in the place of pockets. Would Maretzek present me with a balcony ticket, think you, merely on the statement that I loved music. And how was I, with two-dollars-and-a-half in my pocket, and no prospect of more till I had earned it, to give a dollar-and-a-half for a ticket, and the other for a pair of white kid gloves?

I could not do this manifestly, but neither could I stay away. I must ascend to the regions of mephitic air, garlicky foreigners, and poor devils like myself, who loved music well enough to sacrifice their own dignity at her shrine. Not the family circle, that purgatorial resting-place between poverty and gentility, and ingeniously combining the miseries of both, with the privilege of neither; no, up to the gallery itself, the *ultima thule*, where I should at least be spared the smirks of mantua-makers aping their employers, and shop-keeper's clerks ogling familiarly through their single-barrelled *lorgnettes*, the ladies below, whom they had never seen before, except while respectfully serving them across the counter. Up to the gallery, where for twenty-five cents, and an indefinite amount of crowding, thrusting, profanity and miasma, I could obtain a fine view of the scalps of the audience, and a grotesque, fore-shortened squint at the stage, and could hear as well as the best.

That night I went and heard, no saw, Stefanoni in Norma, and dreamed all night of round, white arms, marble shoulders, and a head of divine grace, needing nothing but a brain inside to make an *artiste* of a semi-animated statue.

The next night was Truffi (these days, O, my young friend, were before the flood, I know, but there were cakes and ale for men, while you still subsisted upon sweetened milk) in Lucrezia Borgia. Truffi the divine, the majestic, the lambent-eyed, the impassioned. I had seen her in this *role* just often enough to know where to look for the finest points of tone and gesture, not often enough to weary of one of them. I revelled all the day in anticipation of the *festa* that the night was preparing for me. I was at the gallery door when it first opened, and rushed pell-mell up the narrow stairs with the stormy crowd. Close beside me was a slight young man, hardly more than a lad indeed, struggled along, hardly able to keep his feet, and doing so more by agility and speed than by downright strength. We reached the gallery together, and he followed me down the narrow passage to the front, where we happily secured two of the best seats in the dizzy eyrie.

Having recovered my breath, and ascertained that my clothes were moderately whole, I cast a casual glance at my neighbor. He was a young fellow, about twenty, with a clear, soft complexion, large, brown eyes, and chest-

nut hair, curling loosely about his well-shaped head. His mouth was handsome, but partially shaded by a glossy moustache, a little darker than his hair, brushed away upon either cheek in a bold curve.

"A little German violinist, hoping to get a few hints from the *maestri* of the orchestra," said I to myself, and drawing out my *lorgnette*, I began to inspect the scattered groups, beginning at the parquette and dress circle, with their gay little opera cloaks and pretty head-dresses.

Presently in the balcony appeared Blanche Levington, her bright complexion and pale gold ringlets set off to the best advantage by a dress of blue silk, very cleverly matched to her eyes.

Beside her was young Petersham, making himself very agreeable, as was evident from the attentive attitude and frequent smile of the lady. Did I not know, had I not felt the witchery of that air and smile, the subtle flattery of that absorbed attention, while I spoke or read? And had I not found what lay beneath this fair exterior, had I not peeped within the whitened sepulchre, and stirred the dead men's bones that filled it?

I watched her steadily, until to my strained vision a pale halo of green and yellow light outlined her supple figure, a phosphorescent light, like that a fiend might unwittingly evolve through his cleverest disguise. Then dropping the *lorgnette* upon the rail in front of me, I ground between my teeth the words:

"You miserable hypocrite!"

A sudden movement of my neighbor caused me to glance half impatiently towards him. He had heard my bitter exclamation then, and was looking straight at me with an expression of dismay and regret, that, in my angry mood, annoyed me excessively, while it struck me as a vague reminiscence.

I returned the look with a haughty stare, that sent the blood tingling up into the boy's forehead, and made his eyes droop away to the parquette so far below.

A sudden suspicion shot across my mind. That blush, those drooping eyes, that curve of the neck, that soft, round chin and oval cheek! My little German violinist was no man, after all, but a woman masquerading in male attire, and as I came to this decision, the look of surprise and grief I had just encountered reverted to my mind, and I recognized it as the self-same look I had seen the little schoolmistress cast at the rejected flowers I had crushed beneath my foot.

Aha! Then this pretty prude was as false to her fair seeming, as the girl below there, with whom I had once before compared her, and the two were, I made no doubt, very fair specimens of their sex. It was well for me to learn this lesson so early, and so thoroughly, and at so little cost to myself. I had suffered in the last three months, it was true, but that was over now, and I was no longer to be moved to love or hatred of the pretty toys. Henceforth my creed should be expressed in the bitter words of the hero of Locksly Hall:

"Weakness to be wroth with weakness, woman's pleasure, woman's pain!

Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain."

So well satisfied was I with this conclusion of my reverie, that I turned with keen zest toward the orchestra where the conductor was just raising his baton for the opening strains of the overture, or rather prelude, and I was soon entirely absorbed in the movement of the opera.

I had quite forgotten my little neighbor, indeed, when I was reminded of her, or *him* it might be more courteous to say, by perceiving at the close of the grand trio in the second act that he was trembling violently, and his hand, as it accidentally touched mine in leaning forward, was as cold as ice. I glanced sideways at him, and perceived that he was excessively pale, and evidently struggling violently to repress a burst of tears.

My heart was moved at this passionate enthusiasm for music that must underlie this emotion, and I could not but admire the heroism that so strongly repressed the natural expression of a woman's excited feelings, whether of joy or sorrow.

"Take care," I whispered, "we men do not cry at opera, you know."

I had rightly judged. The doubt, the fear, the anger that my words evoked, proved an excellent counter-irritant. My little neighbor no longer threw her whole soul into the music, and if she enjoyed less, was at least in less danger of an awkward exposure. I stole a glance at her from time to time, and found her always looking steadily toward the stage, but I knew from the color that rose and fell, every time I did so, that she was perfectly aware of my attention, and very much afraid of my renewing my attack in words. I pitied her, after all, she looked so very uncomfortable, and I could not believe she had ever done such a thing before, or ever would again.

And then that comical little moustache! It made so droll a contrast with the rose-red cheek it overlaid, a cheek, such as no man arrived at the age of moustaches ever possessed, any more than did that chin and throat.

The poor little thing! She imagined, no doubt, that the moustache and coat and trousers were going to effectually impose upon all mankind, and pass her, unmolested, through the rudest crowd of her natural enemies, these wicked, troublesome men.

Well, I would quietly protect her in the tumultuous exit that soon awaited us, and perhaps go home with her, and if she seemed properly subdued and humiliated, I would give her a little good advice, as to future escapades of this sort.

But at this moment, Lucrezia appeared at the back of the banqueting hall, and my attention became absorbed in the magnificent closing scene of this sublime tragedy.

The curtain fell upon Gennaro's last musical death groan, and the deepest tension of mind and body gave way in one long sigh, as I slowly closed my *torgnette*, and came back to earth.

My neighbor was already standing up, and mechanically drawing her coat together, as if it had been a shawl, while she cast a frightened glance at the struggling mass of "roughs" in our rear, a knot of which were indulging in some rude play, or quarrel, it was hard to say which, in the narrow aisle at the end of our bench. The two or three quieter fellows, between us and the end, waited a moment for the passage to be cleared, and perceiving that an event not likely soon to occur, leaped across from our bench to the one behind it, and so up the tier.

"It is the only way. Come, I will help you," said I, briefly, as I held out my hand to the pretty masquerader beside me.

Without reply she stepped upon the seat, and disdaining my proffered hand, sprang lightly across to the one behind it. I landed beside her, but at that instant with a sharp crack the bench gave way at the end, and down came my companion, myself and perhaps a dozen men who had essayed the "short cut" at the same time.

From among this struggling group, with their gruff oaths and exclamations, issued a shrill scream, unmistakable to any ears but the most obtuse, and, unfortunately, ears trained by the habit of opera going are very acute.

"That's a woman!"

"Which, where is she?"

"Look sharp, she was on the bench when it caved in."

"A woman! Hooray, let's see her."

These were some of the exclamations that met my ear as I dragged the foolish child at my side to her feet, and sharply whispered:

"Take my arm, and come on as fast as you're able. Don't speak or scream for your life."

She seized my arm, with a drowning gripe, and I half led half dragged her through the crowd, several of whom stared at her scrutinizingly, but made no remark, when I said, authoritatively:

"Make room, if you please, for this young gentleman and myself to pass."

It seemed an interminable journey through all that pushing, jostling, unmannerly crowd, between us and the street, but it was reached at last, and I rapidly conducted the poor girl, still clinging to my arm, up the quiet, moonlit street, until we reached the Common, and all danger of molestation from our late neighbors was over.

Here I expected she would insist, or at least make some movement towards leaving me, but, to my surprise, she still retained my arm, almost so desperately and tight as at first, and still silently walked on at her fastest pace.

I was surprised then, but my observations since have shown me that there is no living creature so entirely helpless as an ordinarily self-reliant woman, when she suddenly finds herself unequal to her situation. She has been accustomed to scorn outside assistance, and to resolutely conquer whatever obstacles come in her path. All at once, she meets with one against which she has no weapon, either of principle, romance or precedent. She feels herself conquered; it seems to her as if the foundations of her whole life were broken up, and she clings desperately to the first straw that floats within her reach.

The first idea of some such theory formed itself in my mind that night, as I silently crossed the Common, with my as silent companion, and reached the Beacon street mall.

Here, however, I perceived that the nervous strength that had hurried her on so rapidly, was giving way. She tottered, and stumbled, and without stopping to ask her leave, I quietly led her to one of the seats beneath the elms, and seated her to recover her breath.

"Sit down, and rest a moment, and tell me where you live. I will see you safe to your

door," said I, kindly, but coolly enough to let her know I had no idea of taking advantage of her unprotected condition.

Then she began to cry. Poor child, she had borne up bravely so far, but at the first idea of safety, at the first kindly address, she broke down altogether, and sobbed away to her heart's content for some moments, while I fidgeted about, as uncertain what to do, as a man always is in such cases.

"But it's all right now," said I, at last. "You will go quietly home, and no one will be the wiser. But I wouldn't attempt this sort of thing again, if I were you, for there is not one chance in ten of escaping detection."

"But, O, sir," whimpered the child, wiping her eyes, "what must you think—"

"I think you had better have taken my violets, than to go masquerading in this way."

"O, sir!"

"What, you thought I didn't recognize you? Of course I did, or I might not have been so sure of the innocent ignorance that led you into this frolic."

"Thank you, sir. You are very generous to judge me so kindly."

"And so truly?"

"Indeed, sir, I am innocent of all but foolish daring. I was so very anxious to hear the opera, I do so love such music, and am so poor, and there is no one to go with me, and I thought just once I would put on my brother's clothes, that he left with me when he went to sea, and go. I did not know, I did not guess—"

"I see, I see, my poor child. You relied too much on your own courage, and knew too little of the world. But, remember for the future, that it is easier to lay aside the delicacy of the woman, than to gain the courage of the man."

But I was sorry I had administered this little reproof, when she began to cry again, without attempting any further defence, and I applied myself to soothing and quieting her, as speedily as possible.

It was not long till she subdued her emotion, and rising, walked on beside me, telling her simple little story as she went. Her mother had died when she was a little child, and a few years before the time I first saw her, her father, also, leaving her brother and herself orphans. She had received a tolerably complete education, and obtained, with some difficulty, the post of teacher to the primary school opposite my lodging-house. Her brother had gone a long voyage, and she was very lonely and forlorn in the world, with few

friends, and only one luxury, the indulgence of her passion for music. She had several times been to concerts alone, or had taken the daughter of her landlady as companion. She had saved enough of her little income to hire a piano, and she played and sang a good deal. But the opera was her dream of heavenly delights. She had been a few times with her brother, a few times had bought a ticket and gone with acquaintances, who sat generally in the family circle, but this night the idea had occurred to her of going as a young man, and sitting in the less expensive gallery, never dreaming that she should be detected.

She had just finished the little story, broken with a great many exclamations of penitence, and horror at her foolish daring and impropriety, when we reached the door of her boarding-house, in a respectable, although unfashionable street, not far from my own lodgings. The landlady's daughter, who had connived at the adventure, quietly let in the wanderer, while I kept in the shadow beyond the porch, and remained undiscovered.

And now for the *denouement*. Well, I do not think I shall give it. Probably this was the last of the adventure. Probably I, engaged in a somewhat different circle of society, saw and thought no more of the daring little schoolmistress, unless, indeed, it were to glance at her occasionally, as I finished shaving myself. Probably I married, after a while, a rich and fashionable young lady, of the Blanch Levington stamp, and became a rich and prosperous family man. All this is *probable*, I say, but then also there is a *possible* side.

Such as, possibly, by slow degrees of street salutations and occasional phrases, and, perhaps, another bunch of violets and japonica, when the season came round, I may have made the acquaintance of the pretty schoolmistress. Possibly I found her so sweet, so spirited, so intelligent, that all the young ladies of the Levington stamp among my acquaintance, appeared no more than well-dressed dolls in comparison. Possibly, from liking and admiring, I grew to love this lovely little girl, better than pride, or position, or money, or high connection. Possibly I found that this love of mine was returned, in a shy, quiet fashion, though deeply hidden beneath a jealous pride lest it should be despised.

Possibly the end was that love did conquer, as he always does where he has fair play, and the little schoolmistress became my wife, and went to the opera ever after when she chose.

[ORIGINAL.]

HOUSE CLEANING.

A PARODY.

BY A. M. H.

You must wake and call me early—call me early,
Katy, dear,
For to-morrow will be the busiest day of all this
busy year:

Of all the busy year, Katy, the busiest, dustiest day,
For we shall be cleaning house, Katy, from morn
till evening gray.

Little Nora shall go with us, Katy, when we begin
to clean,

And you shall be there too, Bridget, and we'll scour
from floor to beam;

May none of our dear relations come from cities far
away,

For chaos dire will reign, Katy, until the first of
May.

As I was in the attic, Katy, what think you I
should see,

But cobwebs hanging all about, while their owners
looked at me;

I gave them warning fair, Katy, they might not
longer stay—

We'll pull their gauzy dwellings down and drive
the scamps away.

We'll take up all the carpets, and we'll wheel the
sofas out,

And hunt up every moth and mouse, and put them
all to rout;

We'll wash the doors and windows, and search the
closets through,

And make the faded paper look "amaist as weel's
the new."

We'll take the dishes down, Katy, and we'll rub
the silver bright,

And empty all the drawers, and bleach the linen
white;

The cellar and the dairy shall not escape our hands,
And we'll clean the pails and dippers, and not forget
the pans.

So wake and call me early—call me early, Katy,
dear,

To-morrow'll be the busiest day of all the busy
year:

Of all the busy year, Katy, the busiest, dustiest
day—

We'll brush, and dust, and scrub, and scour, from
morn till evening gray.

SORROW.

A fairy shield your genius made,
And gave you on your natal day;
Your sorrow only sorrow's shade,
Keeps real sorrow far away.—TENNYSON.

[ORIGINAL.]

MURIEL RIVERS'S LOVE.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

Six o'clock. A gray horse, tethered to an apple-tree, champed and pawed impatiently in the deep red clover. The place was called Clover Farm. The horse stood near the gate of the avenue of elms, which led down from the old brown house to the road. He had stood so long that he had stripped the leaves and young apples from the lower branches of the tree, and had trampled down several yards of the rank clover and mallows which grew there. The west began to redden, and, by-and-by, it was seven o'clock, and the sun commenced to set. Scarlets and gold flashed into the sky, the air grew cool and damp, the little birds twittered, flying swiftly across the fields, and when the glorious sunset had subsided to a streak of pale amber, it was eight o'clock, and Stephen Martial emerged from the door of the farm-house, and came rapidly down the avenue to his horse. The animal turned his head, and neighed gladly, but there came no token of answering affection from his master. He vaulted into the saddle, turned the horse's head down the road, and rode away in the dun summer twilight.

A face watched him from the farm-house window—a face young, pale, and strained in its intensity of pain. The face of Muriel Rivers.

The dun twilight deepened over the fields. The recesses of the woods were already dark as midnight, yet there was light enough in that room to show Muriel Rivers cast down upon an old-fashioned divan beneath the windows, her hair drooping over her pale face, and her form huddled miserably. Her nature had been stirred to the core, and, in the reaction of the excitement she had undergone in the last three hours, she lay exhausted, a rack-ing pain across her forehead, and her hands and feet cold as ice.

There had been strong, deep words, and harsh, cruel words uttered in that room that summer afternoon. The day had brought an experience which would influence two lives forever. The bitter parting was the end.

Stephen Martial had been accusative and imperative. He demanded of her great sacrifices, and was willing to make none. She had stood firm in what she believed to be right, yet only her own heart knew what it had cost her.

He had gone to the war. It was very hard to have him leave her so, for such a destiny—but through all pain and questionings of her decision, she felt acquitted by conscience.

Two years before, he had won her heart. She was much younger in experience than most girls of eighteen then;—she believed the massive forehead, the handsome eyes, the sentient mouth and the delicate fancy, meant all they seemed to mean. But in New York, the winter before, she had seen him drink champagne, heard him sneer at homely truths, had known of the indulgence of secret vices; and she felt, bitterly, that she was then but beginning to know him truly. At her father's house, he had been the elegant, city-bred man, rusticated in generous abandon. Botanizing with him, he had talked so fluently of the beauties of nature, delighted her with such knowledge of art, seemed so frank and genial, that she had accepted him as true. She could not comprehend admiration for sky, forest and flower, without deep emotion of reverence for God, the Maker. She felt God-love everywhere in the country; and into the city she had carried the strong principles, simple tastes, and high aims natural to her. There she discovered the false blossoms of Stephen Martial's purity withering and falling off, and underneath were canker and blight.

She said nothing. She was kind and tender as before—only she seemed to stand up beside him, stronger. Her reverence was gone, but her love remained; that she had given too utterly, to recall. To her his manner did not alter; she felt that he loved her, and she clung to him in secret pain, knowing that she could never marry him as he was, and half heart-broken with her love.

Her visit had ended, and she came home at last. Stephen remained in New York. They had parted with no revelation made by her; he kissed her good-by, noticing, without understanding, the strange intensity of pain in her eyes—warming his heart with the thought that she loved him so, and going to Niblo's for the evening, with a champagne supper afterwards.

The war broke out. Stephen had enlisted, in the first flush of patriotic enthusiasm; then had come to her, wishing to be married before he went away. The circumstances made her task very hard. How could she tell him that she could never be his wife while he was the man that he was,—while he stood before her, perhaps for the last time in life, making the request that proved to her his honorable love?"

When he understood it, he had burst into the fiercest passion—accused her of fickleness and selfishness, flung her protesting hand from him, and hoped he might be brought home dead to her. She could only pause for him to hear to reason, and stood, silently waiting.

"Why did you not tell me this before?" he exclaimed, fiercely.

"Perhaps because I was cowardly, anticipating this. Not because I did not know, long ago, that the revelation must be made. Do you think that it costs me nothing, Stephen?"

"It need not; it is your own choice. What new dreams of immaculate purity have you got into your head, that you come to this ridiculous decision regarding our marriage? You were always fastidious; you are absurdly so, now!"

"Are the simple principles of truth absurd? Stephen, I dare not trust you; I dare not marry you—we should come to horrible misery. I love you—I shall love you always; but I cannot be your wife while you lift wine to your lips, or sneer at the restraints of morality. If you love me rightly, you will reform; if not, you ought not to blame me, Stephen. I cannot promise to honor you; I cannot give to my children a father whose influence counteracts mine—whom they could not live to respect."

"Pshaw! I would not have a child grow up such a conscience-stricken little saint as you would make it. A boy would need sympathy with the inclinations of his nature."

"Not with the inclinations of his lower nature."

"Well, we won't dispute about the management of children who are not born. You are very cool and calculating, Muriel. Where is the womanly devotion you used to pride yourself on?"

"It is here, Stephen," laying her hand upon her heart. "I would die for you to-day, if it would bring you what you need."

"I need you. I want you to marry me before I go away. I want to think of the love of my wife through all the suffering I go to encounter."

"You will bear it bravely, Stephen. You are no coward," she said, softly. He looked into her eyes, drew her face down to his shoulder, and kissed her passionately.

"O, my darling," she sobbed, "if you could know what this costs me!"

"Muriel, you are foolish," he answered. "Of course I have my faults; but if you love me, cannot you bear with them?"

"I cannot accept them in marriage, Stephen. I have no right."

"You cannot trust me," he said, releasing her. "You stand coolly aloof, and take care of yourself."

"No, I cannot trust you," she said, with an effort.

He curled his lip scornfully, and walked to the window, standing there with his arms folded.

"I am not the only one responsible, Stephen," she went on, leaning wearily against a chair for support. "What I could bear makes no objection to our marriage. I think you would never be cruel to me; and yet you might. Wine brings such debasement."

"Do you think that I am in danger of becoming a drunkard?" he asked.

"I have already seen you influenced by wine."

"To no extent; and you will never see me more so."

"That you do not know, Stephen."

"I do know it. Muriel, if you had known that I drank wine two years ago, would you have engaged yourself to me?"

"No; I would have saved us both this," she said, sadly.

He walked the length of the room twice, then came and stood before her again.

"Muriel, do you wish to break our engagement?" he asked.

"I give you your freedom, of course, Stephen. I do not wish to keep you bound to me, if I cannot marry you."

He looked at her steadily. She met his gaze, her eyes heavy with pain. He had a pet name for her—only one.

"Pansey," said he, "is this the end?"

She won her way into his arms, and clung to him.

"Dearest," she said, "I love you so! You don't know—you never will know, perhaps. I have no one but you in the world—I never shall have. Don't go from me harshly. Kiss me once, as if you loved me."

He took her face between his hands, and kissed her mouth.

"Perhaps we shall be happy yet," she said, with a faint smile. "God is good. He will keep you for me, Stephen—if not in this world, in another."

"Well," he said, subdued, yet to a certain degree stubborn, "I don't think I shall ever be misled from heaven by my happiness on earth."

"No one ever is," she answered, "by true earthly happiness."

He did not answer, but turned slowly to the table where his hat was. She watched him wistfully.

"Will you write to me, Stephen? I am your friend, you know."

"I presume I shall," he answered. "Good-by."

"Good-by, Stephen. Don't forget me."

"I shall not."

He opened the door, closed it—came back, and took her in his arms.

"Your cursed scruples!" he muttered, between his teeth, holding her in a clasp which hurt her. He kissed her passionately, released her suddenly—and was gone. She watched him, from the window, ride away in the dun twilight. Then she sank down upon the old-fashioned divan, beneath the window, her hair drooping over her pale face, her form huddled miserably. Till nearly midnight she lay there—cold, ill, and borne down by a terrible despair. Every probability argued that she would never see him again.

Stephen Martial's regiment left New York the next evening at sunset, and were under marching orders for a fortnight. When they camped upon the banks of the Potomac, the new recruits were exhausted, and slept sound, dreamless sleep, under the moon-flooded southern sky.

But morning awoke them to strange surprises of beauty. The banks were covered with rose-red daisy blooms, and the river flowed under a sky goldenly blue with sunshine and clear ether. The white cone tents flocked the green slopes,—under care of the Good Shepherd, Stephen Martial thought, artistically fanciful, and reminded of a flock of sheep gathered together. Yet he did not feel God's care; he had never felt it; the element of reverence was left out in him.

Three weeks on the river banks. The army became tired of daily drills and inactivity.

The attack was made, and repulsed with great loss of life, at last, and the recruits had fought their maiden battle. The horrors of that scene brought death nearer to Stephen Martial than it had ever been before; yet it was only the natural revolt of the living against the dead. The lesson did not press into his soul.

One sunny day came fresh marching orders. Before night had closed, the army were in deadly conflict with the opposing troops.

Stephen Martial did not know when he was struck, but the world reeled around to him, suddenly, and he fell from his horse, insensi-

ble. He awoke when they were carrying him to the hospital, and felt the horrible pain of a mutilated shoulder.

"Am I badly hurt?" he asked of the surgeon, who was in the wagon.

"Your shoulder and arm are shattered a little, I guess. Keep still; we will soon see."

But he fainted twice with the excruciating torture, before he was laid on the cot of the hospital. There, in an hour, he became delirious. For a week he raved, and was unconscious when they amputated his arm at the shoulder.

One sultry noon he came to his senses. His cot was near the window, and his weak eyes looked out upon a stretch of red sand, with some houses scattered about, and a brazen sky pouring down its heat upon them. He tried to turn away, and discovered his bandages and his armless shoulder.

A horror crept over him. He was crippled! A nurse came to the bedside.

"Ah, awake?" she said. "I thought we should bring you around."

"I wish to God you had let me die!" groaned Stephen Martial. The woman looked at him earnestly, to discover if he were not yet delirious.

"Why did they cut off my arm?" he asked.

"To prevent the shoulder contracting its inflammation."

"Can you help me turn?"

She helped him turn his face towards the opposite window, and he lay quiet.

There were green acacia trees in sight. The scene was softer and more restful. Hours and hours he lay with his eyes fixed absently upon it. He was looking over his life, and thinking what *might* have been.

It began to grow dark. The room was lighted dimly, but he could see the stars coming out in the sky. And as they came, they saw his eyes full of tears.

Suddenly there were voices at the foot of his bed. He did not mind them, until a voice said:

"He does not need a watcher."

"But I wish to stay with him," answered another, softer and sweeter. At its sound Stephen Martial's heart beat heavily. A mist came before his eyes. He could not see Muriel as she knelt down beside him. She put her cheek against his.

"I have come to stay with you, dear," she said.

He turned his face away, distressfully.

"I am nothing to you now," said he.

"Stephen, you will always be everything to me."

"I was harsh and selfish with you. Now I am crippled and miserable. You shall not mix yourself up with my wretchedness of body and soul. You cannot love me, and I cannot endure your pity."

"I do love you, Stephen," she answered. "I loved you once and for all time. Instead of pity, you shall have from me honor, for your nature shall now show its strength and fine gold. You will commence again, Stephen?"

"So help me, God!"

"And our lives shall be one. O, Stephen, this is more infinite happiness than I ever expected to know on earth!"

The long convalescence was full of hopes and plans. It was, indeed, commencing life again for Stephen Martial.

He rose to the higher life—to the battle of right against the wrong—to the avowal of Christian faith—to a daily living pure and honorable. To-day the country boasts no truer man. God bless him, and his noble wife!

[ORIGINAL.]

COMMON BLESSINGS.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

They fall about our daily life

So soft and still we may not hear;
And ere we scarcely know our need,
We find the blessing waiting near.

They round and fill our common lives

As softly as the snowflakes fill
The barren valleys of the earth—
And fall as silent and as still.

They run before our heedless feet,

And bridge the yawning gulfs that lay
Along the hidden path of life,
And beautify the dreariest way.

No clarion peals out their approach,

Nor sound of shout, nor sound of strife
But softly as the summer dew,
They drop about our daily life.

They soothe us with their tender touch,

They charm away our griefs and fears,
And make our earth a paradise,
That else were but a vale of tears.

Apes do not talk, as savages say, that they may not be set to work; but women often talk double their share—even because they work.

[ORIGINAL]

THE MONTH OF MAY.

BY BEATRICE.

Green leaves are waving o'er my head,
 With the tall tree's nodding plumes;
 While flowers invite my onward tread,
 With soft and sweet perfumes.
 Birds are singing,
 Aisles are ringing,
 And the roundelay
 That they're ever, ever singing,
 Is, "Our own sweet May!"

Bright eyes are peering through the leaves—
 Dost hear that squirrel chatter?
 Now do the mists of the soft May rain
 Upon the foliage patter.
 "How refreshing
 And caressing,"
 All the green leaves say.
 Bless the Giver of all blessings
 For the rain of May!

Now through the needles of the pine
 Dost the golden sunbeam's glow,
 Like a dream within this heart of mine,
 Keep waving to and fro.
 Now darkling,
 Now sparkling,
 Like the spirit's play;
 Bless the Giver of the sunshine—
 Sunshine of our May!

[ORIGINAL]

NINA'S RUSE.

BY SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

"DEAR me! if I only knew!" and Paul Arlington leaned his head upon his hand, and gazed wistfully at the glowing grate, as though he expected that that would furnish him with the much desired information.

"What is it that you want to know, brother?" said a sweet voice, and a young girl emerged from the window recess, where she had been looking out upon the gathering twilight, and came and stood by his side.

"Ah! is it you, pussy?" and he drew her to his knee, his eyes resting fondly upon the bright face, and the trouble in his own passing away.

"Well, sister mine, how have you amused yourself to-day?"

"O, grandly; I have searched the house from attic to cellar, and think it a perfect

curiosity shop. Have asked Mrs. Brown a thousand questions, which, dear old soul, she answered with most commendable patience. Then, by way of variety, I read, sewed and drummed upon the piano. O, it is glorious, Paul, to be emancipated from school thralldom," and the black eyes grew luminous with visions of the future.

"Life is tinted with rose and amber, now, Nina, but you cannot always expect to walk in a flowery pathway. When you have presided over my bachelor establishment for a year, you will sing a different song."

"No danger of that; but according to rumor, I should think that you intended to depose me, before I am fairly installed," pouted the red lips.

The old pained look again settled over his face, and he attempted to change the subject.

"Now, Paul," she said, laying her little dimpled hand upon his brown cheek, "I haven't been in this house twenty-four hours with my eyes shut, and I know that you are perplexed about something. Now, I advise you to make me your confessor, and see if a woman's wit can't help you. Who should you confide in, if not in me? You are my world, now, brother," and the beautiful eyes were gemmed with tears.

He moved uneasily in his chair for an instant, and then arose and began to pace the floor. She stood where he had left her, watching him now, with all her deep soul's tenderness shining through her face.

At last, he came to her again, and taking both her hands, looked down into the sweet, troubled orbs.

"Yes; I will tell you, little sister. It is not much, only a few haunting doubts, that have lately intruded themselves upon me. You know my ideas of marriage. It is a solemn compact, to be entered upon reverently. This taking another soul, with its joys and burdens upon our own, is no light thing. Society has coupled my name with Victoria Wilmot's, although I have never offered myself to that lady, and yet I am certainly much interested in her. I am trembling upon the verge of an avowal, and the thought that she may not be the true, earnest woman that she seems, drives the words back from my lips. When I am with her, the witchery that her matchless charms cast over me, is wonderful; when I am away, the spell is broken in a degree, and I question whether it is the calm, holy love, strong and enduring as eternity that I feel, or only the delirium of the senses. I wonder if

she is the same in her family that she is to me, if her link in the home circle is bright and shining? I am glad that I have such a sympathizing listener, but you can't help me, pussy. I must cast the die, and win or lose, as fortune favors me."

She did not reply immediately, but presently looked up, exclaiming:

"Eureka! I have an idea. Did you not say this morning that Miss Wilnot inquired yesterday if you knew of any seamstress that you could recommend to her?"

"Yes; but what of that?"

"Why, a great deal. You shall write me a line, and I will apply for the situation."

"You! Nina Arlington! Why, you are crazy, child."

"Not at all! We used to have private theatricals at school, and I was considered a capital actress; so I know that I can play this part to perfection. Only let me try, Paul. It is but a trifle to weigh against your life-long happiness. I can test her in this way, as I could do in no other. She will never suspect me, and if she proves all right—as I hope for your sake that she will—why, we shall have many a laugh over it in the future; but if she doesn't, I shall be disguised so effectually, that she will never recognize me. O, it will be such a romantic adventure. Just like a story, for all the world. O, brother, do say yes!"

After some hesitation and a few remonstrances, he at last consented, and sat down to his desk to write the note.

"What shall I call you?" he said, as he took the pen in his hand.

"O, I will drop my last name, and retain the middle one. Miss Gales, at your service."

Mr. Arlington was much astonished when he beheld his sister the next morning.

"Why, pussy!" he exclaimed, "I would never have believed that you could transform yourself into such a fright. I guess, after all, you had better give up your mad project."

"Not I!" she merrily replied. "I have commenced, and I will carry it through."

She certainly did not look much like the Nina Arlington of the night before. The jetty ringlets were combed back, and now lay coiled in shining luxuriance under the meshes of a net. She had bathed her face in some brown liquid, and she was now, to all appearance, very dark-complexioned, with a plentiful sprinkling of freckles. Her silk robe was exchanged for a common delaine, and when she threw on her coarse shawl, together with the

dark straw bonnet and brown veil, her disguise was complete.

"Come home early, pet," he said, as he followed her into the hall.

"I can't tell how that will be; as my employer pleases, I suppose," she replied, with an arch smile, and then the door closed after her.

He watched her down the street, marvelled at her sober, earnest step, so unlike her usual merry trip, and then recollected that she had joined life's maskers, and was only acting out her assumed character.

He could not do much that day. The lecture that he had engaged to deliver the next week, made but slow progress, for his thoughts would wander, and at last he flung his pen down in disgust. How long the sunbeams were, measuring off the hours upon the carpet. Would night's curtain ever fall? At last the stars gemmed the sapphire skies. Eight, nine o'clock passed, and just as he was about to start out in search of his sister, she came in.

"Wait until I make myself presentable," she said, as he wheeled an easy chair to the fire. "I will not detain you long," and she tripped away.

He paced the floor uneasily, until she again presented herself.

"Now I am Nina Arlington, once more," she exclaimed, tossing back her curls with a pretty, coquettish motion. "How any one can live a life of deception, I don't see. One day is enough for me; but I don't regret the trial, Paul, if I have saved you from taking a viper to your heart to sting you to death."

The suspense was ended, then? His doom had fallen. He sank into a chair, saying:

"Is it so? O, Nina!"

She went up to him, and wound her arms about his neck, and laid her cheek against his, but she intruded no word upon his sorrow. With true womanly delicacy she knew that her silent sympathy would be the better comforter. Truly the apple of knowledge was very, very bitter to his taste.

"Tell me your story," he said, after a long pause. "I must not condemn her without hearing the evidence against her."

Ah! she saw that he was hoping against hope. She commenced with a rapid utterance, feeling—by the pain in her own heart—that she was tearing away, by every word she uttered, the shining fabric that his fancy had woven about the future.

"I went to 75, Fulton Square," she said,

"and rang the bell, inquiring for Miss Wilmot. The servant showed me into the hall, took my name, and left me. Soon that young lady made her appearance, and as I glanced at the tall, regal figure before me, I did not wonder at your attraction. She is certainly the most magnificent woman that I ever beheld; but the cold glitter of the blue eye, the compression of the thin lips, and the disagreeable elevation of the eyebrows, were peculiarities, which, I suppose, had escaped your observation. She catechised me pretty closely, and then said, that as Mr. Arlington had recommended me, she supposed that she must, at least, give me a trial. She then made some coarse allusions to myself that made my blood tingle, and nearly sent me from the house, then and there. The usual working room was not in order, so I was placed in the library. A most fortunate circumstance, as I now had every facility for reading Victoria thoroughly. Her haughty, supercilious manner towards myself—the many hours that I was kept at work without food, and then sent down to the cold dinner, with only time to snatch a mouthful, ere an imperious summons hurried me back—I will pass over. Only, God pity those who are obliged to toil for her. Among her many callers in the afternoon, there was one that she brought in to inspect my work. Her intimate friend, I concluded. They sat down in the room, and selected you for the subject of their conversation. Miss Wilmot voted that you were decidedly prosy and commonplace, but considering that your establishment was so unexceptionable, had made up her mind to accept you, when you offered yourself, as she had every reason to suppose you soon would. Your sister she intended to keep at school as long as possible. Did not know whether I had any property of my own, or not. If I had, should have me boarded out, as a sister-in-law should never form part of her family. If not, should recommend my seeking a situation as governess, for she could spend her husband's money, without the assistance of his relations. All the old servants were to be dismissed, and new ones installed in their places, besides other changes too numerous to mention."

"Enough, enough, Nina! For God's sake, don't torture me longer. I shall despise myself, the next thing, for being so egregiously duped," and Paul Arlington sprang up, his whole frame quivering with bitter excitement.

The sweet tones of his sister floated back like oil upon the troubled waves.

"Dear brother, listen to me a few moments more. I verily believe that there is a great joy in store for you."

"Ah, Nina! I fear not; but tell me what you please, pussy. In the midst of my pain, I am not unmindful that your hand has saved me from the precipice over which I was rushing in my blindness."

Her glance rested tenderly on his face, and then she continued:

"When the shades of night were beginning to gather, the servant showed a lady into the room where I sat, and then went to speak to Victoria. The stranger was very beautiful. She was rather above the medium height, and every movement was full of grace. Her face filled you with a holy calm; 'twas like gazing upon a rare painting. The eyes were of the deepest azure, the hair like fine-spun gold, and the lips perfect rose-buds. I drank in her loveliness slowly, as we quaff rich old wine. Suddenly Miss Wilmot burst into the room. That is the word. Her face was white with anger.

"Edith Lynde!" she exclaimed, "you here, again?"

"Good Heaven! Nina, what mean you? Edith Lynde! Has the ocean given up its dead?"

"No, Paul; it means that you have been the victim of a designing woman; but let me finish my story.

"The poor girl started to her feet, and I saw that she was so weak that she could hardly stand.

"Victoria," she said, "I would rather have died than apply to you again; but my mother is sick—starving, so I have thrust back my pride, and sought you once more. I do not come to beg; only give me work to do, and I will bless you. They tell me that you are soon to be married. Let me do your embroidery. You know how expert I used to be, and my hand has not forgotten its olden cunning. Cousin, for the love of Heaven, grant my prayer."

"Miss Wilmot's only reply was to open the door, and smile grimly, as she pointed to it. The visitor's soft eyes flashed. Wounded feeling scorched the tears upon her cheeks, and drawing her thin shawl around her, she walked from the room, with the air of a princess. No time to-day did I find it so hard to remember that I was Miss Gales, the seamstress, as then.

"O, mother! I heard my employer say, as she entered the parlor, 'would you believe

that Edith Lynde has had the impudence to show herself here again? I declare, I was all of a tremble, for fear that Paul Arlington would happen in. Then I should have been in a pretty fix, for if he knew that she was living, then farewell to all my hopes of ever becoming his wife; but fortune has favored me so far, so I trust that she won't desert me, just as the game is almost in my hands. The poor fellow believes that I am the soul of honor; he has no idea how many pleasant little fabrications I have been obliged to tell him in regard to Edith. I have drawn upon my imagination so largely, that it won't stand any more drafts, so I hope that nothing else will happen until I am married; after that, I don't care how soon it does come out."

"The monster! O, Nina! and have I thus been cruelly deceived by that false-hearted creature? Listen to me, now. I was engaged to Edith Lynde six years ago. Her father was a very avaricious man, and he thought that the peerless beauty of his child might win her a wealthier husband; so he declared that he would never consent to our union, and commanded her to receive the addresses of another. She told me with tears in her eyes, that though she could not marry me against her father's wishes, no other man should ever call her wife. Mr. Lynde then took his family to Europe, and I lost all trace of them. Two years since, Miss Wilmot and her mother took up their residence in Fulton Square. It was Victoria's fancied resemblance to Edith that first attracted me to her. One day, I accidentally discovered by her conversation that they were cousins. She informed me that her uncle was saved from failure by Edith's marriage with a nobleman; that the following week they took passage on a steamer for New York, and the vessel was wrecked, and their names headed the list of the missing."

"O, Paul! what a tissue of falsehoods! Go to the suffering girl at once. It is her image that you have been loving all this time. Fortunately I heard her address. It is 20 — street."

"Thank you, little sister. You were right; there was joy in store for me, so bewildering that I can scarcely realize it. My Edith alive and well! O God! I thank thee!"

* * * * *

It is a mystery this day to Miss Wilmot, why the seamstress that she engaged never came again, but she congratulates herself upon her good fortune in twelve hours work done without paying for it. Another wonder,

is, how her cousin Edith ever became the honored mistress of Arlington Hall. Paul and his beautiful wife bless Nina for her "ruse," and that damsel laughingly acknowledges, that it was the best day's work, that she ever did.

[ORIGINAL.]

PRIVATE WUNENBURG'S STOCKINGS.

BY FREDERICK H. MARION.

It rained. The rain was rushing from the hazy skies, and dripping from the trees. Yet there was a streak of shining light in the west, and the birds were calling hopefully to each other from sheltered nooks in the woods. The scent of the wet roses and storm-washed syringas came in at the open window. Hallie Hayden sat by the window, knitting.

It was a little red house, set away among mowing fields, with lilacs between the sitting-room windows, and a path, bordered with beds leading down to the road, and filled with pansies, larkspur, gilly-flowers, and marigolds, bachelor's buttons, and old maid's pinks. A gate swung into the road—an old elm over it. Behind the house was a barn with a dove-cot and a martin-house attached—and beyond that were slopes of green grass, waving woods, and blue hills. The heavy rain beat down on all this, and upon the rustling fields across the road.

From time to time Hallie Hayden glanced from the window, yet her white fingers never abated the speed of their movements for an instant. She had a charming face, fair and dimpled, intelligent and pure. The damp breezes had curled her brown hair into little tendrils about her forehead, and her clear hazel eyes had a sweet serenity which was very charming to the single observer of this industrious little maiden.

Mr. Dan Hartley sat at the opposite side of the room, stroking his whiskers. His employment was a very usual one, but his position he would have changed to one nearer Miss Hallie if he had not been possessed of the idea that such a movement on his part would be considered unwelcome. So he sat where he was and stroked his whiskers and looked at his companion, while she steadily pursued her knitting, and the rain came rushing down.

Mr. Hartley spoke, at last.

"I wonder if it will stop raining," said he, pulling at his moustache.

"I presume it will," answered Hallie, drily.

"Ah, well I mean—in time for me to get home to supper. I can't go through the rain, you know."

"Of course not," said Hallie, glancing out at the July shower. "It would be very dangerous."

Mr. Hartley looked at her earnestly, but she went on with her knitting so gravely that he was dispossessed of the idea which always haunted him in her presence—that she was making fun of him.

Just then Mrs. Hayden entered the room.

"Is that you, Daniel?" said she; "how's your mother and your sisters?"

"Very well, thank you."

"I suppose Hallie is too industrious to talk to you much, isn't she? She's got a regular fever for knitting stockings for the soldiers."

"I wish I was a soldier," said Mr. Hartley, looking impressively at Hallie.

"Why aint you, then?" asked Hallie, turning upon him, suddenly.

"O,—ah—I am not able to endure the marches, Miss Hallie. I have been weak for a year past, you know."

"Of heart. Indeed?"

"O, no; weak of body. Your mother knows. She recommended a tonic for me last spring. What was it, Mrs. Hayden? cherry brandy and—"

"You drank it from necessity, of course."

"O, yes, and I found it very beneficial," said Mr. Hartley, innocently, not being near enough to the dark eyes to see their flash under the long lashes.

"Is that the last pair of stockings, Hallie?" asked Mrs. Hayden.

"Yes," answered Hallie, knitting the last stitch, and drawing out and breaking off the yarn. "The last of the last order, mother. I wonder what poor fellow will wear them."

"When they wear out what will he do for another pair?" asked Mr. Hartley. He was unconscious that it was the most suggestive remark he had made during the long afternoon he had spent in boring Hallie by staring at her. She smoothed out the stocking in silence, rolled it up with the other one—then rose and carried them into her room.

It was a charming room, the bed as white as a snowdrift and the window drapery and cover of the toilet table just as pure. There was an evergreen wreath about the pretty oval mirror, and branches of roses and lilacs glowing from the shelf, the bureau, and the bookstand.

Hallie sat down by the window, took her writing-desk upon her knee, and wrote a little note which she tucked in the toe of one of the new stockings. This was what she wrote:

"DEAR SOLDIER:—I have tried to do my work faithfully in knitting these stockings, but the best of stockings will wear out in time; and when you need another pair write to me, and you shall have them. May your feet carry you straight to victory; and may they pause only upon the platform of unconditional surrender. HALLIE HAYDEN.

"Harford, Mass."

"Now," cried Hallie, "I wonder if I shall ever hear from that."

Doing it, somehow, put her in good spirits, and she went out to supper and was so merry and witty that Dan Hartley was charmed beyond all control of his enthusiasm.

"I declare," said he, "you are the best company I ever knew!"

"I know better," answered Hallie.

"Who?"

"Company A., First Massachusetts Regiment."

"O, Hallie," said her little sister, "you ought to marry a soldier."

"I intend to," said Hallie.

Dan Hartley looked about him rather dubiously.

"Do you really mean it?" said he.

"Certainly," said Hallie.

When supper was through, she donned her hat and sack and went, with her little sister, to the rooms of the Sanitary Commission, at the village, and delivered her stockings. Then homeward she turned with a heart which throbbed lightly with the dancing of the elm leaves and the tinkle of the roadside brook.

Never idle, she had plenty to occupy mind and hands for the next six weeks, and during that time her stockings reached the hands and feet of a brave young Massachusetts volunteer, by name Carl Wunenburg.

A pleasant light came into his thoughtful blue eyes as he read the little note. There was some of the dreamy German blood in his veins, as his name betokened, and no man into whose hands the dainty, original note might have fallen would have regarded it with the shade of pleasure with which Carl Wunenburg viewed it. He had neither brother nor sister. No woman that he knew thought or prayed for him; so he carried that little white note about, with peculiar pleasure, his heart throb-

bing under its light weight with stronger bravery in the cause for which he had enlisted, his soul vitalized to new life by the sympathetic words it bore.

He wondered, sometimes, with a quiet smile, if those stockings ever would wear out. In six weeks they outwore two other pairs which he used to alternate with. They were certainly of good material, and wonderfully well knit. At last his boots were worn from his feet. Contact with road ruts was more than any yarn could stand, and at the end of a long march, he flung himself, exhausted, upon the ground, hungry, thirsty, mud-stained, and almost bare-footed; his boots mere refuse, and his stockings worn to rags.

When he discovered it, he took pen and paper and wrote as follows:

"DEAR FRIEND:—My stockings are worn out, at last. They did good service, but they were tried beyond their strength, and at last, have failed—worn out—in the good cause. Another pair, equally staunch, will be gratefully accepted by
Yours truly,

"PRIVATE CARL WUNENBURG,"

and the address followed.

Hallie read the note with sparkling eyes, and proclaimed the whole thing "royal." She did more. She knit another pair of stockings and sent them to Carl Wunenburg. And woven in with every mesh were vaguest and most charming dreams. Carl Wunenburg, who thought seriously of the gentle knitter, never guessed how many.

This pleasant episode occurred in summer. In the fall Hallie's attention was engaged by the serious reality of reverses. Her home was mortgaged in an unfortunate speculation of her father's, her father had his foot cut off by the falling of a scythe, and, crippled, ill, and unfortunate in his speculation, the house was lost, Mr. Hayden died, and the mother and children were turned homeless upon the world.

Mrs. Hayden seemed stunned into insensibility by the blow, little Alice was too young to more than partially understand it, and upon Hallie's heart and head the circumstances devolved painfully.

"What shall I do?" she asked herself, walking the rooms which they must soon leave.

All the saucy brightness had faded from her face. Her eyes were full of painful pathos since she had looked on the pale dead face of her father, and about her mouth were lines of

sorrowed firmness instead of careless smiles. She was twenty that day. The cross of life came with the crown of her womanhood.

She might teach school, or go out as governess, or keep books, if she could obtain an opportunity to do either. But she had no friends of ability to serve her in getting a situation, and she turned, at last, as so many do, to the advertising columns of the daily papers of Boston. An advertisement for a governess immediately met her eye.

Her application by mail for the situation was made painfully. As well that as anything, but it was a strange, new, painful feeling to Hallie—the responsibility of care and labor for herself and others—and she feared her strength might fail her in spite of resolve and family love. Her mother and sister did not realize the intensity of her feeling. Before them she was calm and cheerful, brave and earnest.

The situation was offered her and accepted. They removed to the city, and Hallie commenced her duties.

For awhile the novelty engrossed her. The house was on Beacon street—and was furnished beyond all her former imaginings. Carpets of velvet tapestry, drapery of damask and satin, tables of arabesque and rosewood, grand musical instruments, luxurious lounges and fauteuils exceeding every necessity for comfort. And a new world was opened to Hallie in the pictures of Poussin and Scheffer, the marbles of Palmer and Powers, and the books of Schiller, Goethe, Bettine—Leigh Hunt, the Brownings, Jean Ingelow—Alice Carey, Longfellow and Emerson. She had never known lavishness of any kind, and soul and body were delighted for a time; but she soon found her position irksome. Her duties as governess for four children under twelve years of age were hard, the mistress of the house was supercilious, her health suffered from the change from the country to the city, and poor Hallie Hayden found her young life very hard to live.

Yet she kept up bravely, month after month. Spring came; then there was a change in the family. The oldest girl was sent away to school, and Mrs. Desmond's brother came home on furlough from the war. He was introduced to Hallie as Captain Wunenburg.

There was something in the mild, clear gaze of the young man's blue eyes which gave her comfort. He seemed kind and sensible. She wished for his friendship, and obtained it.

He was the son of a wealthy man, yet there was no parvenu pride about him; he was as simple in his habits as a Thoreau, and as thoughtful and kind as one could be. Yet he was not weak by nature; the magnetism of his strength vitalized Hallie to fresh life; the calm power of his character gave her faith in herself for having so deep a sympathy with him. Stronger, deeper, and warmer, than she for a long time discovered, was that sympathy. Only four short weeks they had been together, yet a pain keener than a dagger shot through Hallie's heart when she heard that Captain Wunenburg was engaged to Hildreth Courtney, the most beautiful young lady in Mrs. Desmond's set.

She shut herself up in her room and locked the door to walk the floor, weeping.

"O, it is cruel! cruel!" she sobbed. "Life was so hard before he came! He helped me—comforted me so, and I never dreamed why I was so happy—happier far beyond mere relief from loneliness could make me. I had rather have died than to feel this; it is worse than all. O, if I never had known him!"

She threw up the window and let the cool spring wind blow upon her pale face. It brought a sense of country freshness and a memory of her old home. She remembered how she sat at the window of the sitting-room in the old house, and while the breezes brought her the scent of roses and lilacs, she had knit a soldier's stockings and dreamed girlish dreams—all at once it flashed upon her that the name was the same as Captain Wunenburg's. It was a strange coincidence. She resolved that the next day she would ask him if he knew a private of the name of Carl Wunenburg. His first name she had never heard. His sister, with a pride of effect, called him, always, "Captain."

The next morning she was alone with Captain Wunenburg in the breakfast-room. The children had not breakfasted; she had an hour before school-time.

"Captain Wunenburg," said she, "did you ever meet a private of your name—the surname Carl?"

Captain Wunenburg turned around quickly. "Yes," he answered, "and I remember a little incident connected with him. When the government furnished him with his outfit, he discovered in the foot of one of the nicely knit stockings, assigned to him, a little note written by the knitter, and requesting him, pithily, to send to her for another pair when those were worn out. When a long, weary

march had cut them to pieces, he did so, and received the second pair. With them he received an interest in the gentle friend who had sent them—an interest which he cherished sacredly, and dreamed sweet, fanciful dreams of beautiful eyes and a fair brow bending down earnestly as the stockings were woven by kinds, little hand. He was a dreamy German, or perhaps he would not have had such faith in this ideal knitter of his stockings. A Yankee would have trusted his heart with no such unfounded plan as discovering this beautiful girl and marrying her. Soon he gained promotion, and not long after obtained a furlough and came home. There, in his home he found a dark-eyed girl with sweet, serious eyes and a heart free to be won."

Captain Wunenburg paused.

"Well?" said Hallie, earnestly.

"You are to tell the rest," he said, smiling. "Did he win her heart—the sweet heart of the little knitter of his stockings? Tell me, Hallie."

She flashed her eyes upon his face and read a revelation there—now love, pride, and tenderness for her. Those deep, serious eyes drew her heart to her lips.

"O, Captain Wunenburg, he did win her heart," she said, dropping her blushing face from his sight. It was raised to take tenderest kisses. All doubts and fears were explained; life's panorama shifted full of light for them. And ere he returned to his regiment Hallie had a loving protector.

AN IMPULSIVE GIRL.

A Chicago girl, tired of waiting for the young men who don't "propose"—probably on account of the expense, or the preponderance of girls since the butchery by war—takes advantage of the season, and speaks out boldly in her own name in the "Wants" column of the Chicago Tribune, as follows: "This is leap year. I'll wait no longer. So here I am, twenty-one years, healthy, prepossessing, medium size, full chest, educated, prudent, large sparkling eyes, long black flowing hair, and as full of fun as a chestnut is full of meat, born to make some man happy, and want a home. Does anybody want me?"

Yes; there are thousands of brave men in the army who would like just such a wife. Marry one of them, and be happy.

Quick believers need broad shoulders. Some people should be all shoulders.

The Florist.

Names of Plants.

One of the most interesting studies in the kingdom of nature, is the investigation of the origin of the names of plants. Linneus summed up the universe into three kinds of names of things—minerals, plants and animals—and as these last have the quality of life in common, everything may be included under the words *Stars and Lives*; and the languages or words of mankind are marks and signs of their growing knowledge of the universe. Knowing and naming have gone on together from the origin of mankind to the present time—from the first man who spoke of the sun to the first man who took a sun picture. Names, then, are images of the thoughts, fossils of the theories, and medals of the history of mankind. The study of the names of plants, for instance, tell us what men knew and thought of them; where they saw them, or whence they obtained them. When studying the popular names of plants, the darkness of the past is not cleared up, the shades of our forefathers are not made vivid as living forms; but trees and shrubs, flowers and fruits, become luminous, emitting glimmering lights, affording traces of the wanderings and glimpses into the minds of our forefathers, from recent back to the most ancient times, or from the Victorian era to the departure from Eden.

Dr. Pryor, by his new, valuable and learned work on the *Popular Names of Plants*, has made this study comparatively easy. Several plants are named from the earth itself—earth-balls, earth-gall, earth-moss, and earth-smoke. The word earth, from a verb signifying to sow or till, designates the soil which was penetrated, ploughed, or labored, and can be traced in the languages of the most ancient nations. *Ar* is the root of words signifying labor in the Greek, Latin, German and Anglo-Saxon languages.

Earth-balls is the English name of *tuber cibarium*, called by the French *truffes*, and by the Italians *tuffola*, from the Latin *terre tuber*, the name which Pliny gives it. Certain plants of the gentian tribe are called earth-galls, from their bitterness, gal or gaele, whence the participle galling, being Frisian and Anglo-Saxon for disagreeable or nauseous. Earth-smoke is a translation of the Latin *fumus terre*, a name which has been vulgarized into fumitory. This plant was long believed by the ancient botanists to be produced by spontaneous generation without seed, and from vapors rising out of the earth. The theory, or rather the hypothesis of spontaneous generation, has still advocates among learned men, and under the name of *Heterogenia* is said to be the mode of reproduction of certain microscopical plants and animals, whose seeds or eggs are not yet known.

Mother of time (*Thymus serpyllum*) motherwort (*Leonurus cardiaca*), are names derived from the Anglo-Saxon term *moder*, which is one of a group

of words indicating the family relations clearly traceable to the primeval stock of the human species. Bopp considers it to be equivalent to the German *messen*, measure; and Schweitzer regards it as the root of the Sanscrit *matr*, creator. The plants were deemed useful to mothers. The names of the plants prescribed to maidens throw an interesting light upon the ancient treatment of the diseases of women, *Maithes* or *maghet* (*Pyrethrum parthenium*), red mayde-weed (*Adonis autumnalis*), *maudlin-wort* or moon-daisy (*Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum*), *mather* (*Anthemis cotula*). The moon-daisy is a flower like a large daisy, resembling the pictures of the full moon. The periods of the moon were the first measures of time. The Persian "*mah*," the Latin *mensis*, and the English *month*, with similar words in many other languages, are all traceable to a root "*ma*," signifying measure; and hence the dedication of the *maudlin-wort* or moon-daisy to Diana, the patroness of young women.

When the word "*lady*" occurs in plant names it sometimes alludes to the Virgin Mary, and in Puritan times it was changed into *Venus*; for example: Our Lady's comb became *Venus's comb*. *Gallium verum*, or *G. mollugo*, is called *Our Lady's bed-straw*, from its soft, pluffy, flocculent stems and golden flowers. The name may allude more particularly to the Virgin Mary having given birth to her son in a stable, with nothing but wild flowers for her bedding. *Clematis vitalba*, commonly called *traveller's joy*, from the shade and shelter it affords to weary wayfarers, is also called *Lady's bower*, from its "aptness in making arbors, bowers and shade covertures in gardens." *Statice armeria*, the clustered pink, which is called *thrift*, from the past participle of the verb *thrive* or *thrive*, is, on account of its close cushion-like growth, called *Lady's cushion*. *Sandix pecten Veneris* is called *Lady's comb*, the beaks of the seed vessels resembling the teeth of a comb; *Alchemilla vulgaris* is named *Lady's mantle*, from the shape and vandyked edge of the leaf; and *Campanula hybrida*, from the resemblance of its expanded flower set on its elongated ovary to an ancient metallic mirror on its straight handle, is the *Lady's looking-glass*.

Not merely have the Devil, Venus, and the Virgin supplied names to plants, but angels and saints have connected themselves with botanical pursuits. *Archangel* is a name given to one umbelliferous and three labiate plants. An angel is said to have revealed the virtues of the plants in a dream. The umbelliferous plant, it has been supposed, has been named *Angelica Archangelica*, from its being in blossom on the 8th of May, old style, the Archangel St. Michael's day. Flowering on the fete day of such a powerful angel, the plant was supposed to be particularly useful as a preservative of men and women from evil spirits and witches, and of cattle from elfshot.

The Housewife.

Bread and Butter Pudding.

Cut a stale brick-loaf in slices; spread it thick with good butter; take a deep pudding-dish; cover the bottom of it with the bread, and strew in a few currants or stoned raisins; then put in another layer of bread, and so on, until the dish is two-thirds full. Have ready six eggs, half a pound of white sugar, and a quart of milk seasoned with any kind of seasoning that is preferred. Pour this into the dish, and let it stand two hours. Bake it one hour and a half.

To take Smell from fresh Paint.

Let tubs of water be placed in the room, newly painted, near the wainscot, and an ounce of vitriolic acid put into the water; and, in a few days, this water will absorb and retain the effluvia from the paint, but the water should be renewed with a fresh supply once or twice.

To perfume Linen.

Rose leaves, dried in the shade or at about four feet from a stove, one pound; of cloves, caraway seeds and allspice, of each one ounce; pound in a mortar or grind in a mill; dried salt a quarter of a pound; mix all these together, and put the composition in little bags.

Eve's Pudding.

Grate three-fourths of a pound of stale bread, and mix it with three-fourths of a pound of fine suet, the same quantity of chopped apples and dried currants, five eggs, and the rind of a lemon. Put it into a mould, and boil it three hours. Serve it with sweet sauce.

Baked Rice Pudding.

Swell a cup of rice in a quart of milk, and when it is quite soft, let it cool. Then beat up five eggs, and add to the rice, with a cup and a half of sugar, a little lemon or peach-water, and a little salt. Bake it one hour.

To clean Decantera.

Roll up in small pieces some coarse brown paper, then wet and soap the same; put them into the vessel with a little lukewarm water and some common soda, shake them well, rinse with clean water, and it will be as bright and clear as when new.

To take Stains out of Silks.

Mix together in a phial two ounces of essence of lemon and one ounce of oil of turpentine. Grease and other spots in silks are to be rubbed gently with a linen rag dipped in the above composition.

Ink Spots.

As soon as the accident happens, wet the place with juice of sorrel or lemon, or with vinegar, and the best white hard soap. Or the cloth may be soaked in sweet milk.

Loaf Cake.

Stir into two quarts of flour a pint of milk, slightly warmed, and a small teacup of yeast. Place it near the fire, where it will rise quickly. When perfectly light, work in with the hand four beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, two of cinnamon, a wine-glass of brandy or wine. Stir a pound of sugar with three-quarters of a pound of butter; when white, work it into the cake; add another quart of sifted flour, and beat the whole well with the hand ten or fifteen minutes; then set it where it will rise again. When of a spongy lightness, put it into buttered cake pans, and let them stand fifteen or twenty minutes before baking. Add, if you like, a pound and a half of raisins, just before putting the cake into the pans.

Cranberry Roll.

Stew a quart of cranberries in just water enough to keep them from burning; make it very sweet; strain it through a cullender, and set it away to cool. When quite cold, make a paste as for apple pudding; spread the cranberries about an inch thick; roll it up in a floured cloth, and tie it close at the ends; boil it two hours, and serve it with sweet sauce. Stewed apples, or any other kind of fruit, may be made in the same way.

Transparent Pudding.

Beat up eight eggs very well; put them into a saucepan with a pound of powdered sugar, half a pound of butter, and some nutmeg; set it on the fire, and stir it constantly until it thickens, and then set it to cool. Make a rich puff paste; put it around the dish, and put in the pudding. A few strips of citron, cut very thin, is an improvement. Bake it nearly an hour in a moderately hot oven.

Cement for Iron Ware.

Beat the whites of eggs to a froth; then stir into them enough quicklime to make a consistent paste: then add iron file dust to make a thick paste. The quicklime should be reduced to a fine powder before mixing it with the eggs. Fill the cracks in iron ware with this cement, and let them remain several weeks before using them.

To detect Whiting or Chalk in Flour.

Mix with the flour some juice of lemon or good vinegar; if the flour be pure, they will remain together at rest; but if there be a mixture of whiting or chalk, a fermentation or working like yeast will ensue; the adulterated meal is whiter and heavier than the good.

Bakewell Pudding.

Line a shallow pudding-dish with puff paste; fill it half an inch deep with any kind of preserves you like, and cover it with the following mixture—one pound of butter, one of sugar, beat well together, the yolks of ten eggs, and the whites of five; flavor with almond; beat this well. Bake in a moderate oven.

Curious Matters.

English National Anthem.

The English national anthem of "God save the King," composed in the time of George I., has always been considered of English origin; but from the amusing "Memoirs of Madame de Crequy," it appears to have been almost a literal translation of the cantique which was always sung by the demoiselles of St. Cyr when Louis XIV. entered the chapel of that establishment to hear the morning prayer. The words were by M. de Brinon, and the music by the famous Lully.

"Grand Dieu, sauve le roi!
Grand Dieu, venge le roi!
Vive le roi!

"Que toujours glorieux,
Louis victorieux!
Voye ses ennemis.
Toujours soumis!

"Grand Dieu, sauve le roi!
Grand Dieu, venge le roi!
Vive le roi!"

It is said by some to have been translated and adapted to the House of Hanover by Handel, the German composer.

Remarkable Marriages.

The death of a soldier is recorded, in 1784, who had had five wives; and his widow, aged 90, wept over the grave of her fourth husband. The writer, who mentioned these facts, naively added, "The said soldier was much attached to the marriage state."—There is an account of a gentleman who had been married to four wives, and who lived to be 115 years old. When he died, he left twenty-three "children" alive and well, some of the said children being from threescore to fourscore.—A gentleman died at Bordeaux, in 1772, who had been married sixteen times.—In July, 1768, a couple were living at Essex who had been married eighty-one years, the husband being 107, and the wife 103 years of age.—At the Church of St. Clement Danes, in 1772, a woman of 85 was married to her sixth husband.

Ingenuous.

An instrument called a bathoreometer has been invented, depending on the principle of closing an electric circuit by means of a substance interposed between the electrodes, by which thicknesses of substances, such as hair, spider's webs, etc., may be determined with exactness to the twelve-millionth part of an inch.

Curious.

At a recent family gathering in Somers, Conn., a child was present who rejoiced in the possession of eight living grand parents, the united ages of these venerable progenitors amounting to five hundred and sixty-one years. Six of them resided within a mile and a quarter of the happy place of meeting.

Memory acquired by Practice.

The history of the celebrated conjurer, Robert Houdin, furnishes a remarkable example of the power of memory acquired by practice. He and his brother, while yet boys, invented a game which they played in this wise:—They would pass a show window, and glance in it as they passed, without stopping, and then at the next corner compare notes and see who could recollect the greatest number of things in the window, including their relative positions. Having tested the accuracy of their observations by returning to the window, they would go and repeat the experiment elsewhere. By this means they acquired incredible powers of rapid observation and memory, so that after running by a shop window, and glancing as they passed, they would enumerate every article displayed in it.

Curious Instrument.

There is now in operation at the Electric Telegraph Company's offices, London, an instrument which, from its ingenuity of construction and perfection of results, deserves attention. The object is to transmit autograph messages in the exact form in which they are written; and the most complicated figures, designs, sketches, or indeed anything that can be drawn by an ordinary pen, are transmitted as readily as the simplest dot or stroke.

Massacre of Rats.

An extraordinary *battue* has just taken place in the sewers of Paris. Taking advantage of the frost, which drives this particular game into covert, the owner invited a Christmas party to partake of the sport of rat-killing. All the great sewers were driven in one direction till millions of rats, which fought among themselves like tigers as they were hunted along, were collected in the large drain by the bridge of Asnieres. Forty dogs were then let down into the sewers, and after a fight which lasted forty-five hours, and in which four dogs were killed and some blinded, no less than 110,000 rats were dispatched.

Old Time Mowing Machine.

It would seem that the mowing machine is no new thing under the sun. According to the records of the Plymouth Colony, as early as 1655, a patent was granted to Joseph Jenks, sen., and assigns, "for an engine for the more speedy cutting of grass." The patent was for seven years, and the penalty for infringement by making or using a like machine was five pounds for every offence.

Historic Problem.

In a recent history of England from the fall of Woolsey to the death of Elizabeth, written by Frouse, are published letters to Bothwell, which have been found in Spain, and if genuine, prove beyond all question, that Mary, Queen of Scots, designed and caused the death of Darnley, her husband.

Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

"ONLY A FARMER."

During a recent debate in the Maine Legislature, a clergyman, with more zeal than brains, and more ignorance than discretion, took occasion, while asking for a grant of land in aid of a religious denomination, to say that through the influence of the seminary with which he was connected a certain person had been made into a preacher, instead of "only a farmer."

Such a contemptuous remark was fatal to the clergyman's suit, for the bill was very justly rejected by almost a unanimous vote—although we don't think the society should have suffered through the indiscretion of its advocate, for he met with some stinging rebukes at the hands of the sturdy farmers who sit in the Legislature, make the laws, and understand what is for the best interest of the State much better than theoretical clergymen, who are no doubt learned men, able men, but do not comprehend the wants of the people, and have no more idea of business than Dick Swiveller when under the influence of the "rose."

One bluff, hearty farmer, who had listened in silence to the minister's unfortunate expression, said: "I am a farmer, and not ashamed to be one; and now I am asked to vote the means of elevating men so as to look down and sneer at me."

The speaker should not have classed all who embrace the ministry in that category, for there are many clergymen who prefer their farms to their pulpits, and steal away from the latter to the former as often as possible, and would be perfectly contented if they could remain farmers for the balance of their lives, and never return to their ministerial professions.

"Only a farmer!" We had hoped that such expressions had forever ceased in this country, for the farming interest is too great and important to be treated in a light and contemptuous manner, except by the shallow and ignorant. We wish there were more farmers in every State in the Union; men who would give us cheap bread, an abundance of meat, and butter, cheese and eggs in profusion.

There is room for all who desire to be independent, living upon the products of their land, unaffected by the terrible business cares of those who reside in cities, and who often sigh for a country home.

"Only a farmer!" Look to the West, where men with sturdy arms and stout hearts have subdued the wilderness, caused it to blossom and become fruitful with grain, cattle, and all that makes a nation great, rich and prosperous. Farmers have produced these results. Look to the North, towards rugged New England, where the soil is sterile and the men hardy. See what results have been obtained. In every village there is a schoolhouse, a church and a post-office, and in some of the larger towns a newspaper. Who produced these great results, paid for them like honorable men, so that their children could enjoy the blessings of education? Only farmers—a class of men who have been sneered at by white-faced milk-sops, and laughed at because their hands are hard and their clothing coarse. At the East, West, North, and all through the Middle States, who rushed to the defence of the capital when it was in danger? Farmers were the first to take up arms, and will be the last to lay them down, unless an honorable, Union-preserving peace be obtained.

On every battle-field that this rebellion has produced, the blood of farmers has crimsoned the soil; and from the Potomac to Chattanooga, from Port Hudson to Gettysburg, the bones of men who were once farmers lie bleaching in the sun. Thousands of them have given their lives to their country, and when the history of the war is written, no body of men will stand higher in the record of fame than the farmers.

ECONOMY.—Economy is a good thing, and should be practised by all, but it should show itself in denying ourselves—not in oppressing others. We see persons spending dollar after dollar foolishly one hour, and the next trying to save a penny piece off a wood-sawyer, coal-heaver or market-woman. Such things are disgraceful, if not dishonest.

TENURES OF LAND.

In looking over a recently published work, we were somewhat amused and interested in a chapter devoted to tenures of land in England, showing how and under what conditions certain proprietors hold their broad acres. Some of the tenures are of the most whimsical nature, and we should think they were dictated by lunatics, instead of sensible men. The most numerous tenures were made by the past kings and queens of England, who gave estates to favorites on condition that certain presents were annually made to the reigning monarch, or that certain observances were obeyed, the lands to once more revert to the crown in case all the conditions were not complied with. The following are some of the most singular tenures which we were able to find: "To pay 'two white capons annually,'" to "carry a rod, or baton, before the king on certain days;" to "bear the king's standard whenever he happens to be in the county of Sussex;" to be "mareschal of the laundresses of the king's army whilst in England;" to "serve the office of chamberlain of the Exchequer." Another to "supply a servant for the king's larder;" and, again, "for his wardrobe." Others "to find servants for the different forests;" one to present "the king with a pair of scarlet hose" annually; another to give "a hawk." Others "to supply soldiers with armor for certain days to guard this or that castle;" to "repair the iron work of the king's plough," etc.

In the nineteenth year of the reign of Henry III. (1234), Walter Gately held the manor of Westcourt, in Beddington, Surrey, by producing annually to the king "one cross-bow." In the reign of Edward I. (1273), Osborn de Louchamp held his lands of Ovenhelle, in Kent, for personally "guarding the king into Wales for forty days, at his own expense, with one horse, of five shillings value, one sack, worth sixpence, and one pot, jug, or basin." Laurence de Broke held his hamlet at Renham, Middlesex, for the like service, and to find the king "one soldier, a horse of same worth, a sack worth fivepence, and a 'brock' (pot, jug, or basin) worth twopence," provided the army was within the four seas. Henry de Aving held the manor and lands of Morton, in Essex, by finding annually "a man, a horse worth ten shillings, a leather sack, and four horseshoes."

At Caistor, a place of great antiquity in Lincolnshire, a castle is said to have been built by Hengist the Saxon, after his conquest

of the Picts and Scots, and to stand on as much ground as he could encompass with an ox-hide cut into thongs, whence it is reputed to have been called Thong Caistor. The church is an ancient Gothic edifice, built out of the ruins of Thong Castle. Here an odd ceremony prevailed every Palm Sunday. By the tenure of the estate, the holder sends an agent, on Palm Sunday, to crack what was called a large "horse gad," or whip, three times in the north porch of the church, while the clergyman was reading the *first* lesson in the morning service. When done, he wrapped the thong, or leash, about the stock, and passed the minister, to whom he bowed, and took his seat in the chancel. When the minister began the *second* lesson, he knelt down on one knee, in the aisle fronting him, and waved the gad three times over his head. When the lesson was finished, he rose, bowed, and retired to a pew, where he stayed during the rest of the service. The gad was made of three stems of young ash, bound together with a thin thong of white leather, at the top of which the leash was fastened, together with a purse, in which were a few pieces of silver coin.

There is a singular ceremony on Ascension Day in Yorkshire. The origin of the annual ceremony of erecting what is denominated "The Penny Hedge," at Whitby, is stated by a learned antiquary to be as follows: "Two persons of distinction in the neighborhood being out hunting the wild boar, the animal, closely pursued, obtained shelter in the hermitage of Estedamleside; but almost immediately dropped lifeless. The hermit having closed the door, it was broken open, and the old anchorite beaten so severely with their boar-staves, as to occasion his death. The Abbot of Whitby attending him in his last moments, ordained, not their deaths, but the following expiatory penance—that on every Ascension Day they should repair to the abbot's wood, preceded by the bailiff, blowing a horn, and, at intervals, crying "Out on you," and cut from the said wood a certain number of stakes and stowers, with a knife of no more value than one penny. And with these materials they were to erect a hedge at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at low-water mark, in the harbor of Whitby, which was to stand the washing of nine tides. on pain of confiscation of the whole property. The lord of Whitby manor, as successor of the abbots, about half a century since, offered to dispense with the ceremony, but the proprietor of the

remaining lands held by this remarkable tenure declined it.

During the reign of Henry III., Lord Fitzwalter introduced the custom that whatever married man did not repent of his marriage or quarrel with his wife in a year and a day afterwards, should go to the priory and receive from the lord, for the time being, "a gammon or flitch of bacon," provided he solemnly swore to the fact. This custom has continued for centuries, and is the tenure of the manor of Dunmow, in Essex.

If such a custom prevailed in this country, and a man's bacon depended upon living peaceably with his wife, we fear that he would lose it if compelled to keep his temper for a year and a day. Some men seem to think that they are angels if they don't quarrel with their wives oftener than once a week.

AVOIDING TAXATION.

The press has recently raised its potent voice against those who resort to all manner of expedients for the sake of avoiding taxation, just as though the idea was a new one in this country, and never heard of before. Why, in the city of Boston it has been customary, for many years, for some of the most eminent mean-spirited citizens to leave town just before the assessors make their appearance, so that they will escape their share of Boston taxes. We suppose that such contemptible tricks are resorted to in all large cities by men who are unprincipled enough to live and enjoy the benefits of a community without paying their proportion of the expenses of the same. In fact, in all countries there is always an effort made to avoid government taxation; and while the Englishmen laugh at the manner in which some of our distillers seek to avoid paying the duties assessed by government, we can smile at the ingenious manner in which the traders of Great Britain have steered clear of the duty on playing cards, in defiance of the acts of parliament and the whole power of the crown.

In England, at the present period, the duty on playing cards is three pence a pack, fifty per cent. lower than ever before. In the time of James the First a duty was levied on cards, and from that period to the present year constant changes have taken place. At one time it was enacted that playing cards were to pay a duty of sixpence a pack for a term of thirty-two years, commencing the 11th of June, 1711. By this act, all makers of cards or dice

were required to send to the commissioners of the stamp duties on vellum, parchment and paper, notice in writing, containing the address of the house or place where cards or dice were manufactured. Makers omitting to send such notice, or manufacturing in houses not notified, became liable to a penalty of £50. Various other obligations, more or less vexatious, were at the same time imposed on the card and dice makers. They were required to permit the proper officers for the duties in question to enter their houses of business, that they might "take an account of the cards and dice there made," under a penalty of £10 for every refusal. The makers were not to remove cards from the manufactory until the paper and thread enclosing every pack of cards was sealed in such a manner as was satisfactory to the commissioners of the duties, under pain of forfeiting the goods removed, and treble their value. The unfortunate card and dice makers were required in addition to make entry, upon oath, once in every twenty-eight days, of the number of cards and dice manufactured by them in the interim, and they had to clear within the ensuing fortnight the amount of the tax then declared due. Neglect on these scores was visited by forfeiture of £20 for default in making entry, and double duty for non-payment of the tax within the specified time.

In spite of law, evasive devices were resorted to, and the government found that cards were sold which had never paid duty. New acts were passed through parliament, but no sooner were they promulgated, than men found means to avoid them, and more than one speculator amassed a large fortune by selling, under various pretences, cards on which no duty had been paid. Packs were made up for sale with a blank card in place of the ace of spades, which was taxed. Cut-corner cards, as they were called, i. e., packs of cards of which one corner was cut off, and minus the ace of spades, were sold in immense quantities. Cards with a corner cut off were considered by parliament sufficiently mutilated to render them unfit to be used in play. The public, however, put up with the inconvenience of using cut-corner cards rather than pay the high tax. In fact, the law was found powerless to prevent evasions; every fresh enactment produced some fresh dodge for driving through it. It was therefore decided to diminish the duty, and to legalize, under certain restrictions, the sale of second-hand cards. In the year 1828, the

half-a-crown duty was reduced to one shilling. The shilling duty was to be denoted on the ace of spades. This was the "duty one shilling" ace, called "Old Frizzle," on account of the elaborate flourishes which adorned it. The aces were supplied on credit to the card-makers, the duty being exacted from time to time on their making up their packs for sale, when an officer was supposed to attend to put on the wrapper, and to take an account of the numbers. Second-hand cards were permitted to be sold, other than by licensed card-makers, provided the words "second-hand cards" were legibly printed or written on the wrapper; but at last, finding that the duties were still avoided, the government stopped the "card war" and reduced the tax, and now, while the English are laughing at our desire to be taxed and to avoid taxation, we can refer them to the playing card tax as one of the evidences of their shrewdness.

SELF-TORTURE.

Purum Soatuntre, a native of Benares, in the north of India, when only ten years of age began a life of self-mortification, and used to lie on thorns and pebbles. At last he got a bed of pikes in which he was drawn about the country. He was taken on this dreadful bed for thousands of miles, the poor people everywhere worshipping him as a god. He travelled about this way for thirty-five years. In the winter he caused the water to fall on his head night and day, from a pot with holes in it, drop by drop, so that he might be constantly uneasy; and when the hot weather came, he caused logs of wood to be kept burning near him, to make his sufferings from heat the greater.

WOMEN VS. GIRLS.—Women ought to be of more importance to society than girls—but who does not know the case is exactly the reverse? How many women do we all know who shrink from society, give their whole time to family duties, bury themselves up at home, and seem to be of no other use in the world than to dress their girls for parties, and keep the house in order for their beaux. Of course the children grow up with the idea that mother is of no consequence and don't know the world. They go abroad for their opinions, and spurn all home influence.

FLATTERERS.—Flatterers only lift a man up, as it is said the eagle does the tortoise—to get something by the fall.

A TRUE LADY.—"I cannot forbear pointing out to you, my dearest child," said Lord Collingwood to his daughter, "the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner to all people on all occasions. Never forget that you are a gentlewoman, and all your words and actions should make you gentle. I never heard your mother—your dear, good mother—say a harsh or hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper, but, my darling, it is a misfortune which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me inexpressible pain. It has given me more trouble to subdue this impetuosity than anything I ever undertook."

FRUGALITY.—It appears evident, says Dr. Johnson, that frugality is necessary even to complete the pleasure of expense; for it may be generally remarked of those who squander what they know their fortune not sufficient to allow, that in their most jovial expense, there always breaks out some proof of discontent and impatience; they either scatter with a kind of wild desperation and affected lavishment, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot escape it, or pay their money with a peevish anxiety, and endeavor at once to spend idly, and to save meanly; having neither firmness to deny their passions, nor courage to gratify them, they murmur at their own enjoyments, and poison the bowl of pleasure by reflection on the cost.

VERY CLEAR.—An Irish advertisement reads as follows: "Lost, on Saturday last, but the bearer does not know where, an empty sack with a cheese in it. On the sack the letters P. G. are marked, but so completely worn out as not to be legible."

INFORMATION WANTED.—What is the principal difference between the swallow and the cat? It is an admitted fact that "one swallow does not make a summer," but any cat can make a spring.

LIFE.—In vain we chisel, as best we can, the mysterious block of which our life is made, the black vein of destiny continually re-appears.

RELIGION.—Piety, which is a true devotion to God, consists in doing all his will, precisely at the time, in the situation, and under the circumstances in which he has placed us.

Facts and Fancies.

THE FOILED BURGLAR.

The Messrs. P—— & Co., keep a large jewelry store on Washington street, Boston, and for the better security of their store against fire, and other casualties, they employ one of their clerks to sleep in at night. The idea of the store being attacked by robbers was not for a moment entertained, but it was for other objects that young Loring the clerk slept there, for he was not supplied with any weapons to repel an attack of thieves. But one dark, dreary night he was awakened by a singular noise which resembled that which a party of burglars might produce in an attempt to enter the building, and looking towards the back windows, he soon fully satisfied himself that one or more persons were endeavoring as quietly as possible to effect an entrance at that quarter. They had already removed a part of the sash and shutters with their cunningly-devised instruments, and must have been at work some time before he was awakened.

Now young Loring regretted that he had no weapon, but not through fear—that was not a characteristic of the young gentleman—but that he might pepper the rogues a little. At first he determined to cry out and arouse the watch; but as they had advanced so far before he awoke, he thought he would drive them off by stratagem. He slipped on his clothes quietly and approached the spot where the thieves were busy; he saw the hand of one of them pass inside of the shutter into the store, in its owner's endeavors to guide a small handsaw, with which he was cutting an aperture for the body to pass through.

Young Loring felt inclined to chop off the hand with a small hatchet that lay hard by, but he refrained, and bethought himself of a powerful preparation of caustic vitriol, and other penetrating stuffs, that were used in the testing of silver and other metals. One drop of this would eat instantly into the flesh and produce a poisonous sore in ten minutes' time. He cautiously dropped a little upon the burglar's hand and awaited the result.

"Bill," at length exclaimed the burglar to his comrade, "I've a cursed burning on the back of my hand. It's so sore I can hardly work this saw. Phew! how it smarts. I guess I've cut it with the saw. Hold the dark lantern here."

"Fudge!" replied his companion. "Change hands, then, but don't stop."

"Take the saw yourself, then. I can't stand this pain."

And while the discomfited burglar withdrew to groan over the supposed cut, the other took his place with the saw, and in a moment after he received a few drops of the fiery liquid upon the back of his hand, and was soon groaning with agony.

"Curse this saw, it has cut me, too!" groaned the second thief.

And after sundry oaths, mutually exchanged un-

til the first and worst attack of pain was over, they renewed the attempt to make an entrance.

The clerk permitted them to go on awhile uninterrupted, knowing that any time he could stop their efforts by crying out, but he hoped to hear some watchmen passing the front of the store, upon whom he could call to secure the rogues, and resolved to wait for this until it would do to wait no longer. But soon the burglars had so much enlarged the hole, that they would shortly be able to enter it themselves.

Seeing that he must do something to stop them, the clerk crept into the dark closet at one side of the window, and uttered a fierce but low growl in imitation of a dog. Both of the rogues stepped back at this unexpected interruption.

"Hang it, Bill, there's a cursed dog in there! I didn't know that P—— & Co. kept one," said one to another.

"A dog?—that's bad! Curse 'em, if it was a man, why, a shot or a dirk stroke would fix him; but a dog is quite another thing, for if we shoot him, he would be sure to half kill one of us."

"Bow, wow, bow!" cried the clerk with all his power, as he saw them preparing to resume their work.

"Confound the dog!" exclaimed both.

"Never mind; go ahead, Bill, and get it open now. I'll fix him when we get in!"

The burglar addressed as Bill, thrust his hand in once more to wrench off the last piece of wood that obstructed their entrance, when the clerk, having already armed himself with a large pair of pincers, seized the robber's hand as though in a vice, and set up such an outrageous barking that the whole neighborhood was alarmed.

"For heaven's sake, Jack, lend us a hand here; the cursed animal is biting my hand off!" said the burglar to his confederate.

"Pull it away—pull it away, quick!"

"I can't."

"Give it a jerk!" said the other.

"O-o-o! I can't! Murder, murder!"

This cry, added to the bellowing of the supposed dog, soon brought the police in good earnest, and the thief who was at liberty to do so, ran for his life. The policeman's lights showed Bill Sikes that he had been bitten by a pair of pincers! He passed five years of his life at the State prison for the crime of coveting other people's property.

A FRENCHMAN'S COMPLAINT.

A few days since an excited Frenchman appeared before the Police Court and complained as follows:

"Monsieur Judge, I hat von tear little tog, his name was Bingo. My vife love him vary mutch; she love him as mutch as she love her life. Vell, Monsieur Judge, I go to de market and puy—puy—puy—vat you call him?—assige meat, by gar! Vell, I take de sassage home, have him cooked, and have him fried. My vife cried out she hurt

her toot; she spit out, and a big piece of brass come out. I pick it up, and it hab B. I. N. on it. I knew it rite away to be my poor, tear little Bingo's necklace—you call it. I cry, and mine wife cry. I go to de market—I see de man vat sell me de sausage—I ask him vat for you steal my little tog. A great pig crowd got around; he swear he sue me for—vat you call it?—"Slander," replied the judge.) Yes, by gar! slanter. He say, I sue you for slanter. One man say, you go see de coroner. I go hunt him up. I tell him eberyting. He spit, and spit, clear his troat, and say, 'You spoil mine breakfast.' I say, vat you do? He say, 'Clear out!' I go and come here. Now, my tear Monsieur Judge, please, do please have dat sausage man hung by de troat!"

"I am sorry," replied the judge, "to say that you have failed to make out a case, and I can take no cognizance of it!"

"O, vat will I do? Mine wife vill go eber so mat, and vill vip me! I know very vell she vill! O, mine tear Bingo! Good-by, Monsieur Judge," and the Frenchman left the temple of justice, in anguish for the loss of his "tear Bingo."

THE COLONEL'S MISTAKE.

In the bustling and important town of Quagville Cochituate water is not to be found, and Colonel Foot, of that place, has no cistern. The water in his well is hard, and will not "wash." Neither is it very good to drink—at all events, the colonel seldom tastes it, but always, when he is thirsty, walks over to the Quagville tavern, where the water is much better—either because there is less lime in it, or because the young man behind the bar has a way of putting something into it to make it palatable.

One evening last summer, the colonel was tormented with thirst, and stepped into the tavern for his accustomed drink, with the bar-tender's peculiar ingredient in it, before returning home. He reached his home just in time to escape a pouring rain. Mrs. Foot, who had retired, heard the unsteady footsteps of her husband, upon whom the tavern water sometimes produced an extraordinary effect, and spoke to him: "My dear, is it you?"

"Yes, my dear," articulated the colonel, with affected gaiety.

"Does it rain?" asked Mrs. Foot.

"Yes, my dear," said the colonel; "h'l' springle"—meaning there was a little sprinkle.

"My dear," said Mrs. Foot, "you have been drinking."

"One glass, my dear," said the colonel.

"One glass!" echoed Mrs. Foot.

"Accompanied with others," thickly said the colonel. "But don't think I'm drunk."

"Well, if you are not drunk," said Mrs. Foot, "please to set the wash-bowl under the eave-spout, and you'll have soft water to wash in, in the morning."

"Yes, my dear," replied the colonel.

Flattering himself that he had arranged to catch the rain-water as deliberately and rationally as if he had drank nothing but that innocent liquid for the last twenty-four hours, the colonel undressed and went to bed. The next morning, however, Mrs. Foot was considerably excited in her mind at finding the wash-bowl in its place on the stand.

"You were drunk, my dear, as sure as the world!" said Mrs. Foot.

"Didn't I put something under the eaves?" replied the colonel. "Then I forgot it. But I wasn't drunk, my dear."

There was a trifling dispute between this amiable pair, the colonel stoutly maintaining the fact of his perfect sobriety, until he began to look for his boots. One of them was missing. It was a most extraordinary circumstance. No—he did not leave it at the tavern, as Mrs. Foot suggested; somebody must have broken into the house during the night, and stolen it. Still the colonel was unwilling to admit the imperious charge of inebriety. Suddenly Mrs. Foot uttered a scream.

"So it is—fact, my dear. I was never so lost in my life!" murmured the humble colonel.

The boot was under the eave-spout, full of water. Mrs. Foot thinks she had the best of the argument.

MR. TWOMBLEY'S MISTAKE.

Mr. Thomas Twombley had drank but six glasses of brandy and water, when, being a man of discretion, he returned home at the seasonable hour of 1, A. M., and went soberly to bed. Mrs. Thomas Twombley was too well accustomed to the comings and goings of said Thomas, to be much disturbed by the trifling noise he made on retiring; but when she discovered that he had his boots on, she requested him to remove them, or keep his feet out of the bed.

"My dear," said Mr. Twombley, in an apologetic tone, "skuse me. How came I to forget the boots, I can't conceive, for I'm just as sober as I ever was in my life!"

Mr. Twombley sat on the side of his bed, and made an effort to pull off his right boot. The attempt was successful, though it brought him to the floor. On regaining his feet, Mr. Twombley thought he saw the door open. As he was sure he shut the door, on coming in, he was astonished, and dark as it was in the room, he couldn't be mistaken, he felt certain. Mr. Twombley staggered towards the door to close it; when to his still greater surprise, he saw a figure approach from beyond. Twombley stopped; the figure stopped. Twombley raised his right hand—the figure raised its left.

"Who's there?" roared Twombley, beginning to be frightened. The object made no reply. Twombley raised his boot in a menacing attitude—the figure defied him by shaking a similar object.

"By the Lor!" cried Twombley, "I'll find out who you be—you sneakin' cuss!" He hurled the boot full at the head of his mysterious object, when

— crash! went the big looking-glass, which Twombly had mistaken for the door.

BETTER DRIVER WANTED.

Some years since there resided in R—, an eccentric but most worthy divine of the Baptist persuasion by the name of Driver, yet more familiarly known by the name of "Tom Driver," who loved a good joke, no matter whom it hit, provided it wounded not too deeply.

One day, while returning from a visit to a brother clergyman of an adjacent town, meeting a man with an *exceedingly poor* yoke of oxen, and an unusually large load of hay, which was so deeply in the mire that the united efforts of the cattle could not start it from its position, he accosted him with:

"Well, friend, what is the matter?"

"Matter enough. I'm in the mud, and can't get out."

"Your oxen are too lean for such a load. You should give them more to eat, for you know that the Bible says, 'Whoso giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.'"

The farmer replied that was not the reason.

"Well, what is it, then?" asked the divine.

"Why, they are just like the North Baptist Church at R—," replied the farmer, pettishly, "they want a darned sight better *Driver* than they've got now!"

WEIGHING A HOLE.

Mr. M., of a certain town in Vermont, is not distinguished for liberality, either of purse or opinion. His ruling passion is a fear of being cheated. The loss, whether real or fancied, of a few cents, would give him more pain than the destruction of an entire navy. He once bought a large cake of tallow at a country store, at ten cents a pound. On breaking it to pieces at home, it was found to contain a large cavity. This he considered a terrible disclosure of cupidity and fraud. He drove furiously back to the store, entering in great excitement, bearing the tallow, and exclaiming:

"Here, you rascal, you have cheated me! Do you call that an honest cake of tallow? It is hollow, and there aint near so much as there appeared to be. I want you to make it right."

"Certainly, certainly," replied the merchant, "I'll make it right. I didn't know the cake was hollow. Let me see, you paid ten cents a pound. Now, Mr. M., how much do you suppose the hole will weigh?"

LANDLADIES AND LODGERS.

There is an English story told of a learned Cambridge professor which has always filled us with the highest respect for his courage and conduct. Finding that his college bed-maker was continually abstracting his teas, and being aware of what weight of evidence some females can resist, he de-

termined to let her know he had found her peccadillo out without the chance of contradiction. He bought two pounds of tea, placing one in his caddy, and secreting the other in a drawer; he drew from the latter store so much as was necessary for use, but never touched the former; the contents of the caddy decreased daily and in greater proportion, and at last, while he had still a little left, Mrs. Brown, the bed-maker, declared his tea to be out. "Well," exclaimed her master, producing his remnant in great triumph, "I declare, Mrs. Brown, that your pound has not lasted so long as mine has!"

A MIGHTY FINE BUSINESS.

When James T. Brady, the celebrated lawyer of New York, first opened a lawyer's office, he took a basement room which had previously been occupied by a cobbler. He was somewhat annoyed by the previous occupant's callers, and irritated by the fact that he had few of his own. One day an Irishman entered.

"The cobbler's gone, I see," he said.

"I should think he had," tartly responded Brady.

"And what do ye sell?" he asked, looking at the solitary table and a few law books.

"Blockheads," responded Brady.

"Be gorra!" said the Irishman, "ye must be doing a mighty fine business—ye haint got but one left."

SOUTHERN LOAVES.

A half-famished fellow in the Southern States tells of a baker (whose loaves had been growing "small by degrees, and beautifully less,") who, when going the rounds to serve his customers, stopped at the door of one and knocked, when the lady within exclaimed:

"Who's there?" and was answered, "The baker."

"What do you want?"

"To leave your bread."

"Well, you needn't make such a fuss about it—put it through the keyhole!"

A PRACTICAL SON.

"Sam," said an interesting young mother to her youngest hopeful, "do you know what the difference is between the body and the soul? The soul, my child, is what you love with, the body carries you about. This is your body, (touching the little fellow's shoulders and arms,) but there is something deeper in, you can feel it now. What is that?"

"O! I know," said Sam, with a flush of intelligence in his eyes; "that's my flannel shirt."

Pat says that "nothing can be aasier than to repale the union of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland. It is only necessary," says he, "to transpose two letters, and they will become *united* kingdomds at once."

Trials and Vexations of a Speculator in search of Cotton.



Mr. Isaac arrives at Baton Rouge, and in some mysterious manner gets a pass outside of the lines.



An "intelligent contraband" offers to pilot Mr. Isaac to a swamp "whar dars lots ob cotton."



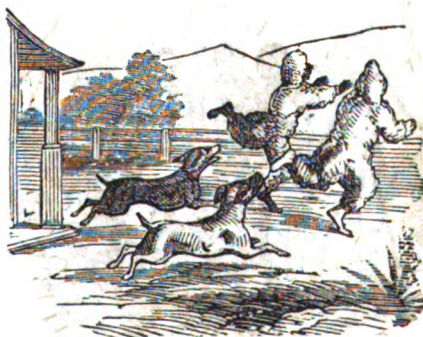
Interesting incident in the lives of Mr. Isaac and the "intelligent contraband."



Guerrilla pleasantries. A stripping operation.



Mr. Isaac and the "intelligent contraband" obtain cotton, but not in an agreeable manner.



Mr. Isaac and friend apply to a house for assistance, but obtain none.

THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAZAGINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Federal scouts suppose Mr. Isaac and friend are lawful game, so fire at them.



Are arrested by Union pickets, and hung as Confederate spies.



Luckily the ropes break, and Mr. Isaac and friend escape immediate death.



Mr. Isaac and friend are invited to come down.



Within the Union lines. A rough scrape.



Mr. Isaac disposes of the cotton with which he and his friend were covered, and realizes a handsome sum.

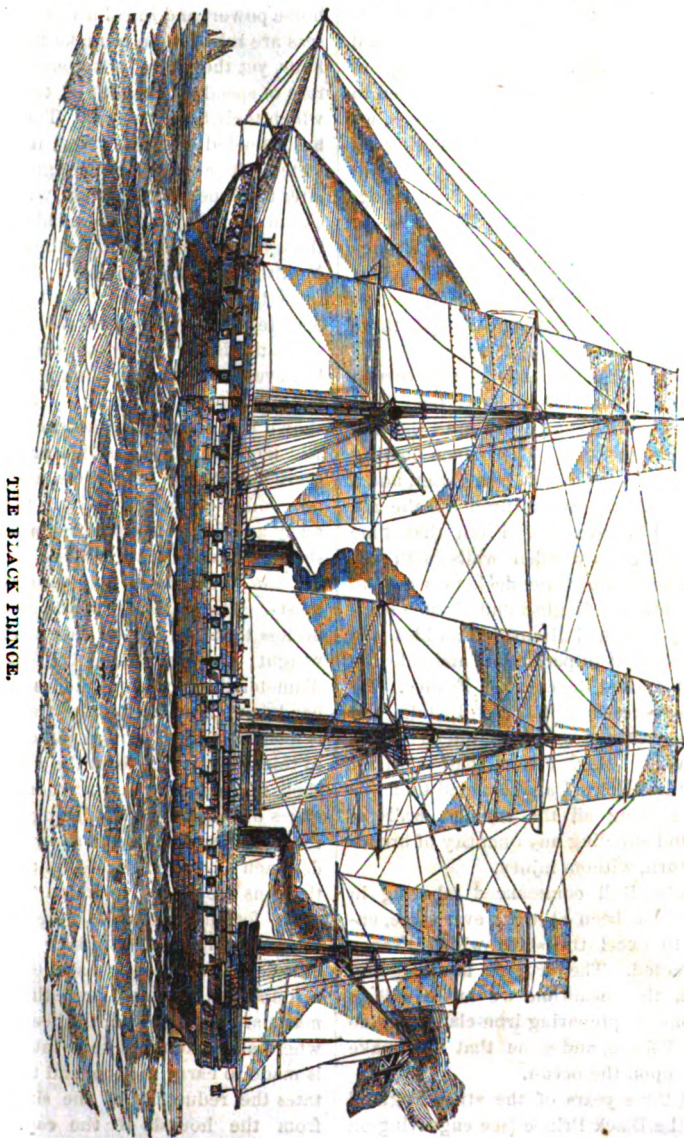
THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX.—No. 6.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1864.

WHOLE No. 114.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH IRON-CLADS.



ENGLISH AND FRENCH IRON-CLADS.

We are happy in being able to present to the readers of the *DOLLAR MONTHLY* faithful representations of some of the most formidable iron-clads that England and France can boast of. At the present time, the subject before the reader is a most interesting one, for the nation that can command the largest fleet of steel-plated or iron-clad ships of war is the one that is entitled to most respect in the eyes of Europeans. Does any one suppose that England would have hesitated to break the blockade which our government established, especially when the want of cotton was creating intense distress in Lancaster, if we had not shown the world a novelty in the shape of a Monitor? And if we had not continued to build and to arm vessels of all classes, we should have had John Bull thundering on our coast, and laughing at our paper remonstrances. The South would have been recognized, its ports opened, and the North would have had no means of avenging the wrongs which our amiable cousins inflicted. Our iron-clads prevented all such interference, so the more we build the less probability is there of English or French recognition.

In the years 1840 and 1850 France turned its attention towards iron-clads; but little progress was made, however, until the Crimean war commenced. Then some floating batteries were covered with iron plates, and a strong Russian fort was captured by the aid of these novel war-vessels. From that time nations looked upon wooden walls with suspicion, and keels for three-deckers were no longer laid down in English and French ship-yards. Napoleon had discovered an idea. He meant to work it to perfection, and rule the waters that washed the coast of France. He would have succeeded if Great Britain had not awakened from its self-confident repose, and discovered that France had actually launched "*La Gloire*," an iron-clad that was capable of sinking all the wooden walls of England, and standing any quantity of broadsides in return, without injury.

Then John Bull commenced laboring in earnest, and has been at work ever since, endeavoring to excel the ships which France has constructed. The struggle is still going on, and in the meantime we are equalling both nations in preparing iron-clads suitable for harbor defence, and some that will make their mark upon the ocean.

The first three years of the strife England launched the *Black Prince* (see engraving on

the first page) and the *Black Warrior*, iron-clads of about the same size, and intended as more than matches for the French ships "*La Magenta*," "*L'Invincible*" and "*Gloire*." The two former were followed by the *Achilles* and the *Royal Sovereign*, representations of which accompany this article, as well as accurate engravings of the French iron-clads mentioned as above, with the exception of "*La Gloire*," a drawing of which we could not obtain in time for this number of the *Magazine*.

The *Black Warrior* and *Black Prince* are each about 6000 tons, with engines of 1250 horse power, and in calm weather and smooth seas are relied upon to make fifteen knots per hour, yet they have not come up to such a rate of speed on account of the rapidity with which their bottoms foul. The same trouble has attended our monitors, it will be recollected. The *Royal Sovereign* is constructed after the American principle, with turrets, etc., claimed by Captain Cole as his invention, although it is probable that the success of the *Monitor* in Hampton Roads first led him to investigate the matter, and adopt the idea. It is stated that the *Achilles* will be the first vessel in the British navy to carry four masts; but even with this advantage her masts will be a hundred feet apart. Experience has shown that iron masts last much longer than wooden, that they are lighter and stronger, serve as valuable ventilators, and are also better conductors of electricity. If they are shot away and fall overboard they will immediately sink, instead of floating along side and fouling the screw, as is the case with wooden masts. The mainmast of the *Achilles* weighs no less than twenty-one tons twelve hundred weight; its length being 121 feet nine inches, diameter three or four inches, and length of head from hounds twenty feet. Each mast is formed of three curved plates half an inch in thickness, which form the skin or outside shell of each, the joint where the vertical edges of the plates meet being so formed that the outsides of the masts show no ridges. Under each of the vertical joints three strong tie-irons are placed, to which are riveted the plates forming the masts; the rivets on the outside being countersunk or let in flush, the exterior of the mast consequently presenting a round and perfectly smooth surface. The masts are parallel from the heel to the hounds, where a horizontal plate is introduced, which is made to carry the top, and this plate facilitates the reduction of the size of the mast from the hounds to the cap. Where the

shrouds pass over the masts the plates are double, to resist the extra strain and wear.

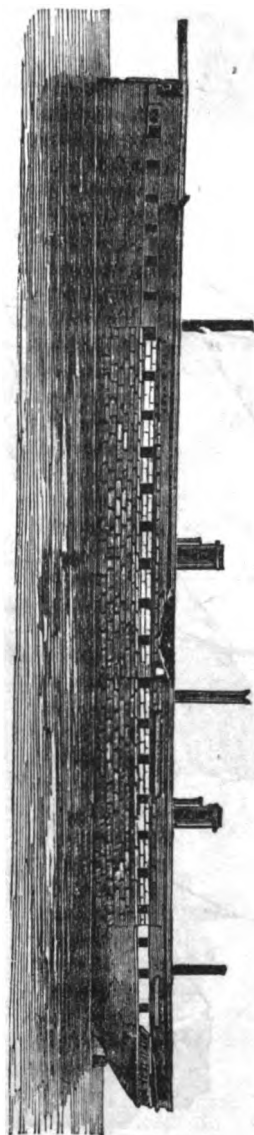
A writer who was recently on board of the Achilles, intended to be the most formidable of the iron-clads in the English navy, gives the following graphic description of what he saw:

"Ding, Clash, Dong, BANG, Boom, Rattle, Clash, BANG, Clink, BANG, Dong, BANG, Clatter, BANG, BANG, BANG! What on earth is this! This is, or soon will be, the Achilles, iron armor-plated ship. Twelve hundred men are working at her now; twelve hundred men working on stages over her sides, over her bows, over her stern, under her keel, between her decks, down in her hold, within her and without, crawling and creeping into the finest curves of her lines wherever it is possible for men to twist. Twelve hundred hammerers, measurers, caulkers, armorers, forgers, smiths, shipwrights; twelve hundred dingers, clashers, dongers, rattlers, clinkers, bangers, bangers, bangers! Yet all this stupendous uproar around the rising Achilles is as nothing to the reverberations with which the perfected Achilles shall resound upon the dreadful day when the full work is in hand for which this is but the note of preparation—the day when the scuppers that are now fitting like dry, thirsty conduit-pipes, shall run red. All these busy figures between decks, dimly seen bending at their work in smoke and fire, are as nothing to the figures that shall do work here of another kind in smoke and fire, that day. These steam-worked engines alongside, helping the ship by travelling to and fro, and wafting tons of iron plates about, as though they were so many leaves of trees, would be rent limb from limb if they stood by her for a minute then. To think that this Achilles, monstrous compound of iron tank and oaken chest, can ever swim or roll! To think that any force of wind or wave could ever break her! To think that wherever I see a glowing, red-hot iron point thrust out of her side from within—as I do now, there and there and there!—and two watching men on the stage without, with bared arms and sledge-hammers, strike at it fiercely, and repeat their blows until it is black and flat, I see a rivet being driven home, of which there are many in every iron plate, and thousands in the ship! To think that the difficulty I experience in appreciating the ship's size when I am on board, arises from her being a series of iron tanks and oaken chests, so that internally she is ever finishing

and ever beginning, and half of her might be smashed, and yet the remaining half suffice, and be sound."

The description is not perfect, yet enough is revealed to show that England is preparing

THE ACHILLES.



a very effective ship, and that France must construct something to rival it, or give up the contest, and acknowledge that John Bull is superior in resources to France. It is evident that the latter nation has made great progress in the art of building iron-clads, as a glance

at the engravings of "La Magenta" and "L'Invincible" will convince the most skeptical, but how they would fare in a savage contest with the Black Prince, the Royal Sovereign and the powerful Achilles, is a

rams, a sharp spur taking the place of the usual cutwater. On this spur the French place great reliance, and we must confess that if it struck a fair blow, under the influence of a heavy head of steam, no iron-clad in the

British navy could stand up under it. Even the sides of the Achilles, heavy as they are, would yield to the pressure, and sink before a broadside could be discharged.

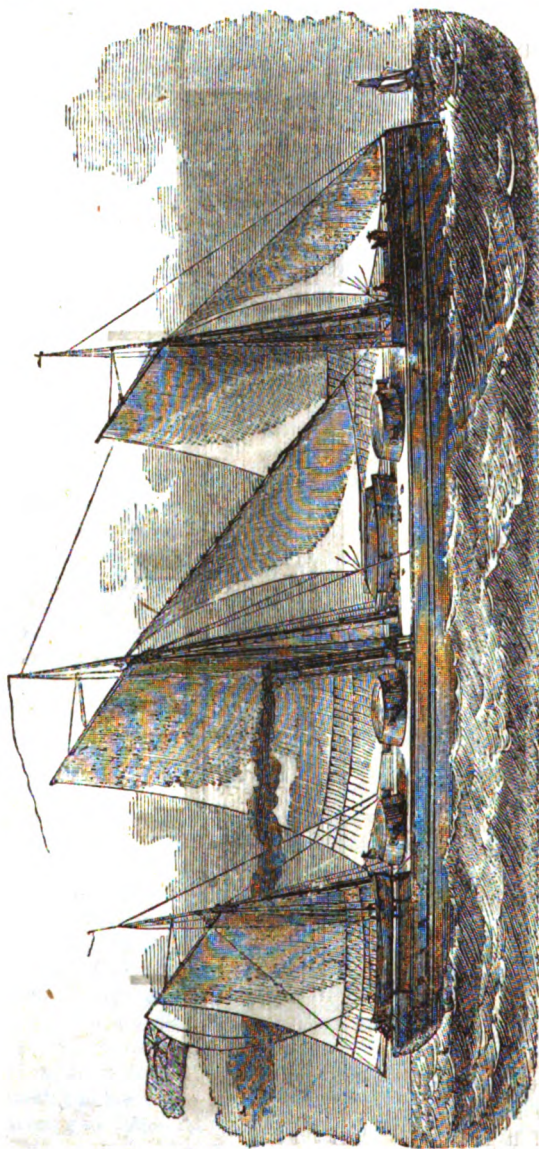
While England and France are striving to excel each other, America is quietly adding strength to her navy, so that at the present time, we probably have as many iron-clads afloat as England and France combined, although they are not so effective as those which our rivals command, most of our vessels being monitors, and suitable for harbor defence only, although they have been, and can be moved from one point of our coast to another, but the risk is great, for they are not safe sea boats.

In a short time we shall have heavy, iron-clad frigates ready for action; when they are afloat, we shall be able to judge if they are a match for the iron-clads of France and England. If they are not, we can build something that will rival them in strength and effectiveness. We have the means and the genius for creating and three long years of experience in fighting. The advantages are in our favor. And although we may ardently hope never to be brought into collision with other powers of the world, yet, following out the sagacious maxim of Washington, "in peace prepare for war," we may well be as fully prepared to meet any emergencies which may arise, as our means and active experience in our

question that will be settled at some distant day, when the two nations seek to avenge past insults, and wash away all bitter recollections of Waterloo in torrents of blood.

It will be noticed that the French iron-clads are constructed so that they can be used as

present war may suggest. Our struggle tends to inaugurate a new and hitherto untried mode of warfare, and we may develop as much of its possible advantages as any other nations, while they will incidentally receive the benefits of our experience.



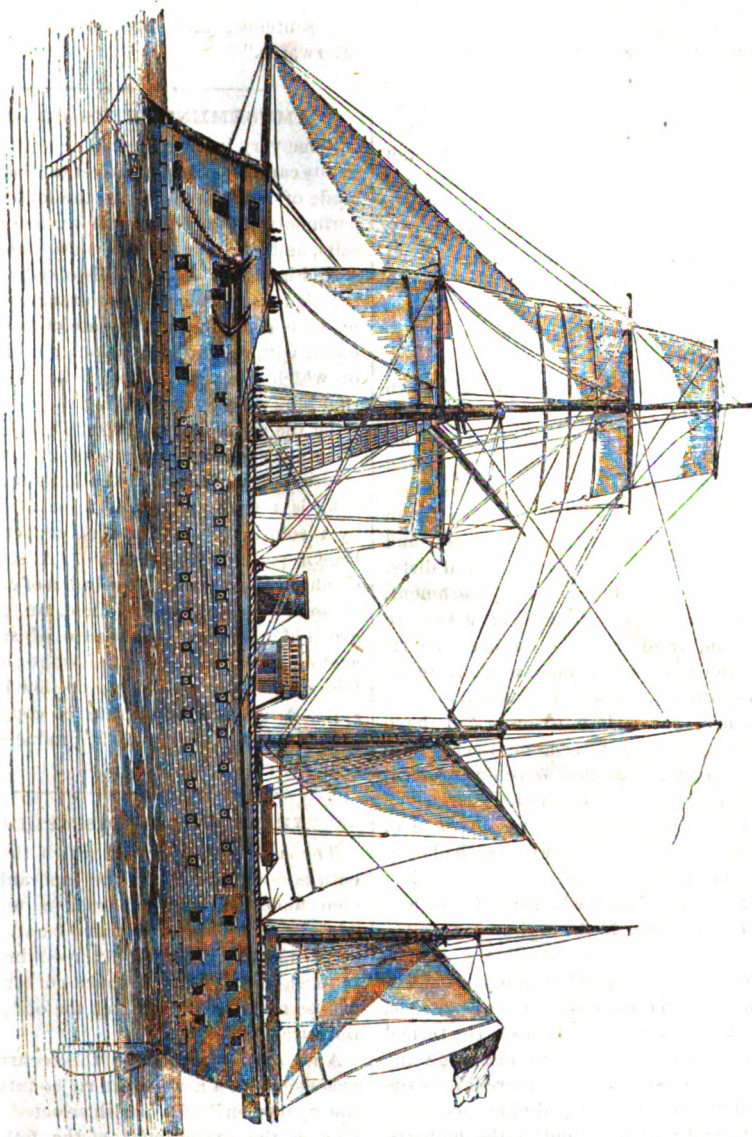
THE ROYAL SOVEREIGN.

ENGLISH COURT-MARTIALS.

Under the mask of a court-martial, says an English journal, more injustice has been perpetrated in the army, than any man out of it can imagine. During the Peninsular War, the unjust sentences pronounced, and the

Ninth Regiment of Foot, who ruled chiefly by fear, after the defeat of the enemy at Roliça, established a permanent court-martial in the regiment—a kind of sitting provost commission. The men serving on this were exempt from the other duties of the corps.

LA MAGENTA.



cruel tyranny practised by these tribunals, were beyond conception, and even now they scarcely can be credited; for instance, what would be thought of this now-a-days? The Marine Officer, in his Sketches of Service, tells this story: The commanding-officer of the

One day a soldier of the regiment, for some irregularity, was sentenced by this court-martial to be flogged. The regiment being on the march was halted, the halberts were stuck up, the proceedings of the court-martial were read, and the culprit was ordered to strip. A

generous sergeant of the regiment then recovered his musket, and said: "May it please your honor, the culprit is guilty, but he is a brave soldier, and if your honor will take me as a security for his future good conduct, I will answer for him with my body, and if he commits any future offence, I will be ready to offer myself up to receive the sentence of the present court-martial." "You mutinous rascal," said the commanding-officer in a rage, "I'll teach you manners!" His arms were taken from him, and he was sent a prisoner before the permanent court-martial, who not only reduced him to the ranks, but sentenced him to be flogged for interfering in favor of a fellow-soldier. When writhing at the halberts he ground his teeth, and muttered—"I will have blood for this!" The man's heart was broken, but the commanding-officer remained "an officer and a gentleman" as before.

Sergeant Teesdale, in his letters addressed to the people of England in 1835, told this: "During our stay in Bremen, which was for about six weeks, we had a parade to attend morning and afternoon. The officers commanding companies received orders from Major B. to inspect their men closely, and turn out to the front such as they found dirty. A square was then formed for punishment, and those who had been found fault with were marched in, tried by a drum-head court-martial, and flogged to a man, without reference to character. There was no remission of sentence, not a lash excused. I have known from ten to fifteen, or twenty-five, flogged at a parade on this frivolous pretext, and the practice was continued on every parade until it was put a stop to. At one of the above flogging parades, when we had been nearly two hours witnessing the horrible scene of bloodshed, and when the hands and feet of every soldier in the regiment were benumbed with cold, from remaining such a length of time in one position, a brave old soldier, whose character was unimpeachable, happened to cough in the ranks. He turned his head a little on one side to discharge the phlegm, and was instantly ordered into the centre of the square, stripped of his accoutrements, and placed in front of the halberts. He went through the mock form of trial by a drum-head court-martial. Major B. swore he was unsteady in the ranks, and on the ipse dixit of that tyrant he was sentenced to fifty lashes. After the brave veteran was tied, he implored hard for mercy, adding that 'he had

been twenty years in the service, and was never till then brought to the halberts.' The pale, worn and dejected appearance of the man, from age and length of service, was in itself enough to excite compassion and sympathy, even had he been guilty of a crime. His appeal was useless; he had every lash of his sentence, and he never looked up afterwards."

AMUSEMENT WITH COLORS.

Some very interesting and beautiful experiments can be easily performed to illustrate the mode of making colors. In the following experiments all the substances named are solid salts, and it is necessary that they be first dissolved in water. When so dissolved, the liquid is called a solution of the substance. Thus, if we take a solution of prussiate of potash, and mix it with a solution of sulphate of iron, both of which are nearly colorless liquids, a beautiful blue will be the resulting color—exemplifying the method of making "Prussian blue." If, in place of the sulphate of iron, we use a solution of nitrate of bismuth, then a yellow color is the result; and, if these are replaced by a solution of sulphate of copper, then a brown pigment is produced. A solution of sulphate of copper and a solution of carbonate of soda produce, when mixed, an exquisite green-blue color. Carbonate of soda and acetate of lead produce a fine white; but, with borax instead of soda, a fine yellow is the result. A solution of nitrate of copper, with one of arseniate of potash, produces a fine grass-green.

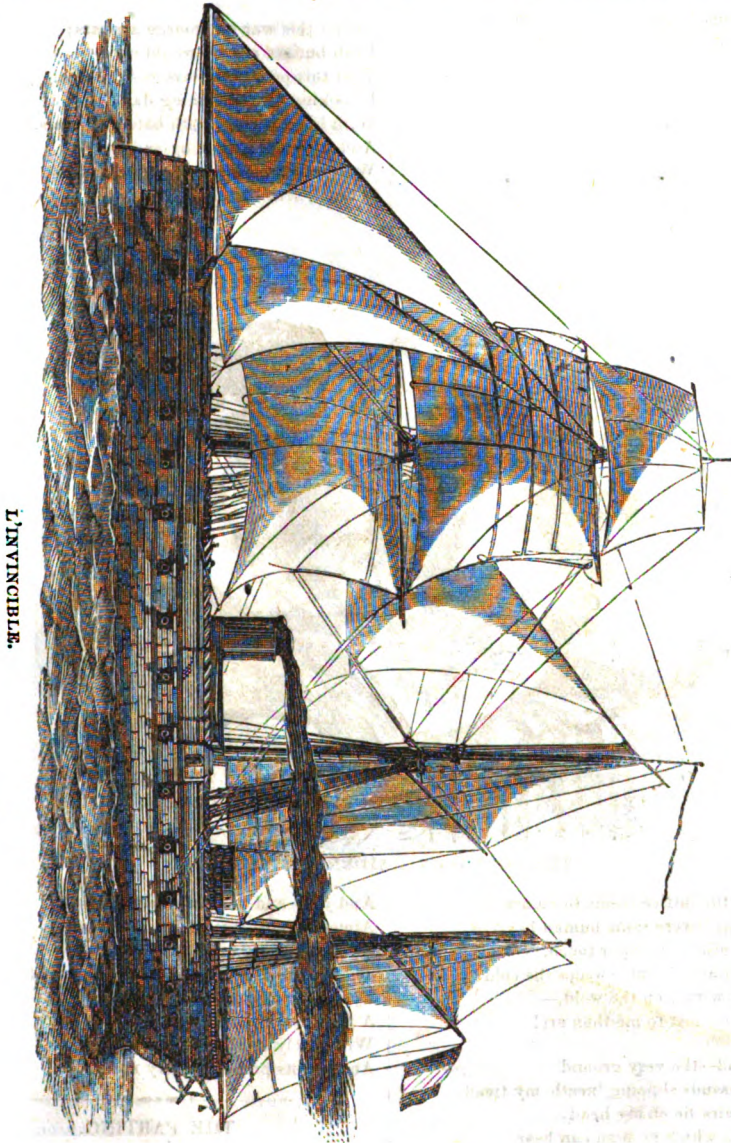
IRISH RIBBON DISCIPLINE.

The rude solemnity with which that awful oath is administered to the ignorant young men undertaking its obligations under the stimulus of an almost frenzied fanaticism, has sufficed in many cases to fix upon their minds the idea that no circumstance on earth could excuse them from fulfilling the obligation to the letter.

A melancholy instance of this occurred some years since in a north-western county, where the "jurymen" of a parish selected a young man as the executioner of the father of a young and beautiful girl to whom he was devotedly but secretly attached, and, as they say in the north of Ireland, "promised in marriage." The miserable young man was torn between his oath and his love. He remonstrated with the "jurymen" in vain. They

not only reminded him of his oath, but taunted him with having already broken it by his remonstrance, as he had sworn silently to abide by their decision; that they, on their part, were also sworn to make their selection according to turn, without favor or affection, or

gether, if such ridiculous remonstrances were listened to; that they were all sworn to their own parts, as well as he to his; that the business would, of course, be so arranged that perfect secrecy and impunity would follow; and that the girl herself need never know or



reference to persons, circumstances, or things, and that their decree was final. He then brought the matter privately under the consideration of the county delegate, whose calm and inhuman reply was that the whole system would be upset, and might be given up alto-

suspect who did it. These facts were divulged, and substantiated upon the sworn testimony of the wretched young man in question, who ultimately lost his reason under the protracted and frightful agitation of his mind.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SOUTHERN MAIDEN'S REVERIE.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

Is this my own, my sunny South—
The garden of the world of man,
Where Summer lengthens out her span
Till almost she doth clasp the year?
I never, never thought, in truth,
To grieve for thee, my native soil,
Thy champion sons reduced to toil,
Thy pride exchanged for groundling fear!

A fragrance floats above my couch,
From orange groves and citron borne,

Young-cheeked and plump and glistening-eyed,—
With trinkets decked, like holiday,
Fanning my wan and aching brow?
I dare not ask; full well I know
She drinks not of my cup of woe,—
Her secret heart is buoyant, gay.

To her this war no scourge appears;
I can but see what I would not—
That this poor girl, slave-born, untaught
Is looking for the coming day
With longing—not with hate and tears.
And who will fan me by-and-by,
Who wait my faintest word or sigh—
O cruel, cruel Yankees, say?



THE SOUTHERN MAIDEN'S REVERIE.

Yet through the lattice seems to mourn
The breeze, as 'twere some human heart
Dreading Death's icy finger touch,
While sometimes o'er me sweeps the cold
Of Northern winter on the wold,—
My South, how lost to me thou art!

I walk abroad—the very ground
Seems quicksands slipping 'neath my tread,
And balmy airs lie on my head
Like burdens which no man can bear.
Ah me! in every sight or sound,
Sad omen dwells—O, I know not
What strangers my once happy lot
Will soon enjoy—when I am—where?

Of what is Dinah thinking now—
My dark-hued maid who sits beside,

And yet—and yet—at times of late,
Almost a hope springs in this breast,
Of future peace and future rest;
That Heaven will make my own sweet South,
By its mysterious hand of fate,
A brighter, e'en a better home,—
Will timely light this abject gloom,
And put its praise in every mouth.

THE PARTING.

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone.
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angel's visits, short and bright,
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

NORRIS

CLARE ISLAND, IRELAND.

The remarkable engraving on this page is an excellent representation of Clare Island, in the county of Mayo, Ireland, about the middle of the entrance to Clew Bay. It is only four miles long and two miles wide. The principal interest attached to Clare Island, arises from associations with the memory of Grana Uaile, an Irish amazon who flourished in the reign of Elizabeth, and who was evidently a grand mistake on the part of Nature, for neither in figure, disposition nor manners, could she lay much claim to feminine attraction.

Numberless are the stories told of this fierce

miss you," a dissolution of partnership should at once take place. But he was no match for the lady, for taking advantage of his absence, she filled all his fortresses with garrisons of her own people, and then watched him as he was sailing up the bay. When the unfortunate William was within earshot, she took her stand upon the battlements, and shouted, "I dismiss you!" whereupon he lost not only his wife but his property; for those were days when the strong hand and ready arm not only took but kept, and possession was nine parts of the law. Even royalty itself was not secure from Grana Uaile's caustic tongue and bad manners—for Elizabeth, to whom she



CLARE ISLAND, IRELAND.

west country chieftainess, who lorded it over the tribes and clans of Mayo, and did not even except her husbands, of whom she had two. The first was O'Flaherty, Prince of Connemara, the owner of a castle on an island in Lough Corrib, which fortress was besieged, and only saved from being lost through the intrepid conduct of Grana, after which it went by the name of the Hen's castle. Her second spouse was William Burke McOughty, who, feeling dubious respecting the long continuance of their conjugal happiness, and very likely feeling considerably afraid of Grana, arranged that at the end of the year, should either of the contracting parties say, "I dis-

paid a visit, was particularly amused with her wild guest, and offered to make her a countess, an offer scornfully refused by Grana, who told her majesty that she should have the same dignity conferred on her whenever she came to Connaught. On her return from court, she landed at Howth, and passed by the castle, where the Earl of Howth was dining, with closed doors, a piece of apparent inhospitality that so disgusted Grana, that she kidnapped the earl's son and heir, who was playing in the garden, carried him off to Mayo, and only restored him on a promise made by the Lord of Howth, that his doors should be ever open, to the passer-by at meal times.

This custom was really kept up until of late years by his descendants. Many of the time-honored observances of the old world are the result of whimsical demands or capricious fancies.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

It must be freely admitted that our Canadian neighbors have, since the early settlement of the country, honorably distinguished themselves by their zeal in the cause of education. Both the upper and lower, western and eastern provinces have made such provision for the intellectual wants of the young as might put to shame the "old country" and all its boasted civilization. Without entering at present upon the very interesting subject of education in Lower Canada, with its preponderance of a French and Roman Catholic population, to which we may return at a future time, we confine ourselves at present to the educational establishments of Upper Canada, and more particularly to the college of which we present an illustration. In 1798 a grant of more than half a million of acres of land was placed at the disposal of the local authorities of Upper or Western Canada, inhabited and colonized principally by English and Scotch settlers, with a sprinkling of Irish, and very few French, for the maintenance of a university and other educational establishments. The position of the now flourishing city of Toronto—which was formerly called York, and known as "dirty little York" before its Indian and better name was adopted—has within the last twenty years given it advantages, both mercantile and educational, possessed by few cities on the North American continent.

The building stands in University Park, which comprises about 168 acres. The avenue leading from Queen street comprises about ten acres, and is five-eighths of a mile in length. The Yonge street avenue is a quarter of a mile long, and contains about two acres. Both avenues are beautifully laid out and planted with trees.

The chief façades of the university building are those of the south and east, the former of great and massive elevation for distant effect from the lake and town, the latter of more broken and picturesque outline for combination with the beautiful ravine lying between it and the main park avenue, from which it is chiefly viewed. The general outlines of the buildings approach the form of a square, having an internal quadrangle of about

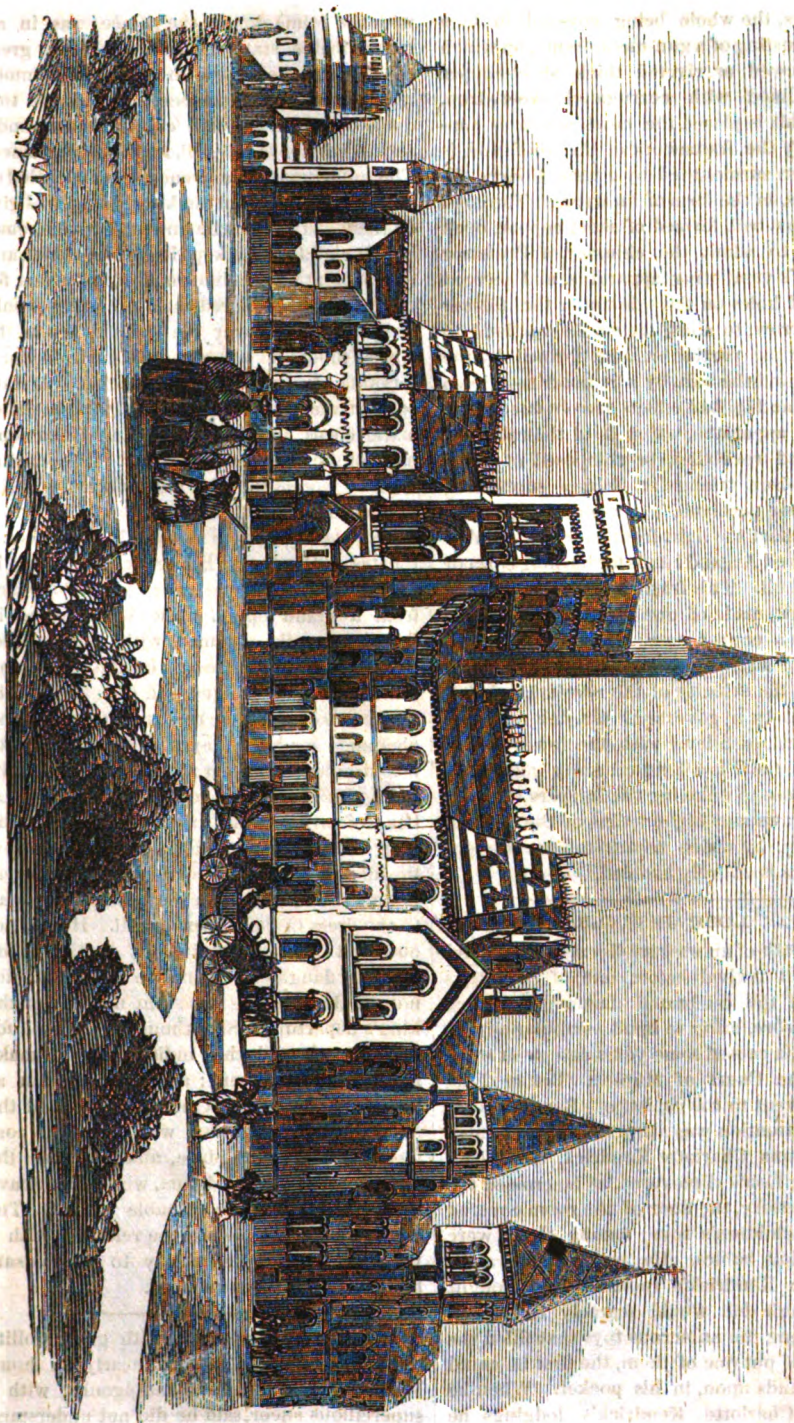
200 feet square, the north side of which is left open to the park. The main frontage on the south is about 300 feet long, with a massive Norman tower in its centre, 120 feet in length, and comprising two stories, that on the ground being devoted to lecture-rooms, the upper story to the library and museum, two noble rooms, 80 feet by 30 feet each, with public and collegiate reading-rooms attached. The style adopted is Norman, with some approach in outline to the symmetry identical with the Romanesque. The structure is massive, bold and simple, its effect being rather in magnitude than detail.

GREAT ISAACS LIGHTHOUSE.

Our readers will often notice in the papers that a blockade-runner or a United States gunboat was seen near the Great Isaacs, on which a lighthouse of that name was erected in the year 1859. The Great Isaacs is one of the Bahama Islands, and all around is difficult and dangerous navigation. The light is at the northern extremity of the Great Bahama Bank, and is owned by Great Britain. The tower is circular, and formed of 255 cast-iron plates, varying in weight from three tons to thirty cwt. The extreme height from the ground to the top of the vane is 144 feet, and at the level of the floor of the lantern, where it has a diameter of twelve feet and a half, it is surrounded by a gallery guarded by a strong iron railing, and supported on ornamental brackets, forming, as it were, the capital of the column. In the centre of the tower is a large cast-iron pipe, two feet in diameter and one inch in thickness, extending from the base to the summit, assisting to support the floors of the different rooms, together with the frame for the catoptric reflectors, and serving as a case for the clockweight to work in, a door being placed at the foot to admit of repairs in case of accident. The tower is ascended by means of a spiral staircase, which runs round the exterior of the base to the height of twenty-four feet, at which level the entrance-door opens into the first floor (the space below being filled up with substantial masonry and concrete, to add weight to the building), from which point it is carried up on the inside as far as the lantern. The lantern, having sixteen faces or sides, is placed on the summit of the centre column or pipe.

Its base is of cast-iron, from which rise the uprights and sashbars, made of gun metal, and forming a frame for forty-eight large panes of plate glass, each half an inch in

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, CANADA.



thickness, the whole being covered in by a roof consisting of a gun-metal frame, on which are screwed or riveted thick sheet-copper plates, lined with corrugated sheet-iron. Above this is placed the cowl, which is supported by the framework of the roof, and is in its turn surmounted by a vane of large dimensions, in the form of an arrow. The cowl is a hollow ball, formed of sheet copper, open beneath to admit the chimney of Professor Faraday's ventilating apparatus, and pierced by round holes on the side under the feather of the arrow, to allow the smoke and heat to pass into the partial vacuum formed by the wind behind the ball, by which means a down draught and its bad effects are obviated. The lighting apparatus, which is of the catoptric order and revolving, is composed of three wrought-iron triangular frames supporting twenty-one parabolic silver-plated reflectors, which reflect the light from an equal number of improved Argand lamps for burning colza or rapeseed oil. This frame is put in motion by clockwork, made of gun metal and steel, inclosed in a copper case; the weight is suspended by a strong catgut line winding round a barrel, the velocity of the revolution being regulated by a governor. On the inside of the lantern, on a level with the lower part of the glass, there is a light cast-iron gallery for the purpose of enabling the keepers to clean the windows and higher parts of the lighting apparatus, by which means the use of steps or ladders is entirely avoided.

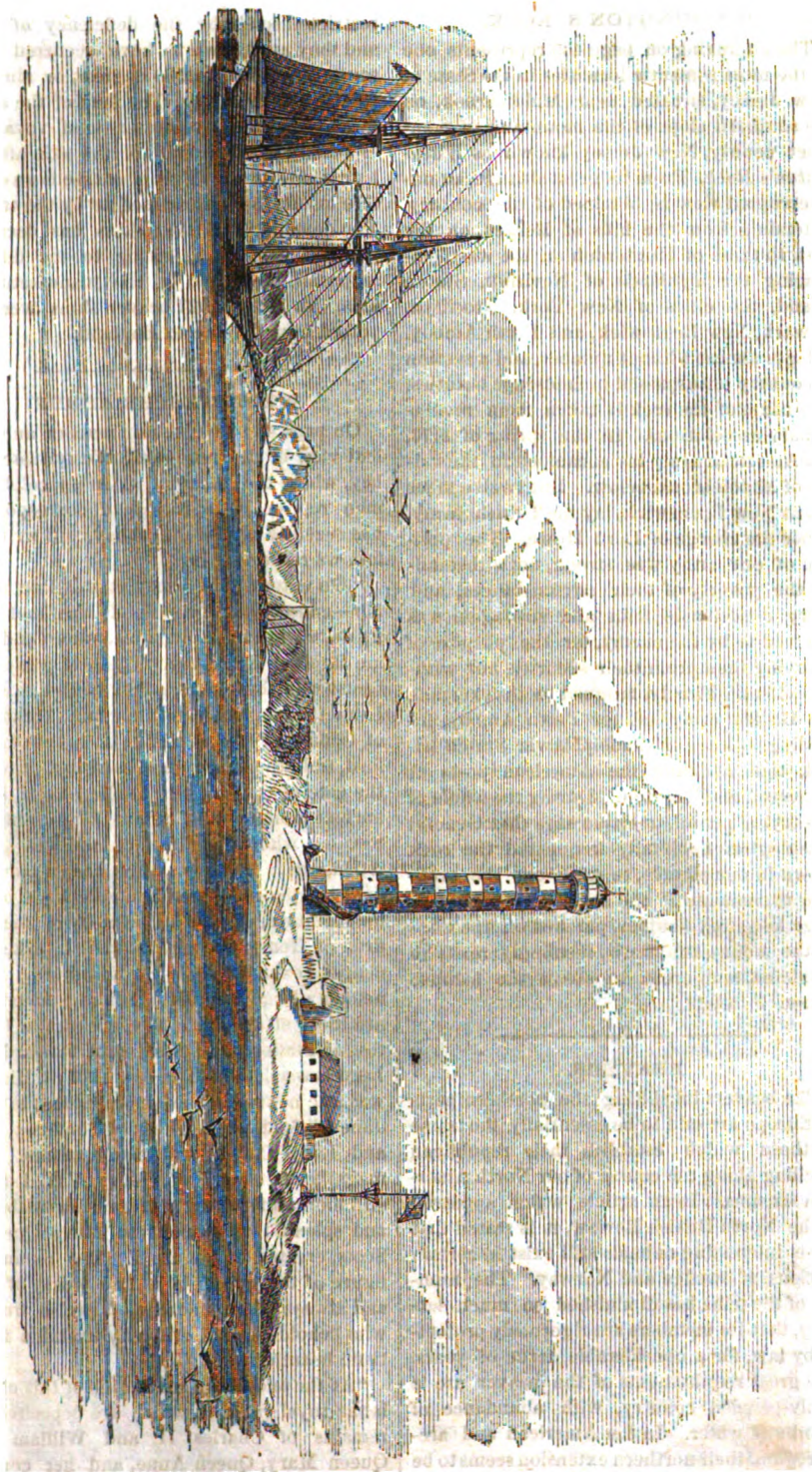
LOST JEWELS.

The death of an obscure German artist, and the recent revival before one of the Paris courts of the celebrated diamond necklace *cause celebre*, bring to mind a singular adventure which caused some years ago great scandal at the Court of Munich. Before Lola Montez went to the capital of Bavaria, King Louis's attention was attracted by a German prima donna, Charlotte Kendrick. One morning King Louis discovered, as he crossed the palace nursery, the floor of the room covered with his children's toys; among them were several doll babies. He was on his way to Charlotte Kendrick's rooms. He thought that a single doll would scarcely be missed from among the numerous toys that filled the floor. He put one of them, the first he could lay his hands upon, in his pocket. When he reached Charlotte Kendrick's lodgings he gave the doll to her child, and forgot everything about it. While the king was closeted

with the prima donna, the palace was in an indescribable state of confusion. A great robbery was discovered to have been committed in the queen's chamber. A valuable turquoise, surrounded with enormous diamonds, and worth above \$20,000, had been purloined. The unfortunate occurrence was concealed as long as possible from the king, for he had given the jewel to his wife and prized it extremely. It could not be kept longer from him, and the moment he was informed of it he sent for the police, and ordered that no palus should be spared to discover the culprit, whom he vowed should be severely punished. Several servants were arrested on suspicion. A state concert was given that evening. All the diplomatic corps and the most distinguished company of the court were present. The daring robbery committed in the morning was the subject of general conversation. The turquoise was familiar to everybody in the court theatre. Charlotte Kendrick appeared in the third piece; it was some favorite *bravura* from a grand opera. She was dressed in light blue silk, trimmed with white lace. She advanced to the front of the stage, and bowed to the sovereigns, and then to the other spectators. As she rose from the profound obeisance made, all eyes were riveted with astonishment upon her stomach; there glittered the royal gem lost that morning! A buzz of wonder ran around the room. The king blushed deeply. He saw at once how the alleged theft had occurred. His children, finding the breastpin on the table, thrust it into the dress of their favorite doll. He had not observed it, and had given it to the prima donna's daughter. Charlotte Kendrick did not see the valuable breastpin until after the king's departure. She thought he had, for delicacy, adopted this indirect way to make her a valuable present; and to thank him as delicately, she wore it next her heart at the state concert. The king was obliged to confess what had taken place, and to explain the mistake to the prima donna, who with a heavy heart surrendered the valuable trinket. The palace servants were at once released with a valuable gratuity in money to compensate them for their imprisonment.

A lawyer once pleaded with great ability the cause of his client for nearly an hour. When he had done, his antagonist, with a supercilious sneer, said he did not understand a word the other said, who merely replied, "I believe it; for I was speaking law."

GREAT ISAACS LIGHTHOUSE, BAHAMA BANKS.



WASHINGTON'S ROCK.

The engraving on page 439 represents one of the most romantic localities in the State of New Jersey, situated near Middlebrook, on the southern slope of the mountains of Somerset county, New Jersey, known as *Washington's Rock*. From its great altitude, an uninterrupted view is obtained of the country, extending from the hills of Bergen, on the east, to those of Hunterdon on the west, embracing the highlands of Nevisink, Staten Island, the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Newark, New Brunswick, and Perth Amboy, villages almost without number, and a section of country unsurpassed in landscape beauties. The name of the rock is taken from revolutionary associations. In the spring of 1777, the American army lay encamped in the valley of Middlebrook, below. But twelve miles off, at New Brunswick, lay the British army, under the charge of Lord Howe. The position of our army was strong, notwithstanding the poverty of their circumstances, and every conceivable feint and stratagem was resorted to by the enemy, for the purpose of deceiving them from their security, but without effect. Finally, fatigued with exertion, the British army left for Perth Amboy, intending to leave Philadelphia via Staten Island, thus avoiding the American posts at Princeton and Trenton. During the whole of this trying period, tradition says that General Washington habitually frequented the rock shown in our picture, to study out the probable movements of the foe. The rock is a large key-stone boulder, perched on the edge of the mountain's brow, seemingly ready to topple off, and crush to atoms the hamlets below.

BEAVERS.

The beavers inhabiting the northern parts of Europe are said to be essentially the same as those which establish their republican dwelling along the course of our North American streams. In an article which appeared in the North British Review, it is stated that these interesting animals still exist in certain sections of Sweden and Norway. The number of the tribe has diminished so much latterly, that its members are rigorously protected by law, for a considerable term of years. The great requirements of the beaver are a thinly-peopled country, with abundance of wood and water. In the American and arctic regions their northern extension seems to be

restricted solely by the deficiency of wood, and they are known to have occurred as far south as a parallel of 30 degrees, or almost to the Gulf of Mexico. The flesh of the animal is greatly prized by hunters and voyageurs, especially when roasted in the skin after the hair is singed off. This of course is an expensive luxury, and is frowned at by the traders. The demand for beaver skins has decreased within a few years, owing to the different materials now used in the manufacture of hats. In 1828, 26,927 beaver skins were exported from Quebec to England.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

On page 440 we give our readers an excellent view of the renowned Westminster Abbey, where the bones of so many celebrated men repose. Our European correspondent has recently visited the abbey, and writes as follows respecting it:

"On entering the abbey at the Poet's Corner—consecrated ground—I was met by a guide, always in attendance, who conducted me through the Abbey. The first point of interest was the chapel of St. Benedict, where I saw the monument to Langham, Archbishop of Canterbury; that of the Countess of Hertford, and others, are also hard by. Close to the gate of the entrance to the chapel is the ancient monument of Sebert, king of the East Saxons, who died in 616, and his queen, Athelgoda. Between this chapel and the next are the remains of a mosaic work, of fine manufacture, erected in memory of the children of Henry III. and Edward I. The next chapel I examined was St. Edmund's. Here, among a large number of other monuments, are those of the Earl of Stafford, the Countess of Stafford, the children of Edward III., Lord Russell, etc. The chapel of St. Nicholas was the next; here are monuments to Lady Jane Clifford, the Duchess of Somerset, Lord and Lady Carew, and many others. The magnificent chapel of Henry VII. I found still more interesting. Here is an elaborate and splendid monument to Mary, Queen of Scots, erected by James I. The recumbent figure of the queen is a fine work of skill, and always elicits unqualified praise from all who behold it, and critically examine its artistic beauties.

"At the end of the south aisle of this chapel is the royal vault, in which are deposited the remains of Charles II. and William III., Queen Mary, Queen Anne, and her consort,



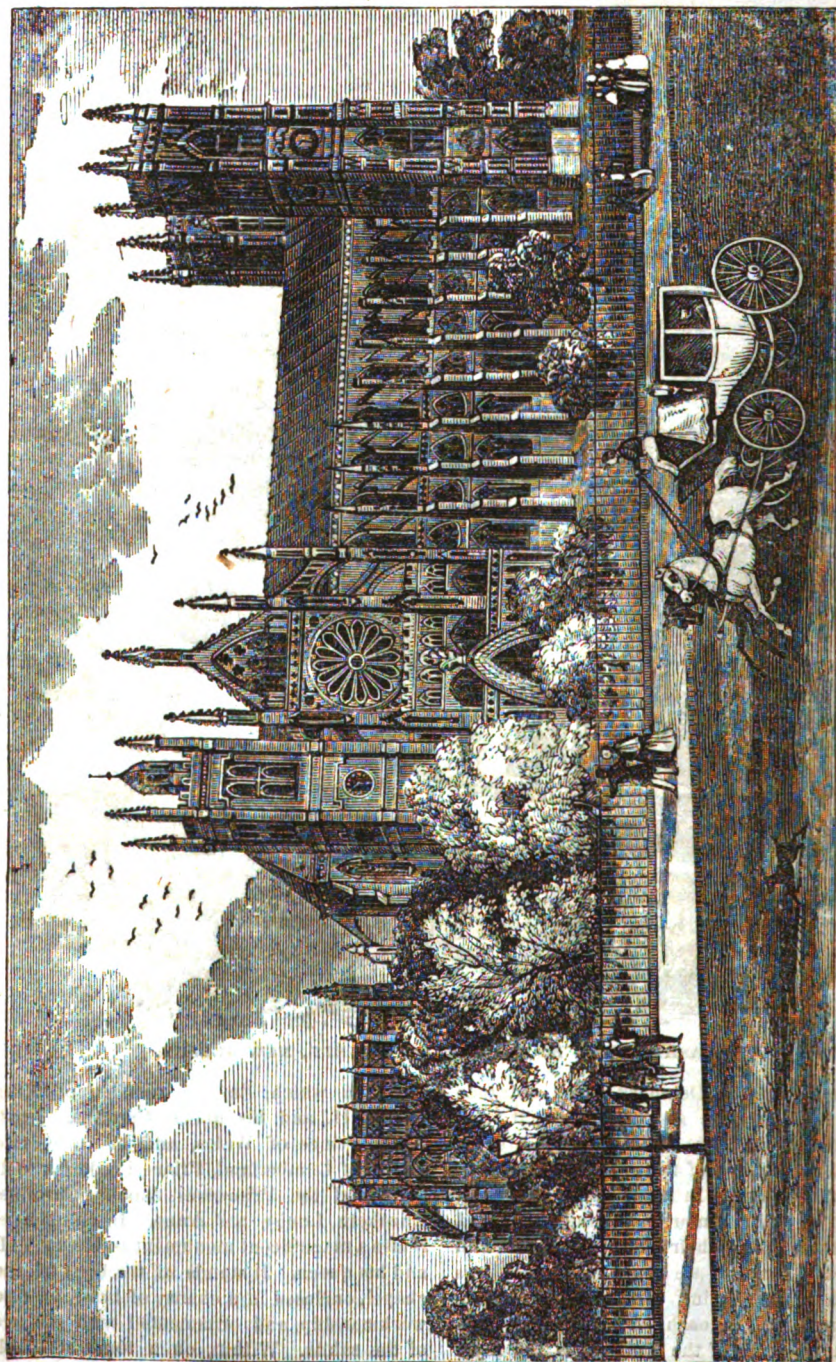
WASHINGTON'S ROCK, SOMERSET COUNTY, NEW JERSEY.

Prince George of Denmark. The entrance gates to the nave are of brass, gilt, and wrought in various devices. Here are installed the knights of the most honorable order of the bath. In their stalls are brass plates of their armorial bearings, etc., and over them hang their banners, swords and helmets. Beneath are seats for the esquires—each knight having three; there is a little shelving stool in each stall. Centrally, between the stalls of the knights, is the royal

vault, in which lie the remains of King George II., and his queen, Caroline. Frederick, Prince of Wales, and his wife, two Dukes of Cumberland, Prince Frederick William, and the Princesses Amelia, Caroline, Elizabeth, Louise and Anne. In this chapel is also a magnificent monument to Henry VII. and his queen. It stands in the body of the chapel, enclosed in a canopy of brass, of fine workmanship, and ornamented with statues of the saints. Within, on a tomb of black

marble, repose the effigies of the royal pair, in their robes of state. Here also are monuments to Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary, Edward V. and his brother Richard, Duke and

Duchess of Richmond, and many others, whose names are not so well known to the world. The abbey is one of the wonders of London."



WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE HEART'S EDEN.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

There's a cottage that stands nearly hid from the sight,
 Just where the dark woods with the prairie unite,
 Looking out on the sea of wild flowers before,
 Through the curtain of leaves that hang over the door;
 From threshold to roof-tree, 'tis covered with vine,
 And the branches above it a bower entwine,
 Where, rocked by the breezes, the summer days long,
 Swing birds of bright plumage and musical song;
 Where the sunshine smiles softly, a rosy-faced guest,
 And heaven bends low o'er that house in the West.

Before it the emerald ocean is seen—
 Its waves golden crested—the valleys between,
 Mottled shadows, reflecting the clouds as they fly,
 Now purple as twilight—now blue as the sky,
 And mosaicked with bloom, as if at its birth
 The rainbow dropped dyes from its heart over earth;
 And the stars that are missed from heaven's bright bowers
 Were scattered mid-prairie, and changed into flowers;
 And the smile of a God woke each blossom to bloom,
 And the breath of the angels gave each their perfume.

How changeful its background! The rippling green
 Is flushed with the sunshine that steals in between,
 As we've seen in the rifts of the evening's deep blue

A glimmer of starlight flash suddenly through;
 Or as in the bosom of tropical ocean
 Phosphorescent light glitters at every soft motion,
 When the breath of the spice isles no flag can unroll—
 When the waves' flow is soft as the breath of a soul—
 When the Southern Cross jewels both the wave and the ether,
 And heaven and earth seems a dreaming together.

There the ribbed-leaved paw-paw with its clustering fruit—
 There the silvery aspen with leaves never mute—
 There the sturdy old oak, the pecan's pliant limbs—
 There the long, trailing elm in the soft sunshine swims—
 There the ash with its berries that, mid the bright green,
 Flash out like fresh blood drops—the feathery sheen
 Of the willow, that fringes the musical lips

Of the brook whose pure waters the wild pigeon sips,
 Stand as brothers embracing, on soft, mossy sod,—
 A background unrivalled—its artist a God!

O that vine-covered cottage! though years have passed o'er
 Since my wandering feet stood entranced by thy door—
 Since I drank in thy beauty a summer's day long,
 When May was but roses and June but a song;
 Though the glorious prairie may be shorn of its flowers,
 And the axe may have levelled the forest's green bowers,
 Yet memory pictures thee fairest and best
 Of all scenes in my Eden of heart, the bright West;
 And fancy will paint thee, till life's latest even,
 As a jewel of earth in a setting of heaven!

[ORIGINAL.]

GENEVIEVE RAILLE.

BY ELLEN MALVIN.

"If only dear to Him the strong,
 Who never trip nor wander,
 Where were the throng whose morning song
 Thrill the blue arches yonder?"

How she came by that flowing, French name of hers I never knew. Indeed, I never thought to ask till this moment, when, writing it down, I try to fancy how it will sound to unaccustomed ears. Genevieve Raille! It suited her perfectly. So perfectly, that I never thought to inquire how she came by it, any more than I thought to question her title to those chestnut braids and gentian eyes, and lips that surpassed the crimson of common lips, with their deep, cardinal stain.

I think the Railles were an old family at Wintern Centre. Wintern was a sluggish old town, with two or three prompt, wide-awake villages on the outskirts, where a railroad station, or a water-privilege, made a little eddy of business on the calm surface of the staid, old township.

East Wintern, where I lived, was one of these; but my grandmother lived at "The Centre," some five miles distant. At The Centre was a single church of orthodox gravity, a hotel, a bank, a semi-torpid academy, and a rollicking town-school.

My first familiar acquaintance with the place, was in my tenth year. We were a noisy troop of boys and girls at home, and when the eighth baby came, I was sent to spend the summer with my grandmother. I

was her pet and namesake, and though old enough to be of some use at home, she would have me and no one else. So it came to pass, that one sunny, peaceful summer was interpolated into my noisy, scrambling, work-day life.

I think with dreamy pleasure of those still rooms, with their aspect of sobriety, where nothing was ever lying round, except it were some possession of mine, and even I, little romp that I was, could not long withstand the atmosphere of the place, and grew grave and demure, and went in and out over the cool threshold, under the shade of the great elm, silent, observant and full of placid happiness.

One morning in spring, I was sent to the academy. I went up the steps very timid and trembling, in my thought of the strange faces, and hardly dared to glance towards the group of girls, who looked like grown up young ladies to me, as they stood chatting and laughing in the crowded entry.

As I stood looking bashfully apart, one tall, slender girl came out of the group, and, taking me by my hand, very quietly led me into the dressing-room. She took off my bonnet, smoothed my hair, and then taking my face between two very soft hands, she said:

"And now what is the name they call you by, little Mayflower?"

"I am Keziah Martin, but everybody calls me Kizzy."

"Ah, so everybody calls you Kizzy?"

Her voice was low and trilling, with a fine ripple of laughter running through it, like the trickle of a tiny waterfall.

I laughed a little in sympathy, and went in with her to be introduced to the master.

That gentleman looked at me quite kindly, over his glasses, wrote my name on a slip of paper, and said I could take that vacant seat in the front row.

"If you please, sir," said the young lady, "Miss Smith's seat is unoccupied. Have you any objection to her taking that, for the present?"

He looked slightly surprised I thought.

"With you, Miss Raille? O, no objection, whatever, if you wish it. You can try it. If she should prove troublesome, we can change hereafter."

She bowed, quietly, and led me back to her desk—I sat all summer with Miss Raille. I recall but one incident of that first day. After school had commenced, and the morning prayer was over, the door opened, and a boy entered. He was a dark, handsome youth,

of sixteen, perhaps, with flashing black eyes, and a careless air that became him well.

Our seat was close by the door, and as he passed, he laid on Genevieve's desk a little bunch of arbutus blossoms. I was ready to cry out with delight, but Genevieve hardly looked at them, let them lie unnoticed till noon. But then, I observed, she carried them home.

I learned afterwards that the boy's name was Lester Realf, the handsomest and the most unmanageable boy in school. Of course, all the girls doted on him. Only Genevieve Raille never swerved from the graceful hauteur of her demeanor, though his preference for her was undisguised.

The days of that summer strung themselves noiselessly, like silver beads on a golden thread. The sharp edges of school-life were rounded and softened for me, by the thoughtfulness of my self-elected patroness.

She was somewhat reserved with the older girls, holding herself aloof from their noisy gossip, and earning thereby a reputation for haughtiness that was scarcely merited. With me she was always frank and simple-hearted as a child. I think I must have been mature beyond my years, in some respects, for she treated me as a companion, at the same time that she petted me as a child.

I remember one day we all went out in the woods to gather flowers. The large girls called it botanizing. Most of them had herbariums, and wrought wonders in the way of spoiling Bibles, dictionaries and other large books with their "specimens."

Genevieve had stoutly resisted the mania, privately informing me that to her the flowers looked much more comfortable swinging on their stems, than shut up in a book, with the color and life all squeezed out of them, and a frightful name written underneath.

So we pursued no botany, but strayed about, at will, and at last, getting separated from the others, we sat down in a cool, dark, little nook that we found, where a tiny rivulet trickled down over the mossy ledge. The rock rose high above our heads, and a fringe of pale, yellow flowers was growing along its overhanging edge.

"I would make a wreath, if I had some of them," said Genevieve.

"Sit here, then, and let me bring you some," and away I went. Returning, presently, with my hands full, I sat down and watched her, while she wove them deftly into a garland, and fastened it in my hat.

"How nice it is being here," I said, as we heard the girls' voices in the distance. "The boys have come, too. That is Lester Realf's laugh."

She stopped suddenly in her work, listening. I thought, for a moment, that she wanted to be among them.

"Do you want to go back, Genie?"
"No."

We sat silent a long while. She was drawing some of the long leaves back and forth through her white fingers. I watched her, thinking how round and pretty the fingers were. I knew she had quite forgotten me.

"Genie," I said, at last, "what makes you like to come away from all the others, and have nobody but me?"

She started from her reverie, and looked down at me.

"I don't know, Kizzy, I am sure. Because you don't tire me with talking about beaux, perhaps."

Her hand stole caressingly round my neck, and drew my face up against hers.

"Because you are a genuine little thing, just as fresh and honest as these blossoms."

With one of her little low laughs she seemed to toss off her dreaminess, and taking up my hat, said:

"It wants a bunch to finish this behind, and then if I had some oak leaves I would make a perfect little fairy of you."

"O, I can get plenty just up here on the hill." And I went off to bring them.

I thought I should be back in five minutes, but I was lured away by a clump of beautiful clarkia growing high up among the rocks. I gathered my hands full, and then filled my apron with the oak leaves, and was returning laden with my spoil, when I bethought myself to go out on the top of the ledge and toss my purple blossoms across the brook at her feet, for play. I climbed up, and stepping cautiously along in the shadow of the trees, peeped down.

There sat my Genevieve, and beside her, half-reclining, lay Lester Realf, his handsome head uncovered, his great, flashing eyes glowing on her downcast face, as if he would devour her.

I stepped back, instinctively, but could not withdraw my gaze from the picture. I thought of stories I had read of little birds fascinated by serpents, and then with an access of childish wisdom, said to myself, what a dunce I was to be scared at seeing Lester Realf talking to Genevieve. For he was talking low and earnestly, and pressing nearer.

Suddenly, she threw off his hand, and sprang up with a look of indignant shame, that made her face unnatural to me. I heard her say, though her voice was suppressed like his:

"Go, Lester Realf. I will not listen another moment. Go. O, Lester, I wish you were good."

I had thought her angry, at first, but the last words were as pitiful as a baby's cry. I started up quickly to go to her. She heard the rustle of my hasty movement, and looked up to where I stood. She reached up both her arms, as if I could spring into them, and cried, "Kizzy!"

The boy sprang to his feet, I turned and ran breathlessly down the path, and in another moment was locked fast in Genevieve's arms. We were alone, and she was sobbing bitterly. I kissed her, and whispered:

"Don't cry, Genie," but I never asked her what it was, and she never told me.

Though I watched Lester Realf with silent suspicion and dislike, I never found it possible to ask Genevieve a single question concerning him.

By-and-by the summer ended, and all those happy walks and talks ended with it. I was sent home, and did not see my school-friend again for years.

I grew up to young ladyhood, whether by straight or devious ways matters not here. I am not writing my own story, save where the threads are interwoven with hers. We did not meet, but now and then, at long intervals, some little ripple of her life ran out and reached me. I heard that she was away at school, or that she was staying with relatives in the city, and I never heard her name without a stirring of the heart, yet every time I heard it, she seemed farther off, more out of my reach, and as time went on, I gradually gave up my childish expectation of meeting her in the same old way, and tried to convince myself that she had quite forgotten me.

At last, one summer, I heard that she was at home. That was a gay season at Wintern Centre. The place had changed greatly since I was there. It was a cleanly, well-to-do, aristocratic village, and was becoming popular as a summer resort. True, it had neither mountains nor seashore to make it attractive, but there were lovely walks and drives in the vicinity, a perfect gem of a lake nestling among the hills. There was game in the woods, legendary, if not actual; there were traditional trout in the brooks, and, more

than all, there were half a score, perhaps, of handsome, stylish-looking girls, behind the shutters of those old mansions, who were in no wise averse to the attentions and admiration of the well-dressed cavaliers, who were ready to welcome any species of game that would afford them diversion.

They made a gay company of pleasure-hunters, that summer, and among them Genevieve Raille bore off the palm for beauty and haughtiness. I saw her only once. One morning, I was going up the steps of the shop where I worked, when some one said:

"Wait a moment, Kizzy, and see the horse-back ride."

I looked up the street. There were a dozen riders, perhaps, and foremost among them, mounted on a coal-black steed, rode Genevieve Raille. She wore a tiny black hat, with long, black plumes, sweeping to her shoulder. Her cheeks were slightly flushed, her blue eyes a-glow, as she lifted them a moment in pausing. The whole face was radiant with beauty, the figure, instinct with haughty grace. The vision passed in a moment. The party swept down the street, and I stood dazzled and blinded, my heart beating proud and high. My Genie, and she was so beautiful. Some one spoke, out of the group of gazers:

"Splendid, isn't she?"

"Which do you mean?"

"The first one, of course."

"Yes, the black. It is a splendid beast, belongs to a Frenchman, I take it."

"Nonsense, I mean the rider."

"O, Miss Raille! She looks as mettlesome as her horse. Rumor calls her a pitiless coquette."

"And that Realf is going to tame her. What eyes the fellow has. I wouldn't trust a sister of mine with him."

"O, no fear. They are well-matched, and after all, one of these spirited things often turns out a meek little creature in harness, for all her prancing and caracoling on the turf."

My cheeks burned not with pride now, but shame.

"O, Ralph!" I said, as the other speaker turned away, and left only us two on the steps, "O, Ralph, how can you speak so, you men, of a woman, and such a woman too?"

He came close, and laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Did we hurt you so, Kizzy?"

I knew it wasn't any words of his that hurt me, so I only said:

"She is a woman, Ralph—one of us."

He gave me one of his long, deep looks, as if he would catch me up wholly with his eyes, as you do a baby in your arms.

"One of you—I will not forget it. Every one of them may have something in her soul that is like my little girl."

And we went in to our work. There! I was not going to say anything about Ralph. I don't know that it is necessary to my story, but, somehow, he came in before I thought. I told him all about Genevieve, afterwards.

One evening in the late autumn, there was to be a grand ball at the Centre, and Ralph said we should go. I was to have a new silk, and should wear the necklace, with its tiny gold cross, that he had given me on my birthday. I loved dancing, dearly; but it was neither the new dress nor the dancing that made me so impatient for the time to come. I thought that Genevieve would be there.

In all the crowd, I looked only for her. She was dressed quite simply, and, somehow, she was not so dazzling as she had looked that morning, when she swept past me like a vision, flushed with exercise, and radiant with excitement, but her face had more of the pale and winning beauty that I remembered in her girlhood. It seemed to bring her nearer to me.

By-and-by, Ralph brought me a partner whom I recollected as a school-boy in those old days at the Wintern Academy, and after the dance was over, he said:

"Ralph wished me to introduce you to Miss Raille. There seems to be an opportunity now."

I should have drawn back, I think, but he was leading me towards her. She sat a little apart from the crowd, idly pulling in pieces the flowers she held.

It was no affected weariness, with which she lifted her lids at our approach, but when he spoke my name, the color sprang up her cheek, and she held out her hands.

"Are you my little Kizzy?" She drew me to the seat beside her. "I have been wanting you, I believe."

Then, without waiting for a reply from me, she turned to my companion, and engaged him in some light conversation. Others came up, and joined the group. I sat listening, silently, and all the time, she held my hand. When Ralph came up to take me for another dance, she bent, and whispered:

"You will come back to me."

And when I went back, she took my arm,

and led me through the crowd into one of the deserted rooms, and standing there, alone, she took my face between her hands, just as she did that first morning, years ago.

"And you have loved me all this time, Kizzy?"

"All this time, but I thought you had forgotten me."

"Call me Genie," she said.

"Dear Genie!" I laid my cheek against hers, as I used to do, and she kissed me twice; then, presently, led me back to Ralph, and I did not see her again that night.

It all seemed natural at the time, but when I tried to tell Ralph how it was, it did seem a singular meeting. I thought a great many times afterwards, of those first words of hers, "I have been wanting you lately," and wondered if they meant anything—if there was any trouble in her life—if that weary look I had detected was often there.

Not many months afterwards, a strange rumor floated out from Wintern Centre. A breath, a whisper at first, it grew, and spread, and directly, the whole town was a-blaze with it. The name of Genevieve Raille was banded about, and tossed from lip to lip, coupled with epithets of shame.

At first, I met it in fierce contradiction. *My* Genevieve, with her spotless soul. How dared they touch her with the breath of scandal.

But one night, Ralph said in the low, grave tone he only uses when he is tenderest:

"If you knew it was true, Kizzy, what would you say of her then?"

For the first time, it flashed across me that it might be. It *was* possible. Yet I answered, with no less vehemence:

"It is *not* true."

He did not speak for a long time. At last he said:

"There was evil in that man, Realf, whom we used to see with her."

"But there was no evil in my, Genevieve," I whispered, with a sob that hushed itself on his heart.

"And yet, what if there were?" he said, gently. "What if this be true? Is she not a woman—one of you? I have not forgotten your words, dear. They taught me a deeper lesson than you know. Since I have heard this, I have thought if my little girl were in her place, if through wrong from without, or even through the traitor within, it had happened that her woman's purity had been off its guard, one day, and such a sorrow had

come to her, should all men and women thrust her out, as something too foul for contact? As if that sin stained all her whiteness, de-throned all her womanhood, and were the one sin for which there is no forgiveness! O, Kizzy, I think God sees differently. I don't think I love my darling more than he does."

I never knew till that night what a large, noble heart it was that God had given me to lean upon.

The next morning I said to him, when we met:

"Will you take me to see grandmama, to-morrow?"

"Yes."

And on Saturday night he took me to Wintern Centre. Our ride was a quiet one, and when he left me at the door, he said:

"You will see Genevieve?"

"Yes, I came for that."

"My good girl."

Dear Ralph! There is gentle blood in his veins, in the finest sense of the beautiful word.

On Sunday, I went to the grave old church, where the worshippers looked so staid and devout in their pews, and seemed so careless and gossipy in the entry, and outside on the piazza. Even there I heard the name I loved spoken in a tone that made my cheeks tingle.

I waited till the Sabbath twilight, then I opened the white gate opposite and went up the sweeping elms and in at the open door of the great white house where I used to be so much at home.

I stole softly up the stairs, and rapped at Genevieve's door. She opened it. I stood a moment, silent, hesitating. Then I went and put my two hands on her shoulders, and whispered:

"Your little Kizzy."

She placed me in her chair, and sat down on the floor at my feet and laid her beautiful head in my lap.

We sat there far into the night, and she told me all her story, brokenly—in fragments, with long silences, between—but I understood. She laid her soul bare to me.

She had loved Lester Realf—she thought so. If not, he had filled her life with something that left no room for love. Different loves come to different lives. Nothing but this came to her.

Long ago, when they were at school together, he had the same power over her, some strange, subtle influence, that she re-

belled against, continually. When he was gone she breathed free, as if she had escaped some danger. For years, he did not cross her path. He went to Europe, ran the race of dissipation in London and the continental cities, came back a man of the world, polished, graceful, unprincipled; evil in heart and life. She knew it. She felt it, instinctively, when they met in the city after his return. And yet his eyes looked into hers with the same strange intensity. His touch had the same power to thrill her with that keen pleasure that touches the edge of pain. She wrestled with the influence, but wrestled in vain. Swiftly the old spell came over her, lulling fear, and disarming distrust—and then—it was the old story.

"But did he never love you, Genie?"

"Yes, loved me as such can. God knows the sin was not all his," she answered, humbly.

"Then why were you not married?"

"He would have done it. He would have perjured himself, for he has a wife already, somewhere in the world, poor child! I sent him back to her, and I sat down, alone, thanking God that he had spared me that further shame, and left me free to live the rest of my life out clean and true—for my child's sake—if he trusts me with one. He knows why he put into my hand this dead-sea fruit of a false and unholy passion. It was all that came to me—I try to be patient, and to wait."

How her faith shamed me. This was the woman I had thought to help with my pity, she, standing so near to God, clinging with childlike trust to the hand that smote her with this shame.

Why had this come to her, and not to me? Why had love swept over her life a seething flame, while into mine it shone a flood of pure, golden sunshine? God only knew.

I went out from that still chamber, with the hush and awe of a sacramental hour upon my heart—I knew that she stood nearer heaven than I. I know it now, as I lift my eyes from the page, to where she sits at the window, her noble, delicate head outlined against the light—I smile now, that once I thought her life was blighted. Who thinks to pity her, now, my Genevieve, as she stands so erect in her womanhood, so sweet and calm and self-sustained, her life so rich in sunshine, so beautiful with good deeds.

Such different loves He sends us. Hers turned to ashes and dust in her grasp, yet from its ashes sprang this lily-blossom of a renovated life. Mine is a rich, golden fruit, that

is food to my hunger and water to my thirst. My daily prayer is, that my soul may be hallowed with joy, as hers has been sanctified by grief.

The twilight deepens. I lay down my pen, or I shall be talking of myself, directly, my life is so full of abounding joy. I have Ralph, you know, always—and these children playing on the carpet at my feet, seem like my own. The Genevieve is mine—the Ralph Raille is hers.

A FAMILY ON THE PRAIRIE.

We passed to-day through a large village or settlement of the prairie-dog, extending in length not less than half a mile. They are very shy, and at the approach of a stranger hide themselves with all speed to their holes, in which they partly bury their bodies, leaving only their heads visible just above the surface of the ground, where, so long as the alarm lasts, they keep up a continual barking. The note somewhat resembles the bark of a small puppy, but is nevertheless so peculiar as to be instantly recognized afterwards by any one who has distinctly heard it once. They are very hard to get, as they are never found far from their holes; and when shot fall immediately into them, where they are generally guarded by a rattlesnake—the usual sharer of their subterranean retreat. Several were shot by us in this situation, but when the hand was about to be thrust into the hole to draw them out, the ominous rattle of this dreaded reptile would be instantly heard, warning the intruder of the danger he was about to incur. A little white, burrowing owl is also frequently found taking up his abode in the same domicile, and this strange association of reptile, bird and beast, seem to live in perfect harmony and peace. I have never personally seen the owl thus housed, but have been assured of the fact from so many and credible sources, I cannot doubt it.

A lady, teaching her little daughter, four years old, pointed to something in the book, and asked, "What is that, my dear?" "Why, don't you know?" inquired the child. "Yes," said the mother; "but I wish to find out if you know." "Well," responded the little miss, "I do know." "Tell me, then, if you please," said the lady. "Why, no," insisted the little one, with an arch look, "you know what it is, and I know what it is, and there is no need of saying anything more about it."

[ORIGINAL.]

MAHEL'S EYES.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDERIDGE.

Mabel's eyes are brighter far
Than the brightest evening star;
Mirrored in their depths of blue,
Love-thoughts glisten warm and true;
Brighter far are Mabel's eyes
Than the brightest noonday skies.

When she was a bonnie child,
Laughing, sporting, free and wild,
Bending down her golden head,
Till it touched the violet's bed,
Then, I ween, her eyes of blue
Caught the violet's azure hue.

Beauteous gems are Mabel's eyes,
Bluer than the fair blue skies;
Bluer than the deep blue sea;
And it always seems to me,
That they must have caught their hue
From the tender violet blue.

Like two sea-shells pure and white,
Mabel's lids will look at night;
They are beautiful to view,
Though they screen her eyes of blue;
All the more at morn we prize
Mabel's tender, violet eyes.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE GIFT OF THE SEA.

BY FRANK ESCOTT.

THE tall summit of the light-house at Courtney's Island was catching the last rays of the departing sun. All bright hues mingled in the west, for the next half hour, from gorgeous crimson and orange, to the palest pink that lines the sea shell. Star after star showed its trembling head, like infant births of light; while, slowly, in the east, the half moon came on, like a bark of pearl, in the calm, sweet ocean of heaven.

It had been a delicious September day—not with September breezes, but with a gentle quiet reigning over nature, more like a sweet June day. The waves murmured in and out with a hushed sound, as if the mermaids had gone to sleep beneath them and must not be awakened.

"The moon is up—a lovely night!
A lovely night of former years;
So fair the landscape that its sight
Makes gentle eyes overflow with tears."

A pair of gentle eyes were indeed overflowing with tears at that hour.

Madeline Raymond, the wife of the light-house keeper, was gazing upon the scene, from the highest window of the tower. A peculiarly lonely feeling had carried her up the stairs, to seek companionship with her husband, who was lighting the lamps. She lingered beside him until he had finished, and then the eyes of both were caught by the surpassing beauty of the sunset.

"We shall have a delightful day to-morrow, Harry," she said, half absently.

"I think not, Lina. It is a deceitful calm; and it is more than probable that ere midnight the wind will blow suddenly from the northwest and we shall have the equinoctial gale. It is about time for it."

Lina sighed.

"If so, Harry, God help the poor sailors! I hope and pray none may suffer to-night."

"Darling, you have acquired morbid fancies since you have been here. You were so happy in your home, and I was ungrateful enough to transplant you from your sunny side to this bleak place, where your sympathies are so constantly drawn upon, that it leaves you nervous and excitable. We will go from hence, sometime, dear Lina. Perhaps, next year, I may be able to remove to some pleasanter abode."

"Not for my sake, Harry. I love this wide, bleak coast, and if suffering and shipwreck come here, why, surely I ought not to shrink from the sight of it, if I can be of any use."

"Yes, Lina, there are many seamen's families, who, in their far-off homes to-night, are blessing the name of Harry Raymond's wife. Think of the noble old man whom you brought to life when we had all given him up for dead. Think of those two sweet little girls whom you sent home to the despairing parents, who thought them gone forever. And think, too, darling, of that beautiful woman who, through your exertions alone, was saved to her husband."

"That ought to make me contented here, if nothing else would. And I am happy. Why should I regret living here, if I can do good to these sufferers? and I am happy, too, in sharing your life which else would be so solitary. Never think of me as being morbid or discontented again. If a lonely hour sometimes brings sad memories of those who lie beneath these sands, there is a sweetness so mingled with the sadness, that I cannot wish it otherwise than God's will dictates."

"You are always right, dear. But look, Lina, there is a ship or perhaps a barque, for I cannot distinguish in this fading light, but before she can reach port there will be trouble on the ocean. Come down, Lina, and go to sleep. You will be needed, I fear, before morning."

"I will go down, Harry, but as for sleeping, I would rather watch with you."

And far into the watches of the night, the two sat together. A table near them was covered with different restoratives, and a tea kettle was singing on the hearth, ready for emergencies. Some one might need all their care that night.

As Raymond had predicted, the storm came on—at first slow and creeping, as if willing to play with its prey before devouring it—then rising in heavy gusts and sinking into a low murmur like the muttering of distant thunder, anon wailing like perturbed spirits, as if mourning over the poor sailors destined this night to meet their doom. At half past eleven, the storm had come on in earnest. No playing now. It was perfectly deafening. If guns were fired that night from hapless vessels, they were all unheard—and if they had been audible, it would not have availed; for no boat could have lived a moment on those boiling waves. There was nothing but to wait for morning; yet the shudderings of the pair who sat there waiting for it, told that they anticipated but too well what horrors it would bring.

Thus far, the night had not been spent without an exertion on the part of the young light-keeper to ascertain if anything had happened; but the wind had shrieked so furiously that other sounds were as nothing. Gust after gust followed each other so rapidly, that they mingled into one deep howl of the elements; a howl, in which the sea did its part as effectually in deafening the ear, as the wind itself. They who have listened to such a storm on the eastern coast of Massachusetts, need not be told that it exceeds all others, in sound, at least.

It was not until five the following morning, that the tempest lulled into softer murmurs. Even then, the low muttering was as deep in its intensity as the louder strummings of the previous night.

It was a dim and cloudy dawn, when Harry Raymond groped his way to the rocky edge of the island. Madeline would not hear to his going alone. "Two are better than one, dear. You might want me to run back for

something," she said, as she threw on her shawl and hood.

They walked around the eastern and southern extremities of the island, and looked out anxiously to sea as far as the gray light permitted. Harry had lingered a moment behind his wife, and was sweeping the dim horizon with a pocket telescope, when a cry from her hastened his footsteps. Her foot had struck a small stone and had thrown her into an opening between two large rocks; and she now lay there, wedged in closely, with the water coming in to the cavity and threatening to suffocate her in her narrow prison. Harry lifted her tenderly in his arms and placed her on a rocky seat without speaking a word, and then went back to the aperture whence he had taken her. Though in pain from her fall, she watched him. He was lifting a cask, she thought, and it suggested to her mind that there must have been a wreck in the night.

"Look here, Lina! see what I have found!"

She leaned forward, while he took a little wet bundle of something from the cask. He had raised it nearly to the top of the cask, when something obstructed it. He looked down and saw that the other end of the bundle was nailed tightly to the bottom. He tore it away and tossed it lightly into his wife's arms.

"O, Harry, Harry! what a darling!" And wrapping her warm shawl around the wet bundle, she rose and began to run speedily toward the light-house.

Harry came up with her at the door, and passed hastily into the kitchen, where a great fire was burning and kettles of water were steaming.

"Jane! Bessie!" he cried to the two servants, "make a bath instantly in the long tub. Have plenty of water, just warm, and then help Mrs. Raymond to undress a child."

Yes, it was a child, that some one—perhaps its mother—had fastened securely to the cask, when death was staring her in the face, and thus preserved its life while, haply, she had gone down into the depths with her warm mother-heart, and that little child floating in its strange cradle above her. Ah, could she but have known that another warm heart was beating now beneath its weight, how would she have been comforted in that last agony.

Strange to say, the child thus left, had weathered the voyage and was now chafed into warmth by Lina's soft hands, while Harry, who proved himself no awkward

nurse, knelt by the tub and, at times, administered a few drops of warm brandy and water.

Not a cry nor moan escaped the little being; but, all unconscious of its late peril, it looked up into the eyes of those who were thus ministering to it, and smiled a happy smile.

It was a little girl, apparently two years old; very beautiful, with great brown eyes, and a profusion of thickly curled brown hair, which the dampness had not been able to straighten; and when duly bathed and wrapt in a soft blanket while her clothes were drying, she eagerly drank of the gruel which Jane made for her, and then closed her eyes in a sweet slumber, from which she did not awake until high noon. While she slept, another shipwrecked sufferer had come to shore, clinging to a bale of cotton. He was a young seaman, scarcely seventeen. He reported all lost who were in the ill-fated bark; but when Lina exultingly led him to the side of the bed where the little one lay, he cried like an infant.

"Why, madam!" he asked, "is that your child, or can it be that you have saved little Kettelee? This child looks so much like her. Ah, poor baby! one might know she could never have come to shore, although one of our old sailors nailed her into a cask and set it afloat, just as the ship was going down."

"Was its mother dead?"

"Yes, poor lady! she sank away from fright and fatigue, as well as anxiety for her husband and child. Her husband soon followed her, having been knocked overboard. Poor little Kettelee must have died soon after them."

"No, this is the very child," answered Lina. "The queer cradle came safely to land, although it seems almost miraculous."

"God be thanked!" ejaculated the youth, fervently, as he stooped over the child and kissed the cheek now warmed into rosy life. "It is little Kettelee, indeed. Madam, will you be her mother?"

"Indeed, I will. But are there no relatives who may dispute my claim to her?"

"I think not. I heard the mother say to the child, one day, that they were all that were left in the world for each other to love."

"Then, indeed, I shall never part from her."

"And she will be a blessing to you, doubtless."

And a blessing she proved. If Madeline Raymond had her lonely and dreamy hours

before, she had none now. "The babe in the house was a wellspring of pleasure." When Harry was engaged in his duties, she had often thought if she had been blessed with children, she would be contented to live in that lonesome dwelling always. And now she was perfectly happy with her little charge. To deck its little form, to watch it in sleep or play, to mark the unfolding of its mind—these were her daily pleasures. No mother could have enjoyed it more.

The young seaman, too, was a valuable acquisition to the small family circle. Until he was perfectly recovered, Raymond would not hear of his going away; and when he, at length, was able to go to sea, it was settled that the light-house was to be his home whenever he was on shore. So the two waifs thus thrown by the storm into their care, were virtually adopted into their hearts and affections, and became to them as precious as if of their own blood.

Lovely as a poet's dream of angels grew the little Kettelee, whose strange name became softened into Elsie, as more befitting her babyhood. She was literally, the idol of the house; nor did she seem spoiled by the love thus lavishly bestowed on her; she repaid it by her sweet and loving ways to all the household. To the young sailor, Arthur Churchill, she was ardently attached; and when he went to sea her very heart seemed broken with grief. For hours, every day, she would stand at the window watching every sail that appeared, the great bright eyes lighting up at the sight and shedding tears of disappointment when he did not come.

Time, that ripened the youth into a man and brought him into being the commander of a noble vessel, did not forget to mark the growth and improvement of little Kettelee. Madeline Raymond proved herself a worthy mother, and an accomplished teacher to the child. She imparted to her the very superior education she had herself received; and at seventeen (for we must pass over in a few words her childhood), Kettelee was far beyond those who have been reared at schools, while her native simplicity of character and manner remained untouched by the world.

Still, she watched for Arthur's ship when he was expected home, although her grief was more silent when disappointed, than in the days of her first love for him.

To Arthur, now past thirty, and unshackled by other ties, she was the same darling child she had ever been. For her, he brought rare

and precious gifts from other climes—to her he wrote the tenderest words that fall from the pens of fathers or brothers; and yet he was all unconscious of the depths of her love for him. Often and often, he wished that he had been nearer her age; often he dreamed how blest his lot might be, if such an one as Kettelee could have loved him as a husband should be loved; but never did the thought pass through his mind that he could be aught to her but a dear elder brother.

It was a soft, sweet day in early June. The house was filled with the fragrance of the mountain ash tree that Harry Raymond had planted around it, and which were now full of delicious blossoms.

Half way up the tower, where an oval window lighted the staircase, sat Kettelee, busily employed in embroidering a slipper intended for the absent one, yet occasionally looking out upon the ocean that sparkled like diamonds in the bright sunshine.

Madeline Raymond came up the stairway and looked fondly upon the sweet picture that met her gaze, framed in the oval window. The soft, brown hair lay in rich masses of curls upon the white shoulders of Kettelee, which were veiled by the thin muslin she wore, but still visible through it. Her slender waist was encircled by a pale blue sash that floated in long ends at her side, and a pair of tiny blue slippers peeped from beneath her dress. It was in this dress that Arthur had liked to see her when he was last at home; and she had worn it on this day, because her father had prophesied that the ship would be in before night. And before Mrs. Raymond had spoken, her husband came bounding up the stairs, as light as a boy, and cried out: "Look out, Elsie! The 'Mermaid' is not far off."

The girl sprang from her seat hurriedly, dropping Arthur's slipper from her hand as she rose.

"Where, Father Raymond? I do not see it."

"Not see it! Of course you don't see it from that window. But come down where you can see the whole bay, and I dare say you will spy it out."

She flew lightly over the stairs, and standing on a little light balcony thrown out from a lower window, she had a full view of the noble vessel, with sails all set, white and glittering in the broad sunshine. She was so near that they could distinguish Arthur as he

paced the deck. Perhaps he was looking at the light-house, for he approached that side of the vessel nearest them.

"Ah, I see what he is doing!" cried Raymond, who held a glass to his eye. "There is a little child running about the deck and has gone too near the side of the ship. My God!" he almost shrieked out the words, "the child has fallen over and Arthur has—"

He said no more, but hurried away. Elsie's trembling fingers took up the glass and she saw through it, that the child's white dress was floating upon the waves and that some one, Arthur himself, doubtless, was in the water also. The ship's crew were apparently unconscious of the circumstance, for they made no attempt to save them, and Arthur had not yet reached the child.

"Where are you going, Elsie!" cried Mrs. Raymond, as the girl rushed madly past her.

No answer, but in a moment she saw that Elsie had unfastened her own little boat and had sprung into it, putting off toward the ship.

Onward floated the little child toward the boat. Mrs. Raymond watched the scene from the balcony, unable to move. Her husband was already out in the skiff, and Elsie was rowing her boat as if in desperation. On board the ship stood a female figure, perhaps the mother of the child, clasping its hands, but apparently incapable of even summoning the sailors to the rescue.

She saw Elsie stoop over; and, grasping the child, draw her safely into the boat; but where was Arthur? He had suddenly disappeared while she was looking at the child. Perhaps he, too, was safe in her husband's skiff; but if so, why was Elsie rowing so madly in the opposite direction?

"It would be strange," she murmured to herself, "if Arthur, who was saved from that dreadful storm, should die on this calm June morning, in sight of the very spot where he was saved."

She saw Elsie lay the white robed child upon the bottom of the boat and then stand up erect, looking one way and another, as if in quest of some object. Apparently, she saw something in the water, for she sat down quickly and plied her oars with vigor. Mrs. Raymond looked in the direction she had taken, and saw a head sink down and then re-appear on the surface of the waves, just as Elsie's boat neared the spot. It was but a moment before she saw Elsie's white hands entwine themselves in the hair of that head.

herself leaning over the boat, at the manifest risk of her own life. She saw no more. Appalled at the danger which threatened both, as well as the little child, should Arthur—she knew it was he—attempt to enter the boat, with Elsie's weight upon that side also, the sympathetic little woman fainted away. She did not see that, almost instantly, her husband's skiff came alongside the boat and rescued them both from danger and probable death.

When she recovered they were all standing around her; Arthur having parted with his wet clothes for a suit he had left at home, and only waiting for her recovery to be rowed off to the ship, in a boat sent after her captain.

Elsie had risked her life for him. What could he do better than to devote his to her?

Already a boat had brought the mother of the child from the ship, and was to return with Arthur. Surely, the voice of thanksgiving never went up to heaven more joyfully than on that June morning. And before many weeks had passed, there was a wedding at the light-house, and when Arthur Churchill again went to sea, his brave little wife accompanied him.

A FREEMASON INCIDENT.

In the year 1793, Lord Doneraile allowed the Freemasons to hold their lodge, of which he was grand master, at his house. His daughter, the Honorable Lady St. Leger, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, concealed herself in the room where the Freemasons were; but after witnessing a portion of their ceremonies, became so alarmed that she attempted to glide from the room, which she did unperceived until she reached the door, when she encountered a man with a drawn sword, who seized and brought her back to the room, where she was sentenced to death, and would, it is said, have undergone the penalty of her curiosity but for the interference of her brother. He pleaded in her behalf, and obtained her pardon on condition that she became a Freemason, which condition she cheerfully complied with. Ever afterwards she headed the masons in her district, dressed in full costume, whenever they attended a sermon preached or a meeting held in aid of their body.

To judge by the event, is an error all abuse, and all commit; for, in every instance, courage, if crowned with success, is heroism; if clouded by defeat, tenuity.

[ORIGINAL.]

DREAMING.

BY A. M. H.

The night-winds sighed in the tremulous boughs
Of the jessamine over the door,
The moon shone in through the quivering leaves,
And their shadows fell on the oaken floor;
Her white robe waved in the evening air,
Dreaming alone in the moonlight there.

Braided hair, whose shimmering gold
Shamed the sun in his summer glow;
Eyes that gleamed from their timid lids,
As the hearts-ease peeped from the rifted snow;
Rounded arms as ivory fair—
Dreaming alone in the moonlight there.

Rustling leaves on the withered vine,
Duskier shadows around the door,
A lonely grave where the red leaves lie,
And the night winds sigh as they sighed before;
Veiled eyes and golden hair—
Dreamless now, in the moonlight there.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE LADY'S VOW.

BY HENRY WAINWRIGHT.

It was a bright and genial morning of October in the fair land of France. The abrupt peaks of the distant volcanic mountains, which formed the horizon of the view—for the scene lay in that most romantic region, the province of Auvergne—were veiled by a thin purplish haze, through which the half-shrouded sunbeams shone softly, mellowed into a lustrous golden glory. The woods, on the lower slopes of the hills, were painted with the many-colored tints of what is known in France as "the little summer of St. Martin," that brief delicious season intermediate between the first early frosts of autumn, and the snows and icicles of winter, which we call Indian summer.

On the higher ridges, next below the riven and fire-scathed summits of bald rock, the deep pine forests waved unchangeable in their dark verdure; the scattered olives on the uplands turned up the silvery lining of their rich green leaves, as the fresh wind ruffled them; and a few willows, by the side of a broad shallow-rippling trout stream which wandered along parallel with the winding horse-road through the valley, flourished as freshly with their untouched leaves as when they burst

their buds in the showery April mornings. All else throughout the fair and fertile land, stubble field, pasture ground and vineyard, were wearing away into the sere and yellow tints prophetic of decay. Yet still the sentiment of the scene was of hope and promise, and subdued gentle pleasure, if not of merriment and glee, rather than of sadness or depression.

Along the winding horse-track I have mentioned, which led across the undulating country, at the base of the lower spurs of the Monts d'Or, from St. Fleur to Riom, now traversing broad and beautiful champaigns, now diving into dark and bosky glens, now running through umbrageous woodlands, well stocked with fallow-deer, and roebucks, and great harts of grease, there rode, on that pleasant autumn morning, a gay and gallant company of horse.

The foremost of the party rode some hundred paces or so in advance of the main body, a dozen light-armed lances, wearing steel bacinets only on their heads, without crests or avantailles, and habergeons, or shirts of light chain mail on their bodies, which, although a very sufficient protection against the missiles of Genoese cross-bowmen, and suitable for French skirmishing, would prove of small avail against the cloth-yard shafts of English archery, or at close quarters with the two-handed swords and battle-axes of the men-at-arms.

They made a gallant show, however; their brightly-polished accoutrements beaming like silver in the soft sunlight, and the steel heads of their long lances twinkling like fiery stars above their well-ordered lines.

These were succeeded by a stronger party, of some fifty men-at-arms, completely armed, reining their barbed war-horses along at a sharp trot, under a swallow-tailed pennon emblazoned with a pale gules upon a field of argent. At their head were three young men, whose blazoned surcoats, worn above their armor, no less than the ancestral burgonets upon their casques, and the gilded spurs on their heels, showed them to be of gentle birth, and stricken knights, moreover; their followers being for the most part esquires of gentle lineage.

They were returning—so one who heard might gather from their converse, as they whiled the weary march with interchange of gay and serious thought—from a successful expedition against one of the bands of English Free Companions, which, at that period,

held many parts of France in great quietude, levying contribution generally on the country and its unguarded towns and hamlets, and often gathering powers sufficient to storm castles and fortresses; possessing themselves of large booty, and not unfrequently maintaining themselves in their conquests against all the efforts—and to the great detriment—of the lawful owners.

Yet, although they were evidently victorious—a fact sufficiently shown by the presence of several prisoners, a few noble led-horses, and a train of mules laden with plate and treasures, in the rear of the principal persons of the party—there was an expression of discontent on the features of the young knights who led the advanced guard, and from the words which fell from their lips, it could not be doubted that something had occurred which accorded ill with some of their high chivalric notions.

"I would that it comported with the views of our good cousin," said one, whom his companions had just addressed as Walter de Passac, "to move somewhat less leisurely, not to say lazily. I for one would fain see the gates of Riom well barred between our fair cousin Iolande, and those who, I judge, are in the rear ere this."

"I marvel they are not on us even now," replied Tristan de St. Puy, looking back, as he spoke, from the brow of an eminence which they had just ascended, commanding a long view over the country they traversed; "but they come not as yet. I would we were well out of it; notwithstanding; for I like not the threatenings of that English fellow, whom Hellon caused drown in the castle well after half-hanging him. There was much method in his menaces, and we shall hear more of them, if I err not, before we see the walls of Riom."

"I like not such sights, anyhow," replied de Passac, "nor deem them either wise or over knightly. It is one thing to knock a varlet's brains out with your battle-axe in *chaude melee*, and another to choke him till his eyes start from their sockets, and then drown him like a dog. Besides, he said he was an esquire! I like not such dealings."

"I like not any of it," said the oldest of the party, a tall and very finely-made man, somewhat older than the others, with dark-chestnut hair, and bold aquiline Norman features; "and if I did join my men with Sir Hellon de Passac's company to rescue his bright cousin Iolande de Belleville from the free lances, I neither ride beneath his banners nor

owe him any service. Wherefore, I tell you, gentlemen, so soon as this our present excursion shall be ended, I have a word to say with Sir Helion; for I know not any reason why a demoiselle, if she were of royal lineage, should be misused, even if she have given her heart to a brave esquire; much less why a gentleman of blood, though he wear not as yet the spurs of knighthood, should be disgraced with fetters or dealt with as a traitor, if he have chosen for his lady one to whom he must raise his eyes and his heart, not lower them."

"Helion is wilful ever," replied Walter de Passac, (in after days a knight of great renown); "and one day, I fear, will have his wilfulness to rue. But now he is worse than ever, so that at times I think him half distraught. I more than half believe that he himself loves Iolande."

"A poor way to win her, I should think, to fall so much of gentle courtesy toward her," said Tristan de St. Puy; "and a worse reason for mistreating thus so good a man-at-arms as Raymonet de Bonnelance."

"This," said Sir Garsis du Chatel, the knight under whose pennon they were riding, in rather a solemn mood—"This is a sacred and inherent privilege of chivalry, of which no power on earth can rob the poorest gentleman of arms, that he may choose his lady where he lists, even of the loftiest; and she must hold herself exalted by his love, if it be worthy, and honored in his honor. This is our right, of all of us. And in that wrong is done, in this, to the lowest of us all, the loftiest is not uninjured. This is the true law of love and honor; and, at a fitting time, with my voice and my hand will I maintain it."

"Most true, good knight," replied Sir Walter de Passac. "But God gainsay that there be need of it! When we halt at noon, I will take Helion to counsel."

For a short distance further, they rode on in silence, until, as they surmounted another eminence, they gained a view of the fair level country in advance, with a large open hamlet embosomed in vineyards and olive plantations, at about three miles distance in the plain.

"That is the village of St. Forget," said Sir Walter, pointing forward to the hamlet; "I know it of old, for I held out there in yonder strong stone house, with a handful of men, against the Earl of Pembroke and Sir John Chandos for three days, until we were relieved. It is there Helion spoke of halting for noon; I will ride back and speak to him."

"Tell him, then," said Sir Garsis du Chatel, who had been gazing backward as earnestly as the rest had been looking forward, the hill on which they stood commanding a far wider prospect than the last on which they had paused—"Tell him, then, that it will be very well if we have not again to hold out in the strong stone house for three days, until we be relieved; and whence, in God's name, relief is to come to us, I know not."

"St. Mary! what mean you, Sir Garsis?" cried St. Puy, while Walter de Passac, who had already touched his horse with the spur, in order to gallop back to the centre, reined up abruptly.

"See you not yonder moving cloud of dust beyond the river, some six miles hence, how rapidly it comes down to us? If that dust be not raised by galloping horse, and a large body of them, too, I think I never saw a cavalcade."

"Good sooth! it does resemble it much; yet I see no flash of steel, nor any banners."

"It is too far as yet," replied Sir Garsis, "to distinguish steel in so dense a dust cloud, and with such a haze, too, in the valley. But there are horse yonder; I'll gage my burgenet against a *bona rob'a's couvrechef*. I will ride forward and secure the stone house you spoké of, with my men; and do you, Sir Walter, hurry up your fair cousin, if you can rouse him from his sullen fit."

And therewith the knights parted—Sir Garsis du Chatel, followed by Tristan de St. Puy and the men-at-arms under his own pennon, dashed down the declivity toward the village; and Sir Walter hastening back to his cousin, who was moving tediously, and, as it would seem, sullenly, along the valley, nearly a mile behind in advance.

Sir Helion de Passac, a young man of some eight-and-twenty years, with features which would have been handsome but for the heavy, half-sullen, half-suspicious scowl, which lowered over them like a continual thunder cloud over a fine landscape, was riding at a foot's pace on a richly-caparisoned palfrey, clad in full armor, except his head, which was covered by a velvet cap with a drooping feather, beside as beautiful a girl as ever sat a Spanish jennet. Behind him a page, carrying his shield and helmet, bestrode a powerful war-horse, accoutred, like the knight, in plate armor of Minal steel; and, at the page's left, behind the lady, a sturdy gray-haired veteran displayed a square banner, azure, a saltire argent, charged with six mullets of the field;

beneath which were arrayed a second fifty of stout men-at-arms, well equipped and mounted, who constituted, with the advance of Sir Garsis, all the real strength of the band. Since of a hundred other riders, who brought up the rear disorderly enough, having the prisoners and baggage mules in charge, half were mounted cross-bowmen, and the others light lancers, of the class usually known as "hobblers," from the small hackneys which they rode, on whom no reliance could be placed at close quarters, or in the shock of battle.

The whole scene presented a striking and animated picture; the polished armor, the rich scarfs and housings, the waving garments, and rich southern loveliness of the beautiful *Provencale* lady, the fine horses and gallant-looking riders, the fluttering plumes, and rustling pennoncelles. But, amid all the romance and show, there was something that revolted the senses and jarred painfully on the nerves of the beholder: and de Passac, as he joined his cousin, felt the unpleasant influence.

The beautiful luxuriant girl, in the full pride and bloom of perfect womanhood, rode along, fixed, cold, abstracted, as if every drop of her warm heart-blood had been congealed by some shock of anguish or horror indescribable. Her hands, rigidly clasped together, lay in her lap impassive, while her jennet took its own way unheeded. Her large dark eyes, dilated and clear, were fixed full before her, as if gazing, without any speculation of things present, into immeasurable space. Her face, her very lips, were as white as ashes; and the latter were retorted into a smile of ghastly pain, showing the pearl-white teeth between them clenched with indomitable resolution. Nor was this all; for in the centre of the men-at-arms, with his arms pinioned with cords behind his back, rode a tall, powerful young man, armed all but his head, with a fine frank face singularly fearless and open, and a profusion of light curly hair, which, on one side, was dotted with gore, that still continued to ooze slowly from an imperfectly bandaged wound across his temple. His armor was dented in more places than one, broken and bloody, as if he had been recently engaged in some fierce and desperate affray.

He was a prisoner evidently, even a dishonored prisoner; and yet one might see at a glance that he was conscious of no dishonor, conscious of no fear. Even the men who guarded him, did so, it seemed, unwillingly and with regret.

Hellon de Passac, with a brow of more

than wonted gloom, was pouring forth, into the heedless and abstracted ears of Iolande, words of fierce menace and denunciation, couched in a cold sardonic style, and a low hissing voice, as Walter drew up his panting charger at his side; and the words "low-born traitor," "degenerate minion," and "life-long conorot," grated harshly on the ears of the young knight, and set his blood in a flame, before he had begun his errand.

"For shame, Hellon!" he said, sternly. "For shame! These be no words, at any time, from you to Iolande; from you concerning Raymonet de Bonnelance; and of any time, least of all now. St. Forget lies beyond that hill, and if you mind to reach it, you were best spur; for, from the summit of yonder ridge, you may see a cloud of dust travelling with the speed of horse over the country. Sir Garsis holds it like to cover four or five hundred spears; and we doubt not Ollin Barbe and Ernanton de Batefol are upon our traces. He has driven on to make preparation for defence. Will it please you hurry?"

"No," answered Hellon, sullenly. "It will not. I believe not one word of it."

"Then stay and perish!" cried Walter, much excited. "But first, I have a duty to fulfil. We will not suffer that Raymonet de Bonnelance be thus dealt with. Fall out, all you who follow Walter de Passac, from beneath that banner."

And, as he spoke, twenty of the stoutest and best mounted of the men-at-arms wheeled out to the left of the road; while Walter, spurring his horse sharply through the crowd, drew him up by the side of de Bonnelance; and cutting his bonds asunder with his dagger, put his own two-handed sword into his grasp, and led him to the lancers who had gathered around his own old esquire, telling him he was as free as himself, and as noble.

The whole was done so quickly that Hellon had not time to give counter-orders before the deed was accomplished and the captive free. And when, bursting into a fit of furious frenzy, he drew his sword and ordered his men to advance and rebuke the traitor, it was clear even to him that the high spirit of the French men-at-arms was awakened, and that he could not reckon on their service.

While he was still raving and storming, a movement was discovered among the rear guard, which was spread over a long straggling hill nearly two miles behind them; and a horseman was seen to detach himself from the crowd, and to spur furiously forward.

"It is the English!" shouted the men-at-arms, with one voice. "Retreat, retreat, before they are upon us!"

Still Hellon de Passac wavered; his despicable temper was still mad within him. But in another moment the spears and pennons of the pursuers were seen overflowing the hill-top, and pouring down upon the rear guard, whom they cut to pieces in an instant, recovering all the plate, money and plunder, which had been carried off, and pressing rapidly down, among or over the fugitives, shouting their war cries with their long lances in rest.

Then Walter de Passac was himself.

"Ha, Raoul!" he shouted to his own favorite esquire, "take Robinet de Tours, and Clement, and Pierrot de St. Phagon, and Menault de Novailles, and guard the lady Iolande with your lives, into the hamlet of St. Forget, where place her in charge of the good knight Sir Garsis. Nay, Hellon! not a word; we are too strong for you. Ha, Raoul! cut down any one who lets you. You, Raymonet, good man-at-arms, go with him. Give him a helmet, some of you, and lance and broadsword; I must reclaim my own. Change horses with him, Paul of Armencon. So so, well done! ride for it now—ride for the lady's sake. Ride—ride! Ha, Hellon de Passac! we must charge these dogs, or all is lost. Advance our banners; down with your lances, gentlemen. Our lady for de Passam—*laissez aller!*"

And, with their handful of men-at-arms, as the discomfited relics of the rear guard drove past them in mad flight, they charged home furiously, Sir Hellon now diverted from his furious folly by the imminence of peril.

Their compact and serried charge bore back the scattered force of the Free Companions half a mile along the road; and then in turn they drew off and retreated. But so closely were they chased, and pressed so hardly, that they were compelled to charge no less than eight times, leaving several of their number dead at each onslaught, in order to cover the retreat of Iolande, before they reached the hamlet. And when Garsis du Chatel and Tristan de St. Puy sallied out from the stone house, which they had barricaded as best they might to meet the emergency, in order to bring them off, they numbered but three-and-twenty men-at-arms out of fifty, and scarce two score of light-armed varlets of a hundred. Scarce had they closed the gates, ere the enemy were upon

them, and the weak walls and extempore palisades were desperately assaulted. As desperate was the defence; and the assailants gained nothing, for their terrible archery, following on foot, had not yet come up, and at sunset they drew off and encamped on every side, leaving the garrison weary and much dispirited, and, indeed, almost hopeless.

So soon as it was dark, three scouts were lowered by ropes from the windows to speed right and left in search of aid and succor; and in some doubtful hope those of the garrison who were not on duty waked or slept through a miserable night to a more miserable morning. For at dawn, on three gibbets, just without the moat, hung the three messengers; and as the sun rose, a flight of clothyard arrows came sailing over the walls, and the exulting cheer, "St. George for Merry England!" announced the arrival of the dread island archery.

There was but one tolerable apartment in the building, and therein were collected in council the leaders of the party, and several of the boldest men-at-arms, and these pale as death; but brave with the hereditary valor of her noble race, sat Iolande de Belleville, a firm but earnest listener.

Many wild schemes were broached, many impracticable counsels. The enemy refused all quarter—all conditions, maddened by Hellon's butchery of their comrade on the preceding day. It seemed that nothing remained but death to the men, and dishonor, worse than death, to the fair and gentle lady.

When on a sudden she arose, and detaching a large pearl chaplet from her fine back hair, she spoke in a calm, clear voice:

"Gentlemen, champions, hear! I, Iolande de Belleville, swear on this blessed relic which I wear," and she laid her hand on the rosary at her bosom, "that whoso shall bear this chaplet on his casque through those marauders, and fetch us aid from my brother at Mont Ferrand, to him will I grant whatever boon he shall ask of me, which true maid may grant to man, were it even my heart and hand in wedlock. Have I said well, good knight, Sir Garsis du Chatel, and is this my vow just and valid to all chivalry and honor?"

"Well hast thou said," replied that proud but gentle knight. "Well hast thou said, noble lady; and as thou hast said, it shall be. Just is thy vow, valid and faithful, to all chivalry and honor, and faithfully I guaranty

it with my hand, my honor, and my sword, before God, St. Michael and the ladies!"

He paused for a moment, and then in spite of Sir Helion de Passac's angry frown, he laid his hand on the shoulder of Raymonet de Bonnelance, who was present, and led him forward to the blushing lady.

"For those bright eyes and that sweet hand," he said, "beautiful Iolande, I had myself taken this emprise; but that I judge another champion were more acceptable. Kneel, Raymonet de Bonnelance—kneel and receive your lady's chaplet fairly, and redeem it fortunately. My own good Andalusian charger shalt thou bestride; my own good Bourdeau blade shalt thou belt, and by my faith, if thou do thy devoir, as I doubt not thou wilt, the dauphin of Auvergne, I trow, will not refuse the boon to Garsis du Chatel, to strike thee banneret; and I myself will buckle on thy spurs of gold."

Then was seen one of those stirring incidents—one of those wondrous feats of chivalry which kindle the dullest breasts, even of the hard, insensible utilitarian.

He was armed by knightly hands; the chaplet and the glove were bound upon his crest by lovely and beloved fingers; a chaste kiss of honor was breathed upon his brow; and he mounted, and rode forth alone, devoted to his errand, unto death.

So armed and so devoted, men were in those days invincible. And so, it seemed, was Raymonet de Bonnelance. It is true that the garrison sallied furiously, in all their force, from the opposite gate, with a page in their centre disguised in a lady's weeds, as if they would cut their way through the besiegers, so to distract them from their envoy. But he was yet discovered; and it was by dint of desperate valor only, riding down in succession three men-at-arms with one unbroken lance, and hewing his road through a knot of sturdy archers, that he made way, and bore his chaplet scarless through the lines of the besiegers.

All day the garrison strove hardily, with iron hearts, and fortunately; but before the sun went down, the cry "Our lady for Iolande! our lady for Mont Ferrand!" mixed with the clang of harness and the tramp of horse, scattered the baffled English in precipitate retreat, and claimed the fair redemption of the sweet lady's vow!

THE POWER OF LOVE.—Love is a weapon that will conquer when all other weapons fail.

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

In the course of our reading we remember to have met with a few cases where at the moment of death, a vision of the dead has appeared to friends at a great distance from the place of death, as if to give notice of the event; but these instances were in Europe, and occurred a long time ago, so one might doubt their authenticity, or at least be excused for not accepting them as verities, and all the more since nothing of the kind was ever heard of in his own region. We have now a case which is free from these objections, and is quite as extraordinary as any that have been recorded. A friend (whose name we do not give, simply because we did not happen to ask his authority for publication), recently called upon us, who has lost a son in the army, an officer of good promise, serving under Gen. Banks. We alluded to the great loss of our friend, and in conversation upon that subject he said a very remarkable thing had happened in connection with it. When he had no reason to doubt the well being of his son, and had no anxiety for him beyond what was usual, and was sleeping calmly, he was suddenly aroused from his slumbers by a shock as if he had been shot through the head. His first thought was that he had been shot, or, to use his own expression, "this is death." But the next instant a vision of his son appeared to him, and the impression was that his son, and not himself, was killed. He had never believed in ghosts or spiritual manifestations, nor did he at the occurrence of the vision, nor does he now, undertake to account for it, or call it a spiritual manifestation. He did not record the date or hour, but he did in the morning relate the circumstance to two or three of his friends. They did not record the date, but when, about three weeks afterward, intelligence was received of the death of his son by a shot through the head at Port Hudson, at six o'clock in the morning, the recollection of one of them was that the vision and the death were on the same day, and of the other that the vision was on the same day or the next day after the death of the son. Such was the account given to us, and we have no doubt of its truth. Our friend would not trifle on a matter which to him has not only the solemnity of the grave, but also touches his keenest affection.

NICK OF TIME.

There is a deep nick in Time's restless wheel
For each man's good, when which nick comes,
strikes.
G. CHAPMAN.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE HOURS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY EDWARD AYARS.

The memory of our childhood hours
 Tenacious clings around the heart,
 As wreaths of freshly-gathered flowers
 Refuse from beauty's brow to part;
 Though care and grief should ruthless seize,
 And tear the fragrant leaves away,
 As autumn strips the forest trees,
 The hardy flowerets yet will stay.

They stay to scent our wintry days,
 When all on earth beside has fled;
 As oft the rose its form displays
 Above the spot where rest the dead;
 And e'en amid the battle's din,
 When swiftly bolts of vengeance fly,
 As toward some planet steeped in sin,
 Wild meteors cleave the midnight sky—

The memory of our childhood's hours
 Still lingers round to shield the heart;
 When stern Misfortune frowning lowers,
 And shakes on high his burnished dart;
 Like strain that wakes us from our sleep,
 When sweetly o'er Æolian string
 The midnight breezes softly creep,
 It fans us with an angel's wing.

[ORIGINAL.]

JOSEY ALLEN'S OFFERS.

BY EMMA M. BABSON.

SHE was pretty, proud, and poor. She was twenty years old. She had three sisters, and had never had a lover in her life.

She was pretty, because bronze hair, hazel eyes, a white forehead and a rosy mouth made her so. She was proud, because she felt the dignity of her truth. She was poor, because her father was only a master mechanic, and found his family of four girls an encumbrance to his gaining property. She was twenty years old, because she had lived twice ten years in that old brown house where she was born. She had three sisters, for the reason that her parents had three daughters, younger than herself. Why she had never had a lover, was an open question, and remained a mystery.

But one week after her twentieth birthday, Josey Allen suddenly found herself possessed of two lovers; and this was the way it happened:

It was on her twentieth birthday that her father seated himself at the dinner-table with, the announcement of—"Wife, there was a chap in the shop to-day, asking about getting board here."

"Who was it? Why here?" asked Mrs. Allen.

"I don't know who it was—a tall chap, from the city; his name is Ellery. He says he saw the elms a-front of the door—liked the looks of the house—thought it would be cool, so came into the shop to see if I would board him for a matter of six weeks."

Mr. Allen talked between mouthfuls of dinner. The family listened attentively.

"I told him I'd talk with you, wife. He's been sick, so came out into the country to pick up a bit."

"Who is he?"

"He says his father is a cooper."

It was finally settled that the young man was to be admitted into the family, if accommodations could be arranged. Josey and Mattie were to sleep together, and Mr. Ellery was to have the chamber Mattie had occupied.

Mr. Allen's expression of "a tall chap," prepared Josey to see a long-limbed, angular young fellow, like some of her father's workmen, whom she had watched, from her childhood, fitting hoops and driving nails in her father's workshop. But when she came to see Charley Ellery, she was agreeably surprised. A "tall chap," indeed, but a well-made, handsome chap, with a fund of intelligence, and his wits about him. More, he had well-bred manners, and refined tricks of speech and expression which not one other of her acquaintances had.

And Charley Ellery seemed to appreciate the bright eyes, smiling lips, and smoothly-banded brown hair of Josey Allen as no one else had done. It was not a week before Mattie and Maggie jested her on his devotion.

Perhaps it was that devotion which made her heart so light as she walked out of the village, one day, and away across the fields, to old Farmer Horne's, for some eggs,—rosy, fresh-laid country eggs, found in the fragrant hay of the old barn, behind the low, red farmhouse.

Old, they called Farmer Horne. He was eight and forty, perhaps, but he looked older than that, with his bent shoulders and iron-gray hair. Keen, furtive gray eyes he had, and a massive head, that made one think of the great boulders found in the rocky districts of New Hampshire. The great intellect had

been employed, all his life, in getting money, and not only that broad farm, snowy with buckwheat and golden with corn, but nearly half the village belonged to Farmer Horne. He was the Cæsus of the county.

Josey went across the yard and knocked at the door—then waited. Some plump pullets, standing on one leg, surveyed her, meditatively; a brood of pigeons wheeled affectionately over her head; but the door opened, Josey disappeared, and the chickens and pigeons never gained that dreamed-of luncheon.

"Eggs?" said spare Mrs. Perrin, Farmer Horne's housekeeper. "I can spare you a dozen, I guess, though Mr. Horne calculates to send twelve dozen into market to-day."

While she filled the little willow basket, Josey glanced about the spotless kitchen, with the summer sunshine falling on the snowy floor; the fragrant dairy beyond; the sitting-room to the right, with a rich old Turkey carpet on the floor, brought from over the seas by Farmer Horne's son, who had been a sailor ever since he was released from the strict thralldom of his minority. The finishing of this room was in antique-patterned old mahogany, with a clock reaching from the floor up to the low-studded ceiling, and ticking sonorously in the still, rich, comfortable room. The place had an appearance of sterling wealth and abundance, so different, Josey thought, from the neat but sparsely furnished and economical home of her own. She thought it must be so nice, never to be pinched by poverty—never to have the care of making the two ends meet, as in their straitened means she had always known.

Suddenly Farmer Horne came down from the attic with a box of seed-corn on his shoulder. He nodded to Josey, looking at her sharply, then passed through into the yard.

"Here's your eggs," said Mrs. Perrin, handing Josey the basket. "Go round into the front yard, and get some hollyhocks," she added, kindly, her grim, hard visage softening a moment, as she looked at the fresh, young face.

Josey went round to the front of the house gladly. From childhood it had been her delight to get into that front yard of quarter of an acre, full of dahlias, hollyhocks, prince's-feather and sunflowers, with a nasturtion bed beneath the windows, pink-beds each side of the walk, and a red rose-bush beside the door. The bees were buzzing among the carnations; she stooped over them, when a step sounded suddenly behind her.

"Do you like the garden?" said the voice of Farmer Horne.

"Yes, very much," said Josey, raising herself. She had always been a little shy of the taciturn man before her, but now, under the stronger influence of the flowers and sunshine, she spoke freely.

"The pretty flowers and bright sun shining on the grass make one good and happy. I wish I lived here always."

"Well, I wish you would make up your mind to. I'd like to have you, above all things. Do you think you could marry a man as old as I am, Josey?"

Josey looked at Farmer Horne blankly. Was he joking? No; he was looking at her in serious earnest. Her face flushed hotly. She stepped back.

"I—I never thought of such a thing, Farmer Horne," she stammered.

"Well, I have," was the answer. "I've thought of it ever since you came here for eggs and cheese last summer. I want a wife, and I think you are a nice girl, and, if you can make up your mind, I should like to have you marry me. I suppose your father and mother would have no objections?" stopping and looking at her shrewdly, as he made the last remark. Josey felt its weight; an offer of marriage from rich Farmer Horne was to be regarded as an honor; of course her father and mother would be delighted, and yet—She smiled at the absurdity,

"No; but I couldn't—"

He stopped her words.

"Don't make up your mind hastily," said he. "Think of it a bit."

"But I know—"

"O no, you don't know, till you've thought a good while."

That Josey found out afterwards. Just then she could only shift her little willow basket from one hand to the other, and look down at the yellow nasturtions, blankly.

"There's a good deal of difference in our ages, I know," commented Farmer Horne, breaking a twig from the lilac, near, "but there isn't a young man in the county worth as much as I am, you know?"

"Yes, I know," murmured Josey, wishing to get away. He cast a keen glance at her uneasy face, and stepped back.

"Well, think of it a bit," he said, conclusively, as he turned and went around the corner of the house.

The pinks and roses and nasturtions had no more attractions for Josey. She hurried down

the walk, with a beating heart and confused brain. The long walk across the fields seemed but an instant's time; she was in the town, with her strange experience, before she had calmed herself in the least.

"Reaching home, she burst into the family circle with the announcement:

"Mother, Farmer Horne has asked me to marry him!"

Then, relieved in a measure by sharing with others her weight of astonishment and excitement, she sank into a chair, laughing hysterically.

"Why, Josey!" cried Mattie.

"What do you mean, daughter?" reiterated Mrs. Allen three times, before Josey lifted her head from the table, and stopped her hysterical laughing and crying enough to answer.

"Why, just what I say, mother. That rich old man—I never thought of such a thing!"

Mrs. Allen for a moment bent over her sewing in silence. Mattie stared blankly at her sister. Cherry followed suit, her finger in her mouth, and her apronful of blocks slipping to the floor as she tried to comprehend the matter in hand, so excitable to the senior members of the family.

Maggie came in and was told. It was she who, strangely enough, volunteered the momentous question:

"What did you say to him, Josey?"

"Why, I told him that I *couldn't*, of course; but he told me to think of it a bit, and went off;" and Josey commenced to laugh again, with tears in her eyes.

"I did not know that Farmer Horne wanted a wife," said Mrs. Allen, after a moment's silence.

"Well, and, mother—the idea of his asking me! He's old enough to be my father!" ejaculated Josey.

"Old men always marry young wives," said Maggie, sagely.

Josey's eyes sought her mother's.

"Take off your bonnet, child, and take your sewing," was all she said in answer to the girl's searching appeal. A little calmer, Josey obeyed. Soon seated at her work, she related the whole transaction of the matter, but to repeat the comments would, perhaps, be tedious.

It was the first important episode of Josey Allen's quiet and monotonous life. No wonder that she was so strongly affected. And in itself it was no small one. This she felt, vaguely, while she tried to laugh it off when her father came in to supper, was told of the

occurrence, and questioned her about it. She had begun to regard it as something besides an absurdity.

That evening, when she went to her chamber, she looked earnestly, curiously, at her face in the mirror, as if trying to read herself. Josey was not vain, and hardly knew that she was pretty; but of late she had formed the habit of looking within the mirror of her chamber; of late—since Charley Ellery had praised the bright ripples of her hair, and stolen a kiss from the dimpled cheek.

Charley Ellery was not directly told, but somehow he soon gathered the family secret. Josey saw his knowledge in his eyes, though he said never a word on the matter.

Josey commenced to avoid him. This was hardly easy, since he was so much in the house. He had been in the habit of spending much of his time in rigging a miniature ship, and had worked at a little table in the room where the family sat; so all intercourse had been so free and easy, that a thousand little passages between himself and Josey were unnoticed. These Josey put in check by a sudden development of new interest, which separated her from him. She would sew in her chamber, saying it was cooler than in the sitting-room; go up in the attic and swing with Cherry; take the child long walks, and go visiting her cousins across the road. So Charley Ellery began soon to see that he was avoided.

He set his even white teeth together, and went on rigging his tiny ship, and never turning his head to look at or speak to Josey when she came into the room, as he had before done most eagerly. Josey soon found no need of seeking to avoid him. He never sought her. But she continued to sew in her chamber, instead of the sitting-room. All the time she was boldly asking herself the question, "Shall I marry Farmer Horne?"

She had long divined that her father and mother would be quite glad if it might be so; and whether or not it might be, she had begun to consider. Farmer Horne was not her girlish ideal, of course, but she had never thought it possible for her to marry so wealthy a man. Short-sighted visions of peace and plenty dawned upon her as she contemplated her position as wife of the richest man in the county. Leisure, feasts, new dresses, a bay horse to ride, a chaise—gifts for all those she loved. Little Cherry should be educated as none of the rest of them had been; she should come and live with her, and have a pony to ride. That broad farm was such a playground

for a child! At the word child, Josey's face changed with a new thought. Farmer Horne must be her husband before she could hold possession of his estate and means, and would she not have children of her own?

She put her sewing down, nervously, and leaned from the open window. The thought was utterly loathsome.

The little front yard was full of green grass, and after a moment Charley Ellery came out, with Cherry and her rabbit, and stood there while the child made Bunny leap over a stick among the clover. The child's clear laugh rang out, but Charley Ellery looked on absently, smiling a little, yet looking pale and pre-occupied. Josey had not had so good a chance to look at him for a week, and she grew absorbed with her gaze.

He was a fine, frank, handsome fellow—his head carried like a king's—and a glint in his eyes—strong, spirited, yet gentle and tender. Josey knew that.

Her heart beat hard.

"I did not know it, but I love him," she said, sorrowfully, to herself.

He looked up suddenly, and saw her—magnetically attracted, perhaps. She drew back; he turned, and walked into the house.

At supper, that evening, Mr. Allen said:

"I'm going to Farmer Horne's, to get some wood. Have you any word to send, Josey?"

He spoke carelessly, but Josey felt that her father was not quite careless. Her face burned hotly, and amid a sympathizing silence, she stammered:

"No, father—not yet. I mean when do you go?"

"In about an hour. I'll see you again, Josey," rising from the table, and going out.

Josey swallowed her tea, chokingly, then rose from the table, glancing appealingly at her mother. Mrs. Allen rose, too, and went with Josey into the kitchen, where the girl flung herself upon the kitchen settle, saying:

"What shall I do, mother?"

Mrs. Allen rolled up her sleeves, and commenced sifting flour.

"I don't know what to tell you, Josey," said she, "for I don't know how you feel. It is the best offer you will ever have; yet, of course, your father nor I don't want to see you unhappy on account of money."

"You know, of course, that I don't love him, mother—that old man."

"Of course you don't, yet. Why should you? Yet he'll be kind to you, so that you'll

be comfortable, and have everything you want."

"I know."

Josey leaned her head on her hand, wearily. She had grown thin and feverish with the inward excitement of the past week. Mrs. Allen, anxious for her daughter's prosperity, paused in her work, and looked earnestly at the weary young face.

"Do just as your mind bids you, child," she said, with a sigh.

"He told me to think of it, and I have done so," said Josey; "but I don't think it'll be any different if I were to think a week longer. I'd like to be rich, but it is dreadful to think of being his wife, mother."

"Well, make no promises, then," said Mrs. Allen, shaking the flour from her two hands by beating them together. "Supposing you send word that you can't decide, Josey?"

"What good will that do?"

"Why, you'll get used to him, if you wait a spell, and perhaps will learn to like him better."

"I might," said Josey, doubtfully.

"Well, I'll tell father so, then."

She went out into the shop. Josey wandered into the dining-room. Charley Ellery was there, reading by the table. She started at sight of him, then turned to leave the room. He sprang up and stopped her. There was no one else in the room.

"Josey, have you made up your mind to marry that old man?" he asked, with the emphasis of passion and scorn.

"What is that to you, Mr. Ellery?" she answered, frightened at what was coming, yet proudly angry, while her heart leaped up, chokingly.

"It's as much as this to me—that I like you better than any other girl in the world! You like me, Josey—you know you do. You've no right to marry that old man; it's a sin and a shame for you to think of it!"

Certainly the fine young fellow did not woo the pretty, flushed girl before him with a great deal of tact or tenderness; but then he was too much in love, too exasperated, too earnest, to think of anything but relieving his mind in the shortest time possible. His strong language seemed to have no effect on Josey but to shock her into utter silence.

"You're young—he's old; you can't marry him for anything but his money. If you do that, Josey Allen, you'll repent it in dust and ashes to the last day of your life! Mind what I tell you!"

Josey looked up angrily—then quailed before his eyes.

"It's nobody's affair but my own," she answered. "I make my own choice, and take the consequences. I'm sick of poverty!" she added.

"Then you will marry a man you do not love, with money, rather than one you do love, without?"

"I think I shall marry Farmer Horne," she answered, turning away.

"I shall not warn you again," he said; and she left the room.

Her father had gone. She went up to her room, and cried bitterly. She loved Charley Ellery. She would have told him so, then and there, if he had not addressed her so accusatively. She was proud; she could not bear to be treated imperiously—so Farmer Horne came over and spent the evening there, and Charley Ellery left the house. He left the house for good, going to the hotel to board; and when inquiries were made, out came the secret of his love for Josey.

Poor Josey! she had set herself to a hard task—learning to love Farmer Horne. Night after night he came to the house. She learned to know every wrinkle in his coat, and every furrow of his weather-beaten face. She would listen to his talk with her father, of the crops and the war, market rates, and the worth of real estate, until she could bear it no longer, but would plead a headache, and slip off to bed to cry herself to sleep.

On one of these occasions, Farmer Horne followed her into the hall, and kissed her good-night. She shuddered from head to foot, but received the caress in silence. Going up stairs, she asked herself, blankly:

"How can I marry him?"

The next morning, Mr. Allen said:

"Charley's going back to the city, to-morrow."

Mrs. Allen saw Josey turn pale, and asked her husband if he would not be over to say good-by to them.

"I don't know; I suppose so," was the answer.

"He's not angry with me," said Maggie. "Of course he'll come over."

Charley came, and said good-by to all. Josey stood aloof. He came over to the window where she stood.

"Good-by, Josey," he said.

"Good-by. I wish you a pleasant journey home."

"Thank you;" and he turned away.

That was all. In a moment he was gone, and Josey was left to her own strength to save herself.

Her first thoughts were hard and bitter. He had left her—he did not care. Then she was unbiased to do as she chose, and began giving half-affirmative answers to Farmer Horne's questions of her decision, until an understanding of the affirmative was obtained. Yet it was done so gradually that Josey hardly knew when it was first understood that she had accepted Farmer Horne.

A few weeks slipped by. One evening, Farmer Horne drove up to the door, with a bronzed, bearded, handsome young man, whom he introduced as his son, just returned from China.

There was something very captivating in the young fellow's manly figure and frank face. Very piquant and charming he soon proved himself to Mattie—Mattie, pretty and merry, and eighteen years old. A flirtation between them was commenced that very evening.

Josey took her fate passively. For some reason she felt nothing keenly. She spoke of her marriage with no apparent emotion, either of pleasure or pain. Most of anything, she seemed interested in little Cherry. The advantages the child would have, after she was married, she often mentioned.

Farmer Horne troubled her with few lover-like attentions. He took the matter very coolly, after it was once settled, and even spent less time at her home than before. And when he did come, he talked oftenest with her parents, as he had always done.

Once he brought her a dress of rich purple silk from the city, where he had been to see an agent of his real estate there. The girl's slow eyes flashed into sudden animation—the deep, lustrous silk was so beautiful—but in a little while the light had died out, wearily, again.

Farmer Horne began to speak of marriage. Josey heard his wishes, passively, and Mrs. Allen began to calculate on the arrangements for the wedding.

About this time, Josey commenced to notice a new brilliancy in Mattie's beautiful face, and a shy, sweet happiness in the manner of her young sister. It was not difficult to trace it to its cause—the frequent visits of Justin Horne. It soon became evident that the young sailor came to see no one but Mattie.

One day he accosted Mr. Allen.

"Mr. Allen," said he, "Mattie and I like

each other well enough to be married. Have you any objection to me for a son-in-law?"

"Not that I know of," replied Mr. Allen, somewhat confusedly. "Mattie is very young—"

"She's eighteen, and I'm twenty-two, and able to take good care of her. I went out mate on my last voyage, and came back captain. Our cap'n died out. I own shares in two good vessels, and am well and hardy, and independent. Can't you trust Mattie with me, sir?"

"Yes, I guess I can—and glad to have her do so well;" and the two men shook hands.

"I thought," said Justin, "that as my father calculated to be married next month, that, if you were willing, Mattie and I might be married at the same time."

Mr. Allen was rather bewildered by the suggestion of so sudden an arrangement, but after the mother had been taken into council, and Mattie had been brought to confession, the matter was settled, and there were to be two weddings in December, instead of one.

After the family conclave, the girls went up to their chamber. Mattie stood before the mirror, threading out her braids with quick, excited fingers, and chatting happily, while Josey threw herself wearily into a chair.

"It will be so charming, to have us both married at the same time, Josey, won't it?" Mattie asked, tossing back from her flushed cheeks the bright tresses. "Justin is so glad, too! How his eyes sparkled when it was settled! Isn't he handsome? I think he is—dear fellow! O, he's so good to me, Josey! I expect to be so happy—though I don't see how I can be any happier than I am now. Why!" facing about suddenly, and looking through the bright tresses; "what makes you so sober, Josey?"

Josey rose and walked to the window.

"Are you really so happy, Mattie?"

"Why yes; are not you?"

"No!" said Josey, with sudden, swift bitterness. "I was never so wretched before in all my life!" and in a moment she had flung herself across the foot of the bed, and was sobbing convulsively. Mattie went over to her, and put her arm around her.

"What is it? Why, what is the matter—tell me, dear?"

But Josey could not speak, for sobbing. At last she looked up.

"It's so different, Mattie. You are going to marry for love, and I for money. Do you suppose that I love Farmer Horne—that old

man—hard, selfish, arrogant of his wealth, and buying me for my youth? Justin loves you. His father does not love me; he isn't capable of love—his heart is as shrivelled as his face. He buys me, Mattie—just buys me! and what have I ever done, that I am to have no happiness all my life? I'm good and pretty, and need love as well as you."

"Josey—ah, Josey! Dear sister, I did not know this. I thought you loved him. Not that I could quite understand it, but I thought that he was kind to you, and you had learned to like him, and expected to be happy. But if you don't, why did you promise to marry him?"

"I don't know; I deceived myself with thoughts of his wealth, and the flattery of what I thought an honor—and—because I was angry with Charley Ellery. I did not realize how it is all wrong, till I saw you so happy. O, Mattie, I shall die."

Mattie's round face was very flushed and grave.

"Josey," she said, her brown eyes flashing, "you shan't marry him, then—never! It's wicked; it's just as wicked as it can be! People should never marry for any reason in the world but because they love each other, and are willing to sacrifice their own pleasure, and guide and comfort each other, as need be, all their lives."

Josey was silent.

"What shall I do?" she said, at last. "If he knows, he will be so angry; and father and mother will be disappointed."

"What of that, compared to your marrying a man you don't love? Josey, write a note to Farmer Horne, and tell him, and I will manage with father and mother so that you shall never hear a word."

"Well."

The note was written and despatched. Josey anticipated an interview with Farmer Horne, but it did not come. She found afterwards that her father had a talk with him, but no word was addressed to her on the subject. If she thought her father graver than usual, for a while, she found her mother tenderer. She felt a sense of relief to be free again, which made her strong to bear any event but that of a false marriage.

Meanwhile, the preparations for Mattie's wedding went on. It was to occur on the twelfth of December.

The day came. There was a snow-storm, but all was bright and happy within doors. The parlor and sitting-room were crowded

with friends, the clergyman had arrived, and Josey was putting the last touches to Mattie's pretty toilet, up-stairs. But Mattie kept breaking from under her sister's hands, to run to the window at every sound of sleigh-bells. Suddenly the door-bell rang.

"There—go down and see who that is!" cried Mattie. "Go—go! I will not have another thing done until I know."

Josey ran down to the door. There stood Charley Ellery, covered with snow, but bright, happy, handsome.

"I have come to the wedding!" he said, gaily, not noticing how pale Josey grew, and went into the parlor, where he was gladly greeted.

Mattie laughed joyfully, when she heard of the arrival. In a few moments the toilet was completed; her father came for her—they went down, and the service commenced.

It was finished; all had kissed the bride—laughter and congratulations resounded, when suddenly Mr. Marvel felt a hand touch his arm, and Charley Ellery made a whispered request. A moment more, and the company were astonished by the announcement of a second marriage, and Charley Ellery and Josey Allen were made husband and wife.

It had been very quickly arranged, and never was a pleasanter surprise than now greeted them.

An hour later, a double sleigh, laden with buffalo-ropes, came to the door, and the pretty brides, in charming travelling-dresses, were handed in. The wedding party set out for Boston.

Justin and Mattie went to the hotel where they were to board for the winter; but the sleigh drove on with Josey and her husband, until it stopped before a fine house in one of the aristocratic streets of the city. She was handed out, passed through richly-carpeted halls, and luxuriant rooms, and at last was met, in a splendid library, by a benign old gentleman.

"This is all the relative I have to introduce you to, Josey—my step-father, Judge Cooper. This is my wife, father."

The old gentleman welcomed her cordially. The dinner-bell rang. A dinner, served with surpassing elegance, was got through—then Josey found herself alone with her husband for a moment. He smiled.

"You are surprised, dear," he said. "You did not expect that I would bring you to so fine a home. You imagined me a poor man, from the fact of my father being a cooper. I

did not deceive you; but he is a Cooper by name, not by occupation. He is wealthy; I am 'wealthy. He wished me to marry, but left my choice unbiassed. I loved you from the moment I saw you, in my adventurous sojourn in the country. Are you sorry to know this, dear?"

So much for Josey Allen's offers.

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all—
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

LONGFELLOW.

A GOOD BISHOP.

When the church of England was first disturbed by keen controversies, on the Oxford tracts, Archbishop Howley, always conciliatory and prudent, gave a public breakfast at Lambeth, where his clergy of all parties had no sooner taken their seats, than a very young divine, by way of beginning the conversation, said, across the table, "Pray, what does your grace think of the Oxford tracts?" The Archbishop, with his usual suavity, replied, "Pray, sir, do you take tea or coffee?"

A DRUNKARD'S ADVICE.—"You sot of a fellow!" exclaimed a poor woman to her husband; "you are always at the public house, getting drunk with hot purl, while I am at home with nothing but cold water." "Cold, you silly jade!" hiccupped the husband, "why don't you warm it?"

TRUE LIFE.

Like a summer's sun, should a great man's life,
In its dawn, all promise be;
In its noontide strength a power to bless,
To fruitage all humanity;
In the evening sink, with his work well done,
In glory, tranquillity.—JOHN SAUNDERS.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE LONG AGO.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD.

Hast thou forgotten how, in youth's fair day,
When life was new and hope was in its prime,
Love shed upon our path his brightest ray,
And bade our hearts repeat his song sublime?

Dost thou remember, in the long ago,
The days that flitted like a poet's dream?
When hours were golden and, beneath the flow
Of summer sun, we saw each moment gleam?

We drank love's sweetness, quaffed its purest joy,
And trusted that a dream so bright could last.
Ah! never yet a cup without alloy
The hand of Fate to mortal man hath passed.

It came—that sudden parting,—sundered wide!
The old, old tale of treachery and deceit:
The wicked whispering of cruel pride;
Two severed hearts that never more might meet.

Parted for time! All earthly hope is vain!
Fateful and dark the future days appear;—
I ne'er shall look upon thy face again,
Thy voice may never greet my listening ear.

Still lives thy memory as fresh and bright
As in those happy days of love and truth;
Still does thine image greet my raptured sight,
Crowned with the hues of an immortal youth.

I stretch my arms in vain, for thou art gone;
We roam the world apart, and yet I know
That when the daylight fades and night comes on,
Thy heart turns fondly to the long ago.

[ORIGINAL.]

GARAFELIA MARASCHINO.

Episode of the Times of Ferdinand II. of Naples.

BY JOHN CHURCHILL.

A BRILLIANT Italian sky was shedding light and beauty over Naples. Everywhere, the smile of God seemed resting; and, to one unacquainted with grief and misfortune, it might have seemed incredible that that radiant sky could cover the deepest, most hopeless woe. Yet, in the further corner of a carriage which was driven through the streets of the city, on that lovely morning, and shrinking, as it might be, from the sounds and sights that met her senses—shrinking, too, even from the glory of that brilliant sunrise—was a young and beautiful girl, hardly past the age of childhood, yet with the fervor and faith of a woman, in her breast.

Ay, and the sorrow of a woman, too! On that fair and innocent brow lay the heaviest sorrow that it had ever known—the *first* sorrow of her womanhood. Gifted with beauty, wealth, station and talents, Garafelia Maraschino was the mark for misfortune. Her quick sensibilities, her intense sympathies had hitherto been acted upon only in reference to others. Now, the bitterness was in herself.

Slowly seemed the carriage to move, compared with her restless, impatient wishes. Twice, she had pulled the check-string and implored the driver to hasten; and still, to her agonized soul, the wheels seemed to move with leaden weights. At last, the carriage stopped before a large and gloomy looking pile of stone, that seemed to chill and terrify her into an unnatural calmness. The huge brown façade was unbroken by a single ornament; and its long shadow seemed to fall across the dim street and over the opposite dwellings, as though it had scattered away God's blessed sunshine from the whole neighborhood. It was the prison house of Corenza, in which lay, awaiting the sentence of the cruel and revengeful Ferdinand II. of Naples, the girl's lover. Armed with the hope of seeing him, she had come, alone and unprotected, save by her deep love; and now, with tears and entreaties, she so wrought upon the janitor, Carlo Benaro, that when he found she was seconded by his wife, who had formerly served her as a waiting-maid, he could not refuse, although strictly forbidden to admit any one to see the prisoners.

The good Helena wept to see her gentle mistress so full of sorrow; and gave vent without restraint to her righteous indignation against the tyrant.

"There are three of the prisoners, my dear signora," said Helena. "Besides Signor Alberto, there are his brother, who is quite young, and Domenico Moro, who was a lieutenant in the Austrian navy. Believe me, signora, Carlo and myself have done all we can for these noble unfortunates; although we should not dare to let the king's officers know that we had not treated them with all the severity they have enforced."

"A thousand thanks, dear Helena," answered her visitor. "May it be returned to you both, an hundred fold! But when will your husband be able to allow me to see them?"

"Them?"

"Yes, dear Helena, I must see Cesario as well as his brother. They are both very dear to me."

"Well, dear signora, Carlo, I know, will admit you as soon as possible; but, unfortunately, while you were coming up stairs, and before your carriage had left the street, the officers of the king were alighting at the other entrance. They will probably remain an hour; for Carlo tells me they delight in tantalizing them with hopes of a speedy release, only to dash their hopes by some terrible news of a more speedy death."

"Helena? can it be that there are such wretches?"

"O, I ought not to tell you, my beloved mistress. I was led away by my anger. Carlo would reprove me for adding to your grief. Think no more of it; and hark! here comes Carlo to tell us that they have gone away."

From the high window, Garafelia saw the king's officers depart; and, in a moment, Carlo was in the room.

"Now you may come, dear lady," he said, kindly, "there will be no fear of them again to-day. All that made me so averse to admitting you, was because we know not when they may burst in upon us. Had they seen you or your father's carriage, you would have been marked, and, perhaps, sent into exile."

He led the way to the dismal apartment where Alberto Bandiera was confined; unlocked the door of the dungeon, and left the two together.

Alberto and Cesario Bandiera were the sons of Rear-Admiral Bandiera who, in 1831, had disgraced himself by causing the arrest and punishment of some of his countrymen, whom the creatures of Francis of Modena had basely betrayed.

In 1843, his two sons, officers in the Venetian navy, who deeply felt the shadow of their father's act upon their own lives, joined the band of brave and patriotic men who were meditating a revolt against the government. With a king whose unfitness to rule was so obvious, and whose bad qualities were so conspicuous, rebellion became a virtue. The sons of the admiral were warmly welcomed to their society, and the young lieutenant, Domenico Moro, met with as true a welcome as they.

At this time, the hopes of the association had risen to fever heat. The brothers went to Corfu, where they were met by a band, led on by a Neapolitan officer, who had been imprisoned for nine years between 1821 and 1830. Under this leader, the three enrolled themselves, and their hopes promised a speedy

fruition in the zeal, bravery, and unblemished character of the confederates.

Alas! that every band should have its Judas. The little society of young Italy found theirs in a treacherous Corsican, Bocchiampe, who by specious arts and apparent devotion to their interests, deceived them into the unfolding of their secret intentions. When they landed on the coast of Calabria, Bocchiampe's party were missing, and the original small band of nineteen members found themselves attacked by sixty armed soldiers of the government. Bocchiampe had basely betrayed and left them. Stung with rage, they fought like lions, and even kept the soldiers at bay, until they reached the city.

Overcome with thirst, hunger and fatigue, they proceeded to a house of refreshment, having, with their unequal number, succeeded in routing the king's soldiers. While here, the house was surrounded by a reinforcement of soldiers and the whole nineteen—the flower of young Italy—were captured and taken away to the gloomy dungeons of Corenza.

Previous to the brothers' outburst of patriotism, the younger of the two had met and loved Garafelia Maraschino. She liked and respected him; but she could not return his love. Alberto had already absorbed every emotion of her soul. The quiet, grave elder brother, full ten years the senior of Cesario, had triumphed where the young, gay and fascinating junior had failed. She could not account for this herself. Her own temperament was far more congenial with Cesario's; yet the calm, sweet nature of Alberto had subdued her wholly to himself. All passion was swallowed up in the deep, reverential love she bore to one who might almost have been her father—so great was the disparity in their years.

Afraid that, if seen at the prison, her father might be arrested as an enemy to the government, the young girl, with a discretion above her years, kept her secret visit from his knowledge; directing the servant to drive away immediately, and not to come for her again until nightfall. She trusted to the kind offices of Helena to keep her and her object concealed from all. Meantime, she had a plan that could be unfurled only to the brothers themselves.

When the first passionate excitement of seeing Alberto in this grim dungeon was abated, she disclosed the scheme that had been working in her brain, ever since the horrible news of the imprisonment had reached her

ears. It was this:—Cesario, when a boy at school, and, afterwards, while in the Jesuit's college, had been quite intimate with the brother of Ferdinand's queen, the Archduke Charles Albert of Austria. Surely such friendship might reasonably call for some sacrifice—some personal effort, at least, when one of the two, who had loved each other as boys and men, was in peril of his life!

Thus reasoned the maiden, forgetful, perhaps profoundly ignorant, of the fallacy of "trusting to princes," familiar to older minds, from Bible testimony.

Alberto heard her with a faint and wintry smile that told how feeble were his hopes from any quarter connected with the king, as nearly as this; but he would not chill her generous exertions in his behalf; and, when she left him to go to his brother's cell, he tried to emulate her courage, and allowed her to think there was some small chance of her effecting a release. But when she was gone, it was as if the darkness of the tomb had closed already above him.

To Cesario, her coming lighted up his dreary cell like a star from heaven. When she unfolded her plan of going herself to Charles Albert, his eyes sparkled with gratitude and expectation.

"Why did I not think of it before? Garafella, you are an angel! We were more than friends, we were dear brothers. Albert would have perilled his life for me, and I for him. Ah! you go for Alberto's sake, not mine. Nay, friend, sister! do not turn away angry. I believe that you would do this for me too. Think not that I grudge my brother his happiness in loving and being beloved. But life is sweeter to him than to me, because of the love you bear him. Go, then, dear sister, and may God speed you on your noble errand."

He then told her the precise mode in which she must approach the archduke.

"If it rested with him alone, I should have no doubts—but it must pass from him through the queen to Ferdinand, and I dread his relentless, unforgiving temper. Nay, Garafella, my seeming doubts have paled your cheek already. Leave me now, and make your preparations to go to Vienna as soon as possible. And, here, darling sister, take with you this lock of my hair. Tell the archduke that it has grown in my prison, until it is as long, if not so silky, as when he used to pillow his head upon it in our homesick, school-boy days."

Garafella departed, refusing Carlo's escort,

lest spies might report that they were together, and thus bring trouble upon the good janitor. For herself, she had not a fear.

Hurrying home, she completed her preparations, and, in a short time, she was kneeling before Cesario's friend. She found him as gracious as Cesario had described him; gentle, even to womanly tenderness, and expressing a desire to do and accomplish all she could ask, in relation to the brothers. Nor did he promise without meaning to perform. He went on his knees to the king, after Christina's efforts to move him had failed. The tyrant only smiled to think he was deemed so vulnerable to entreaties, by those who knew him so well as the queen and her brother. After all endeavors had proved fruitless, the archduke went back to the poor girl who been awaiting his coming. His look of sadness too surely told on what errand he had come. Tears were in his fine eyes, as he saw her eager, expectant gaze change to the wild aspect of hopeless grief. Forgetting his exalted station, she held out her little hand, grown thin and spare with anxiety, and besought him to take her back to the prison.

"Let me at least die with them!" she exclaimed, "if I can do nothing more. Come, let us go to Alberto and to poor Cesario."

Charles Albert was not a man to resist such a despairing appeal from a woman. He entered the carriage with her, held her in his arms as though she had been a child or a sister, wept over her, and sobbed out words of consolation which he too well needed himself.

He visited the prison with her, declaring that Ferdinand's power should not prevent him from seeing his friend, Alas! upon what an errand had he come to that beloved friend and brother. How was he doomed to disappoint the ardent hopes which Cesario had formed, from his intercession! He put his arms around the captive and wept out his mournful story of the king's obdurate refusal.

Milder and calmer than Cesario, Alberto bore the tidings without any visible emotion. He had made up his mind for a disgraceful death by a tyrant's hand; and had not the heart-break of his brother and Garafella powerfully appealed to his sympathy, he would have laid down life without a murmur. But it was hard to witness the poor girl's despair; and as she brought message after message of love and grief from Cesario's cell, he felt that he would have even resigned Garafella and the dear hopes he once held of wedding her

in heaven, if not on earth, could he have given peace to those two despairing souls.

A damp, misty morning had succeeded a radiant day. Long before any one else was in the streets, Garafelia, holding her black mantle over her face, was making her way to the prison, alone and unattended. She had risen, long before dawn, from her sleepless bed; and as soon as the black shades of night had disappeared, she stole from the house, unwilling to awaken her father. He would know, on awaking, whither she had gone, and would follow to comfort and bear her to her home; but she could not deny herself this one parting hour with Alberto, free from witnesses.

Carlo was on the watch for her, as well as Helena, and readily admitted her. What a sublime expression shone upon her lover's face! It seemed almost to uplift her into that heaven to which he was going. He had just risen from his knees, and the prayers he had uttered had glorified his countenance, until it seemed transfigured. He took her to his heart, in one long, fervent, but agonized caress. As they sat together on the low couch, they could hear Cesario and Domenico chanting the anthem for the dead! At first, it struck painfully on their ears, and both shuddered; but, as the soft, low sound broke more sweetly upon their senses, they rejoiced that thus they could meet the destroyer.

That hour! O, Earth hath many hours of bitterness in store for all her children, but few can tell how hard it was to watch and wait for the moment to come, when the beating heart shall be suddenly stilled—the throbbing pulses suddenly fall—when the eyes that look only the sweetest tale of love, shall be closed in death by the hand of cruelty—of deliberate, revengeful cruelty.

Suddenly there was a movement in the prison. Carlo thrust open the door, and beckoned hurriedly to Garafelia.

"One moment! only one moment!" She almost shrieked as she clung still closer to her lover.

"Lady, I implore you! It will be my ruin and Helena's, if you are found here. It is against positive orders, and the officers are already here!"

"Go, my love," said her lover softly, "it will be best so."

She sprang to his embrace, and clung as if she would have stayed there forever, close to that noble heart. He put her gently from

him, with one last kiss, and resigned her to the janitor, who wept like a child. Outside the door, Helena was waiting to conduct her to an apartment on the further side of the building, where no sight nor sound of that death scene could penetrate.

Once within the room, Garafelia fell into a merciful swoon, from which Helena dreaded to awaken her. Her long pent-up grief, had worn her out soul and body, and exhausted nature claimed repose.

Meanwhile, the prisoners were marched out of prison and through the long line of witness that filled the streets. They were pale, but walked erect and with a martial step. Alberto's was as the face of an angel, with a light upon it that seemed to fall from the heaven to which he was going.

They were drawn up in a hollow square, the whole nineteen facing a file of soldiers. When the word was given, the soldiers fired simultaneously, and the brave band fell before their muskets, as grass falls before the scythe.

Garafelia started from an uneasy slumber, produced by an opiate which Helena had mercifully given her. Carlo stood beside the bed.

"Have you secured it, my good friend?" she asked.

"Yes, lady, but at the risk of life and limb. They are ready to tear any one to pieces, who has meddled with the bodies."

"O, Carlo! has it caused you so much danger?" she cried.

"Indeed, yes, signora. But I would have incurred it, a thousand fold, rather than have left those three bodies to the management of the ruffians of the king."

"Three! have you saved them all?"

"All three. The lieutenant was a favorite of mine, and I was determined to have him, too; so I bribed him, knowing that signor Alberto and his brother knew and loved the man who obtained them."

And soon, the almost heart-broken girl was bending above the mortal remains of him who was all the world to her.

They who had been nearest to Alberto, had heard his last word, the name of Garafelia.

As she leaned over that which was once Alberto, a triumphant look brightened her eye for a moment, at the thought that the tyrant had been despoiled of his trophies—the poor, bleeding bodies. That is sad, sad grief, that has no solace, save that of knowing where the bodies lie.

[ORIGINAL.]

LIFE.

BY MARY F. BARBER.

Wearily, wearily drifting on,
 Drifting by death's river,
 Drearly, drearily sounds a moan
 In our ears forever;
 Tearfully, tearfully faces pale
 Gleam beneath the wave;
 Fearfully, fearfully comes a wail
 From their opening grave.

Wearily, wearily drifting on,
 The joyous and the sighing;
 Wearily drifting side by side,
 The living and the dying.
 Hopelessly weak hands clasped in woe,
 Fearfully stern hearts bowed,
 Carefully dim eyes vainly strive
 To pierce the wrathful cloud.

Wearily, wearily drifting on,
 Darkness all around;
 Drearly, drearily souls forlorn,
 Fearfully, fearfully bound;
 Dashing and wailing, surging and leaping,
 Waters wildly foaming;
 Moaning and sighing, bitterly crying,
 Restless spirits roaming.

Wearily, wearily drifting on,
 Drifting by death's river,
 Drearly many a love is lost
 In its waves forever;
 Mournfully, mournfully lips are chilling,
 Brows are gathering mould;
 Wearily, wearily hearts are bending,
 Hearts are growing old.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE WRECK OF THE GOLDEN CROSS.

BY RICHARD FAULKNER.

IN one of the little towns lying on our rude New England coast, nearly all the inhabitants are seamen. At least a part, if not the whole of every family become thorough-going sailors, wearing the peculiar garb and adopting, or rather born into the qualities and manners of that class. Generous, open, frank and liberal, it would be a perfect anomaly if one should discover a dull or reserved or niggardly sailor. The richest and the poorest meet on the deck of a vessel without any distinction, except what is conferred by the station they occupy there; and it is no uncommon

thing to find a rich man's son in the fore-castle, under the command of one who has risen from the depths of poverty, to be the master of a noble ship.

Such were the relative situations of the commander of the Southern Cross—a beautiful ship, owned by one of the richest merchants in Boston—and one of his seamen.

The owner, Mr. Ballantyne, a Scotchman by birth, sent out a young nephew whom he had adopted, under the command of Captain Blackburn, to whom he gave strict charge to give him no indulgence other than he would any other common sailor. The young man had a fancy for a sea life. His uncle desired him to become a merchant, but yielded to his request, although the fate of Angus Ballantyne's father and two brothers, all lost at sea, might have seemed a sufficient argument against his adoption of that mode of life.

Captain Blackburn was a self-made man. His father had been a poor man all the days of his life, until his little bare-footed boy went to sea, and by smartness and good conduct, won a place for himself that many might have envied him. At the age of twenty-two, he was appointed commander of the Southern Cross. There were tears of joy and pride in the pretty, modest home which he had purchased and furnished for his parents. They loved him too dearly not to rejoice that others saw and felt his worth; but they were not lifted up by new circumstances. Their son was the same to them that he was ever from his childhood, a brave, worthy, amiable being, free as the winds of heaven with what was his own, but careful and scrupulous with the belongings of another.

The Blackburns, poor as they were, were no common nor ignorant people. It was pure misfortune, not carelessness nor ignorance that had kept them in the depths of poverty. The wife was a confirmed invalid, from an accident, and the husband was a cripple from the effects of a terrible sickness, taken while unpacking some tobacco from a southern port then visited with the yellow fever. Health returned in some measure, but the strength of his limbs never came back to him. A large chair was contrived for him, movable with slight exertion on his own part; and here, year after year, he sat in his miserable dwelling, while the pale, sickly wife took care of him as well as her frequent illness allowed.

True, they had friends; and sometimes sums of money were stealthily placed on their table, or pinned to the great chair; but even

this was insufficient to keep the three, for Robert was a lad of eight years when his father was taken ill. A growing lad needs comfortable food; but Robert often went hungry to school, amidst the suppressed tears of his mother. How well he studied, his rapid progress showed. At the age of twelve, he went to sea, and in ten years he stood on the deck of a noble ship as its captain, and his father and mother, through his ability to procure good medical advice for them, were growing healthier and stronger. For some time past, he had kept another man and his wife to take care of his poor invalids; and the cottage was large enough for them all. A pleasant sitting-room led from a large and airy bedroom, precluding the necessity of ascending the stairs; and these rooms were adorned with rare plants, sea-shells and mosses, and foreign curiosities, until they became perfect museums. The father's old chair was exchanged for a new invention that wonderfully eased the pained and weakened limbs, and the mother grew almost young again, in her pretty India dress of chequered silk and her modest lace cap, in which she looked—what she had ever been, even in mean attire—a lady.

Her husband was so evidently better in health, and her Robert had been so fortunate, that it was no wonder if she had sometimes a brighter tinge on her cheek than she had done in the old hard days of the past.

And in the month of September, 1843, she was daily expecting Robert, and counting the hours in which she should behold the white sails of the Golden Cross coming into the harbor that stretched out before her windows.

Before he went away Robert had bought a good telescope, which he had mounted on a frame, level with his father's chair, that the poor cripple might see the ship as soon as any one. It was a treasure, indeed, and his wife enjoyed it also, in hearing him describe the passing vessels and speculate on their probable cargoes and destination. And now the good people spent most of their time at the instrument, looking with watchful and wishful eyes for the expected ship.

It was nearly time for the equinoctial gale. It had been dull and hazy for a week, and all the signs portended stormy weather not far off. Neither Blackburn nor his wife whispered their anxiety to the other; but each knew what was passing in their minds. There had been shipwrecks enough on that part of the coast, to make them dread the equinox.

Often, when Robert was a little sailor boy, they had moaned and tossed in uneasy dreams; and now that those hard times had vanished, and a new sparkle was on their cup of life, they trembled lest it should be dashed from their lips. They wondered if Mr. Ballantyne—who had not yet returned to Boston, but kept his summer residence by the sea-side still open—was anxious. He had not only his ship at stake, but the life of his nephew—a life infinitely precious to him for the dear sake of a beloved brother—the father of young Angus Ballantyne.

On Friday afternoon the storm came on in its fury. They who had so longed for the appearance of the Golden Cross, now as fervently prayed that she might keep from the shore. The gale increased toward night. It was as yet a *dry* storm. Not a drop of rain fell, though the clouds were purple black. It was almost as dark as night, and along the streets fences and signs lay prostrate, or were blown away, and great trees were uprooted. One house was carried by the wind into a garden opposite; the family remaining in it, and two children asleep in a bed. And, above all, the great sea seemed to be stirred to its lowest depths, and was now boiling, surging, foaming and raging, like a mad creature that has overleaped its bounds and seeks to devour all before it.

Out of those inky clouds came lightning as well as wind. And in a momentary lull, a gun, the signal of distress, reached the ears of the dwellers on shore.

Mrs. Blackburn uttered the name of Robert, and her husband's ghastly face showed that it was the word uppermost in his heart. He applied the night glass hastily to the telescope, and thought he saw the white sails of a ship shimmering in the fitful glare of the lightning. The Golden Cross was the only vessel of that description expected. Just then, Mr. Ballantyne entered the cottage.

"Let me have a look through your glass, my friend," he said, hastily. "Men say outside that it is my ship, but I don't believe it."

He looked, and the sudden pallor that overspread his face as a flash of lightning illumined it, was proof that every fear within him was fully aroused.

He groaned audibly.

"My poor brother's boy!" he murmured. Then he wrung Blackburn's hand and said, hoarsely, "forgive me; this is still more dreadful for you than for me—this suspense. I

must go down to the shore. I will come again when I know anything."

They had spoken no word to him. Their lips could not utter a single question; but when he went out, it seemed as if he had carried away all hope. If they could have infused life enough into their frames to go where he was going, it would have been a comfort. Something—anything to break up that listless waiting—waiting for what?

Only to hear of Robert's death—that seemed inevitable, when the wind and the current were driving his ship upon the rocky coast. They had watched—now they prayed; and more fervent petitions never went up to the throne than they uttered.

After this, they clasped each other's cold hands and were still and silent, only that the mother sometimes cried out in irrepressible anguish, "Robert! my Robert!"

Down to the very edge of the sea went Mr. Ballantyne. So near was the ship to the shore, that above the voice of the storm could be heard the creaking of the timbers, the straining of the ropes and the orders issued through the captain's speaking trumpet. Afterwards, the lightning grew more terrible in its fiery grandeur, and then the Golden Cross could be distinctly seen, laboring heavily along under bare poles, with the apparent intention of keeping off as far as possible. There was a long point of land stretching out from the main land into the sea, where many a hapless vessel had been wrecked. If she could be kept from this dangerous place, she might be safe. Such was, indisputably, the commander's plan; and all the old experienced seamen who were lingering about the shore and watching the strife between vessel and elements, were almost encouraged to think it might be so. There was danger that she would go to pieces on the rocks—but that might prove to be the safety of the human beings within her, although almost certain destruction to the ship herself. The mainmast had been cut away long before. Three men had already been lost in cutting away the foremast, and the only hope could be that she might not sink. At this moment she began to thump and grind upon something, and a voice cried out, "She is ashore!" And so she was; and groaning between every stroke, as she crushed in between the rocks, the noble vessel crumbled away into fragments.

The spot where she was wrecked was full three miles, by land, from that part of the beach where the crowd had assembled; but

the persons there could distinctly hear the crash in the pauses of the storm. Mr. Ballantyne saddled a horse and rode around. Anxiety for his poor Angus rose above every other consideration, yet he felt deeply and sincerely for the poor invalids whose only treasure was in that ship. He stopped beneath their windows and tried to call to them cheerily, that there was hope. His trembling voice belied his words, but they heard only that one blessed word—Hope! For three long hours they had sat, immovable, with icy hands pressed fondly in each other's clasp. Suddenly the door opened, and a pale girl, with wet garments and dishevelled hair, came straight up to them and burst into tears.

"Mary! why, Mary! dear girl!" said Mrs. Blackburn, tenderly, "why do you weep so, now? Do you not know that Robert is coming home to us? Some good angel whispered of hope beneath our windows just now."

And the two poor souls, so needing comfort for themselves, were now full of tender consolation to this young girl, who had loved and been beloved by Robert Blackburn. A gentle, fragile thing—too frail and delicate to bear the anxieties that must befall a sailor's wife. She was taking her first lesson—perhaps her last, now, and it was overwhelming her in the deep waters. But by-and-by, she began to think how selfish was her own sorrow in the presence of theirs, who might be called to lose their son. And with true womanly tact, she bent herself to the task of questioning them of the ground of their hope, when hers was all gone. Her father had said that no vessel could live so near the shore, in a storm like that, and she had hurried out to see those who, she knew, would be most deeply touched by the calamity. But O, they could lament him openly. She must suffer and be still. They could share each other's grief; but hers must be borne alone. Something of all this passed rapid as lightning through her mind; but she could not analyze it at that moment. All she knew was this, that she had anchored her hopes on one frail bark and it was now, perhaps, buried in the salt sea's depths.

Mr. Ballantyne reached the point with difficulty. His road lay, all the way, close to the water's edge, and the incessant lightning so frightened the horse that he kept plunging and rearing, perilling his own safety and that of his master. When, at length, he arrived at the spot, it was such a scene of confusion that he could find no one who could tell him anything of the wreck; at least, not intelli-

gibly. He threw the bridle to an old man, beseeching him to hold the horse until he came back; and then made his uncertain and slippery way over the wet rocks.

Two persons were just drawing something from the water, and he stopped a moment directly behind them. One of them had a lantern which he held close to the object. A groan burst from his very heart of hearts; for in that pallid face that lay upward in the full glare of the lantern, he recognized Angus. That was his fair young brow, though bleeding at the temple where it had struck a cruel rock. That was his golden hair, now thickly matted with sand and sea-weed. Mr. Ballantyne stooped forward and said to the men: "Bring him to me, at the nearest house, and you shall be rewarded."

"We shall bring him for love, poor fellow!" answered one of them; and Mr. Ballantyne then perceived that they were sailors, and probably belonged to the ship.

And they were saved, while his poor boy was lying thus! O, could it be? But he must not linger, for already the men were bearing their precious burden over the rocks.

He had seen a house not far from the spot, and he now caught the bridle from the old man's hands, threw him some money and was gone before he could thank him. The house was lighted and warmed, and he was thankful to see preparations for the restoration of those who might be brought to it. There were hot blankets, hot water, brandy and hartshorn. A low bed had been temporarily brought into the old-fashioned kitchen, and a wood fire was crackling on the hearth. A woman in widow's weeds and a young lad, perhaps her son, were busy. It seemed as if they were used to these cruel scenes and knew how to prepare for them.

"They are bringing my boy here from the wreck," gasped Mr. Ballantyne. "I fear he is past your care, but perhaps—"

He could not finish the sentence, for already the bearers had come with their sad burden. Not a word was spoken, as they laid it down upon the bed. The two men seemed exhausted, and the woman and her young son commenced the work of hoped-for resuscitation. Mr. Ballantyne threw off his heavy coat and began to rub him, forgetting, for a moment, that the other poor fellows needed some restorative.

"Forgive me!" he said, as he pointed to the flask upon the table and besought them to take some of its contents. Roused by the

temporary refreshment, they aided his efforts; but as well might they have wrought upon the rocks on which they had been driven. There was not a spark of life in that dear boy's frame, and they looked at each other with eyes that told to each, how fruitless was their work.

"Is Captain Blackburn saved?" asked the bereaved man, as he turned away from the sad sight.

"I think not, sir. He would not leave the ship until every one else was upon the rocks, or under the water like this poor boy. She was fast going to pieces, and her fragments were pushing away from the shore, as the waves rolled back."

"I must know," answered Mr. Ballantyne, "even before I take my boy home. O, Angus! dear, dear boy! Do I live to see you thus?"

Pressing a kiss upon those pale lips, he went out, hastily. Passing the cottage again, where he now felt that he had left only a delusive hope, he heard the agonized moanings of the parents, mingled with the sound of a young, sweet voice, in tones of consolation.

"I must not stop here," he said to himself, "at least, not until all hope is gone;" and he urged his unwilling horse down to the steep rocks once more.

"No one saved, excepting two of the sailors, sir," was the reply to his eager inquiries.

"I have seen them," he answered. "They are at the house yonder."

"Then there are three," said a boy not more than ten years old; "for my father saved one, and he is alive, but can't speak, yet."

"Where does your father live, my boy?" inquired Mr. Ballantyne.

"Just there, where you see that light. I'll show you the way," said the child, eager to ascertain for himself whether the man was living.

Mr. Ballantyne took his hand, and they went on. The door was locked, but some one let them in. It was a poor fisherman's hut, but it had a blazing fire in it, and the shipwrecked man was lying on a bed before it.

Mr. Ballantyne cast one look upon him. "My God!" he cried, "that is poor Blackburn!"

"O, yes, sir, we knew him, but we would not let his poor father know of it, until we did all we could and found out whether he was alive or not. The doctor, here, thinks he is living. What do you think, sir?"

Mr. Ballantyne held the light to the closed

eyes, and placed his hand under the armpit and then upon the heart. With a start of glad surprise, he exclaimed, in a tone of deep sympathy:

"He lives! We must redouble all the efforts that have been made. He can and must be saved—God helping us!" he added, reverently.

It was two hours before restoration was effected; but then it was perfect. The hardy, healthy, temperate sailor has more life in him than dozens of enfeebled wine-drinkers; and when the lethargy, brought on by a blow on the head, and aided by anxiety and fatigue, gave way to the means used for his recovery, it proved effectual.

"Where am I?" he asked, as soon as he opened his eyes. "Ah, Mr. Ballantyne! What has happened?" he continued, holding his hand to his head. "Ah, I remember, now. It was the shipwreck, and Angus and I were together, the last on board. He is well, I hope—not hurt, is he? You turn away your eyes, sir. The poor boy is not dangerously hurt, I trust. Why, Mr. Ballantyne! Don't tell me that Angus is dead!"

The bereaved mourner could stand it no longer. He wrung Blackburn's hand, and burst into tears. The latter kept repeating to himself, "Angus lost and I saved!"

At length he roused himself thoroughly, saying to the fishermen, "Now take me home. Have you seen my father and mother, Mr. Ballantyne, and do they believe me dead?"

He kept running on thus, until Mr. Ballantyne was startled out of his own grief by the thought that the captain's brain might have been seriously affected by the blow he had received. But he soon subsided into a calm state, only speaking once in a while, of Angus and the rest. And then he thought of the ship he was so proud of—the dear old ship he had been loving so well.

"You must lie quiet, and try to sleep," said Mr. Ballantyne. "I ought long ago, to have gone to tell the good news to your poor father and mother."

He had scarcely spoken the words, before the patient was in a calm, sweetly-refreshing sleep.

What a joyful morning that was to some! How full of grief to others! Robert was carried home early, quite recovered, save for the ugly wound in his head. As he passed the wreck, he turned away his face, unwilling to see the frightful place where he had been

wedged in between the rocks, with Angus struggling below him.

Sweet Mary Ashley wept and blushed at his return; and still deeper was the crimson when he whispered of a speedy union. But the crimson faded to a hue like the water-lilies, when at that moment, poor Angus was carried to his long home. She shuddered to think how near death had been to her own Robert.

Twenty years have flown, since the wreck of the Golden Cross, and Captain Blackburn has sailed in many a noble ship. A large and beautiful house has been built, far above the sea, but in sight of it; and thither his aged parents were conveyed, from their little cottage; for neither Robert nor Mary would leave them alone. A troop of merry children—brave boys and beautiful girls—surround them; some with the splendid dark eyes of their father, and some with the sweet, serious gray orbs so like their mother's.

One bears the name of Angus Ballantyne, and he is Mr. Ballantyne's special pet. The bereaved old man has removed to the seaside altogether, for he cannot go away from his boy's grave. One day they will meet "*where there is no more sea!*"

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

The house will be kept in a turmoil where there is no toleration of each other's errors. If you lay a single stick of wood on the grate, and apply fire to it, it will go out; put on another stick and they will burn; and a half-dozen sticks, and you will have a blaze. If one member of the family gets into a passion, and is let alone, he will cool down, and possibly be ashamed and repent. But oppose temper to temper, pile on the fuel, draw in others of the group, and let one harsh answer be followed by another, and there will be a blaze that will entrap them all.

PERTINENT INQUIRIES.

Somebody wants to know the name of the tune which was "played upon the feelings," and also if the "cup of sorrow" has a saucer. The same inquisitor would like to know if "the light of other days" was gas or electricity. Also, if the girl who "clung to hope" had not a slippery hold, and if people do not get fatigued by "the exercise of forbearance."

Overwarm friendships, like hot potatoes, are quickly dropped.

[ORIGINAL.]

A WOMAN'S LOVING.

BY ROSE STANDISH.

O, come from your far-off roaming,
On the castled hills of Spain;
Come, while the roses are blooming,
And I can be happy again!

The days have seemed long since we parted;
Have they seemed so, dear, to you?
The world calls you "faithless—false-hearted"—
As if it could ever be true!

Come back! hear my voice in the sighing
Of flower and wind-tossed tree;
O, come back! living or dying,
Here's room in my heart for thee.

Come back to me—not unforgiven,
Faithless and weak though you be;
I would give up my best hopes of heaven,
For one word—one look from thee.

Neglected, and scorned, and forsaken,
Despised of all, though you be,
*My love can never be shaken—
My heart will be loyal to thee.*

[ORIGINAL.]

LAYING A GHOST.

BY HOWARD W. JAMES.

I AM not superstitious. I may have a soft place in my head, like the greater part of man and woman kind, but I am not so weak as to believe in witchcraft, or in omens, or warnings. I never did believe in them, nor in dreams (generally speaking), though as to these latter phenomena I will not speak positively, for reasons which I could give, though I shall not just now. Nor do I believe in apparitions, most of which may be easily accounted for by the state of the seer's health, or of his nerves, or by the state of the atmosphere, or a hundred other circumstances. But I will say, without fear of contradiction from any reasonable person, that *some things* are quite unaccountable, though they cannot either be denied or explained away.

For example, noises! Dreadfully unaccountable are the noises that a person, sitting up late at night, and alone, "and when a' the weary world to rest are gone," may hear in some houses. I say *alone*, because it is not to be supposed that when several persons are together, some talking and laughing, some mov-

ing about, some occupied one way and some another, that they should pay any attention to the mysterious noises of which I am speaking. I am not nervous, but really I could not live in a house that was so afflicted—no, not if I might have it rent free, and, moreover, be paid a rent for living in it.

And, again, there are still worse things than mere noises that make some houses very undesirable habitations for the living; such things, for instance, as shadowy figures to be seen flitting by, when there is apparently no substance to cause them; or a trembling to be felt in the air which makes the bell-wires vibrate, or even the bells to ring at unseasonable hours. I cannot say that I ever actually saw these things myself, but I confess that once, just at midnight,—no, I will not say what it was now. I do not wish to make my friends either nervous or uncomfortable; still more unwilling am I to give them any cause for distrusting my veracity, so I will pass over that strange affair for the present at least, and merely give a true and faithful account of what happened in a house that I was well acquainted with, and then they must judge for themselves whether or not that house was —.

The house in question is a large and substantially-built mansion, standing in a beautiful, sheltered spot, although scarcely more than a furlong from the sea, and on the eastern coast of England. I know no other such spot on the whole line of coast from Berwick-on-Tweed to Dover. You already imagine that it is a stately edifice with gables, and turrets, partly clad with ivy, with deep-set, narrow-pointed windows, and winding stairs complete? No such thing—neither is it a great staring modern house, standing stark naked, with neither an evergreen shrub outside, nor a superstitious legend inside, to enliven it. On the contrary, the garden can boast of fig-trees of a magnitude seldom attained in our island except upon the southern coast, and the myrtle, which, further inland, can only be kept alive through the winter months in a green-house, covers the walls with its shining, dark-green leaves and fragrant, silvery blossoms, to a height far above the drawing-room windows. The house may be a hundred years old—it may be more, or it may be less, though I should not think it. Who lives there now is no matter; our business is with the "good old squire," as he was commonly called in the neighborhood, who lived there five-and-twenty years ago. I knew

him well, and a hearty, hospitable old trump he was, too. He was a widower, and had no family; but as his means were ample, his house large and well appointed, and, moreover, his disposition somewhat jovial, it seldom happened that he was without visitors.

Of all the places I ever knew, it was the most pleasant to stay in; there was no trying to be cheerful or gay, it all came naturally; it seemed to be the very air of the place. There was plenty of shooting in the autumn; in the winter, hunting with two or three packs of harriers that were kept in the neighborhood; in the summer an endless variety of amusements on sea or land, and for wet days there was a billiard-table and a good library for those who were inclined to be studious, or quiet, or lazy—everybody did as he liked—Liberty Hall it was.

And yet—I had heard, certainly, for I remembered it afterwards, though I paid very little attention to the matter at the time—I had heard that the house once had the reputation for being—for not being quite pleasant in all respects; but such things are said of so many country houses, that I looked upon this as mere idle gossip. Besides, the house had no appearance of the kind to warrant such reports. If such things had been said of Cranberry Hall, which was only two miles distant, inland, I should not so much wonder; its gloomy battlements, its windows divided by heavy stone mullions, its stacks of twisted and fretted chimneys, and, above all, that great dismal pine wood at the back, whose spiry tops by moonlight always looked to me like an enormous army of giants with their javelins piercing the sky—these might justify such a popular belief, but I never heard that there was even any suspicion of the kind attached to that melancholy-looking place. This, however, is an idle digression.

It was the last week in September, the weather was remarkably fine, we were a large party at the squire's, and he was in the best possible spirits, for he expected a visit from an old school-fellow whom he had not seen for many years, but who had just written to say that he would come and give the pheasants a benefit on the first of October, as he had done some twenty years before. The major, as I now learned from my host, was born and had spent his early youth in this neighborhood; the two boys had gone to Eton together, and had always kept up a friendly correspondence, though their way in life had

been so different that they had not met for twenty years.

On the last day of the month, just as we were sitting down to breakfast, the squire evidently a little disappointed at not finding a letter in the post-bag from the major, to our great surprise, in the old soldier walked. He had come down from London the day before, slept at the inn of the little market-town of Sandland, where the coach stopped in the evening, had risen betimes, and now walked over to his old friend's house.

After the first hearty salutations had passed between the two friends, and sundry rough schoolboyish jokes on the alteration that time had wrought in their personal appearance had been exchanged, it was decided that when breakfast was over, the rest of this day should be spent in reconnoitring certain favorite old haunts of their youth, and in paying visits to some half-dozen aged laborers and fishermen, whom the major's kind heart had not suffered him to forget. The next day was to be dedicated to the slaughter of partridges and pheasants. Well, there is no need to dwell upon the unimportant events of the day. We dispersed in small parties, according to our different tastes and inclinations, and assembled again when dinner-time approached. The evening came, and the time had passed away very quickly, we all thought, when some prudent person, the old gray-headed clergyman, I believe it was, reminded the company that it was drawing close upon midnight. Knowing our host's dislike to late hours, we arose to take our candles and depart.

"And where am I to perch?" demanded the major, as we were shaking hands and bidding each other good-night.

"O, you are to go into your *own* room; you recollect it, don't you, Charles? I fancied you would like it best."

"To be sure I do—recollect it, indeed! I'm not likely to forget your almost blowing me up with gunpowder, one New Year's night, in that room—sing'd half the hair off my head! 'Tis a wonder that I recovered my beauty as I did. Yes, I remember it; the third door on the right-hand side, opposite—ah, by the by, who sleeps *there*? The old housekeeper, in your good father's time, used to try to frighten us boys about that room: she declared that nobody—"

"Foolish old woman!" interrupted our host, rather hastily; "he was obliged to threaten her with instant dismissal if she spread such absurd reports; why, you would hardly be

lieve it, but I assure you, at one time, my father could scarcely get a servant to stay in the house—you know how superstitious most of our rural population is; however, the thing is forgotten now."

I was struck with the hurried manner in which these words were uttered, and still more with the uneasiness which the squire betrayed when several of the younger part of the company, whose curiosity had naturally been roused by the foregoing conversation, began eagerly asking questions as to what the housekeeper had related. It was in vain that he tried to put an end to the conversation, or to turn it to some other subject; our curiosity was excited, and we were not satisfied till we heard all that the major could tell us about the matter. It was not much, certainly.

"Mrs. Lofty—that was her name—used to tell us that nobody *could* sleep in that room; there was something so very dreadful to be seen, or to be heard, or both perhaps; for the old dame never would tell us all that she knew, or pretended to know; she declared, too, that no one had ever dared to pass a second night in it—was not that the story, squire? We boys used to laugh at her superstition, but, to confess the truth, I believe at that time neither of us would have been very willing to spend a night in that room by himself."

We took up our several candlesticks, and proceeded up stairs to bed.

"Let us take a look at this mysterious apartment," said I, as we were about to pass the door, which was closed, but not locked; "let us see what is to be seen;" and several of us walked in. It was a large, comfortable-looking room. The windows looked towards the east, catching a glimpse of the restless ocean at the end of the fine old avenue which led up to that side of the house. It was a still night; the moon, which was near the full, had but just risen, throwing a bright path of light across the rippling water, and causing the massy foliage of the elms to look back against the sky. For a night view, I thought I had never seen anything more lovely.

The furniture in the room was heavy-looking and old-fashioned, unlike that in the other apartments, which had all been handsomely furnished when the squire took possession of the place; this remained just as it was in his father's time. Between the windows was a large oval mirror of the fashion of the last century; the frame, which was white and

gold, seemed intended to represent a confusion of deer's horns, dripping foliage, and icicles intermixed, the effect of which, though the connection between these objects is not very obvious, was undoubtedly pleasing. On each side of the fireplace was a large, high-backed, well-stuffed arm-chair; there were also other chairs of probably the same antiquity, if I may judge from their ample size, the elaborate carvings on the dark mahogany, and the faded worsted work which covered the seats. Besides these, there was a table, a large oak chest with brass clasps, such as our great-grandmothers used to keep their linen or their blankets in, and a bedstead, on which, however, there were neither hangings nor bedding of any sort. The walls were of painted wainscot, the floor was well carpeted, and the room had merely the appearance of being disused, not the least of dirt or neglect.

The major seated himself in one of the large easy-chairs, and made a scrutinizing survey of the room.

"So this room is given up to the—"

"Come, come," interrupted the squire; "there's the clock striking twelve, and—"

"Upon my honor, Jack, I believe you know a good deal more about the housekeeper's story than you choose to tell us—what is it now? Nay, don't look so grim. I've a great mind to take up my quarters here for the night. I wish I may never have a worse berth to sleep in than this great downy chair; it fits me exactly." And the old boy stretched out his legs, threw his head back into the soft cushions, and yawned as if he had finally settled himself for the night.

"Major, you'll oblige me by going into your own room," urged our host.

"Squire, you'll oblige me by letting me have my own way," retorted his friend; "and with your leave," continued he, rising, "I'll just look into that big chest, too. O! empty; then I will keep it so;" and locking it, he put the key into his pocket.

Amongst the guests was an old clergyman, who, many years ago, had been rector of the parish, which he quitted on being presented to a better living in a distant part of England; he was now on a visit to the squire, with whom, and with his father before him, he had lived on terms of considerable intimacy. Whilst the major was making his observations, Mr. Bradley was carefully examining the wainscot, now and then tapping it, as if to ascertain whether it were hollow in any place.

"Is there any closet in this room?" asked Mr. Bradley.

"No—and no other door than the one we came in at. By the by, there once was a plate-closet, just behind the chair next the fireplace, but it was closed up ages ago, when my father had one made for the plate in his own bed-room. The closet now opens into the room at the back of this—my man-servant's."

"And formerly the housekeeper's room; you remember, perhaps, that I came to see her, by her own request, a few days before she died?"

The major fixed his eyes on Mr. Bradley as he was speaking, as if he were trying to read his thoughts, but it was in vain; if he had any secret, his mild countenance did not betray it.

"What do you say, Mr. Bradley, for I fancy you know something more than we do: tell me, now, would you have any objection to sleeping here?"

"None whatever, except that I prefer a bed to a chair to sleep in."

The squire said, "The truth is that many years ago the room got a bad name, and it has not been slept in since; in fact, the house is so large that it has not been wanted. As to myself, I never did sleep in it, for I prefer my own room, which has a south aspect."

"Perhaps," suggested one of the party, "the rats may have found their way over the ceiling, or a cowl on some chimney-top makes a noise—when people go to bed with nonsense of this sort in their heads, the hooting of an owl, the roaring of the sea, or even the wind in the trees becomes something supernatural in their imagination."

At length, much to the satisfaction of us young people, who scorned the idea of rats, cowls, or wind, and who had a strong inclination to believe in the supernatural, some of the major's traps, as he called them, were removed from the opposite room, as he declared that here, and nowhere else, would he spend the night. Some of the youngers proposed that he should be provided with pistols, but he shook his head, and said that he should be sufficiently armed against all comers with a good stout walking-stick. "And you had better not attempt to play any tricks, my lads, unless you have a mind to get a broken head," he added, laughing.

After some arrangements for the major's comfort, which, by the way, he protested

against as being quite superfluous, the party dispersed for the night.

The first of October was as fine a morning as any sportsman could wish for. At a little after eight we were all in the breakfast-parlor, except the squire and Mr. Bradley, who were slowly walking up and down the grass plot before the windows, apparently in earnest conversation.

The major had already been besieged by a number of questions, which he answered in a joking manner, saying that the morning was not the time for such subjects, that we must keep our nerves steady, and think no more about hobgoblins, or the pheasants would escape us. But when the squire and Mr. Bradley joined us, and the latter pointedly asked him how he had passed the night, he replied:

"I really am sorry to disappoint you, but I must confess that I slept very well, and I saw nothing worse than myself (after these young chaps left the room, I mean)—what I heard, is quite another affair!"

"What—what did you hear, sir?" from half a dozen of us at once.

"I heard—don't let me alarm you—I heard the fellow in the room at the back of mine snoring like a pig."

"Nothing else?"

"No, upon my honor, nothing else; my story is a very short one!"

"It is very satisfactory," said the old clergyman. "In the evening the squire and I shall have our stories to tell, but not till then, as there are some matters connected with my story which are not quite clear. While you are out shooting, I am in hopes of finding the missing links in a chain of evidence which will be satisfactory to all parties."

When breakfast was over, all those amongst us who were sportsmen took their guns, and went out for a day's shooting. I have seen younger men than the major used up after walking for five or six hours through turnip-fields and underwood, with a double-barrelled gun on their shoulders; but he seemed as full of mirth and jollity as he was the day before, and assured us, when we sat down to dinner, that he felt as fresh after his day's work, as he should have done twenty years ago.

In the evening, we reminded Mr. Bradley of the promise he had made us.

"I had not forgotten it," he replied; "but it will be best that the squire should tell his part of the story first."

The squire said, "If it had not been for the—what shall I call it?—obstinacy? resolu-

tion? firmness? of my old friend, here, who would persist in sleeping in that unlucky room last night, and the fortunate circumstance of Mr. Bradley's being here, you certainly would never have heard, from me at least, any account of the mystery which has so long perplexed me. I must begin by telling you, that to the best of my knowledge, *that room* was never slept in but twice since I was born, and I am more than forty years old. You heard what the major said respecting our old housekeeper. She and her husband lived here in my grandfather's time, they grew old in the service, and died within a few weeks of one another. On the day that the old woman was buried, as I was returning from the funeral, I overheard something which, it appeared to me, was spoken purposely for me to hear, though it was addressed by one old village gossip to another. I do not recollect the precise words, but the purport was, that *the squire would have no more evil spirits in his house now*. This brought to my mind the strange stories I used to hear when I was a boy, and without having the slightest idea that my father attached any importance to the matter, for I never in my life had heard him allude to it, I unwittingly asked him what could have induced the housekeeper to tell such terrible stories about one room in his house. You may imagine how much I was astonished at his reply, when he told me that what the housekeeper had said was but too true!

"For some time past," he added, "I have intended to speak to you about this painful matter, but having hitherto always endeavored to drive the subject from my mind, I have not had sufficient resolution to do so."

"I begged my father to explain himself, and to conceal nothing from me; for, to confess the truth, the more reluctant he appeared to be, the more urgently I pressed him."

"He then told me that, not long after my grandfather's death, he had ordered this room to be prepared for a friend who was coming to spend a few days with him; that his servant had made difficulties and objections, and had proposed some other room for his guest, but that he did not choose to give way to her whims, and accordingly his friend slept in the room as he desired, but on the following morning he told my father that he must leave him that day, and when pressed to give his reasons for so sudden a determination, he protested that nothing could induce him to stay another night in a house in which his rest had

been disturbed by such frightful visions. He refused to tell my father what it was he had seen—he refused to sleep in any other room, and he tried hard to persuade my father never either to sleep in *that* room himself, or to allow any other person to do so.

"Fully persuaded, however, that his friend was laboring under some mental delusion, my father, who had no fears whatever about the matter himself, was so far from being deterred from sleeping there, that he immediately resolved to do so that very night, and accordingly, in spite of the evident reluctance of his housekeeper, he did so, thinking, as he told me, that this would be the most effectual means of putting an end to the foolish rumors which had been spread by ignorant and superstitious servants."

"Taking the precaution to lock the door in order to prevent any intrusion in the night, he left a lamp burning on the dressing-table, and went to bed; and, undisturbed by any apprehensions, soon fell asleep. My father was always a sound sleeper, and not easily disturbed by noise in the night, and it was not by any noise that he was now awakened, but by feeling the bed-clothes gently moving, as if some one were pulling them towards the foot of the bed. The bed, I should observe, stood just as you saw it last night, facing the fireplace, on each side of which stand those high-backed chairs, and with the left side towards the door. As it was a cold night, my father had drawn the side-curtains of his bed, but there were no window-curtains, nor even blinds, and though the moon shone brightly into his room at the time he woke, and the lamp was still burning, he could see nothing but the furniture standing in the usual places. He lay quite still, and hearing no noise, nor perceiving any motion in the bed-clothes, he began to think that he had been dreaming, in consequence of the conversation he had had with his guest in the morning. But hardly had he composed himself to sleep again, when he felt the bed-curtains on both sides of his bed first gently, and then violently shake. Still he saw nothing, and, notwithstanding a certain degree of trepidation which he confessed that he felt, he made a sudden plunge at the curtain with open arms, but whatever was there it eluded his grasp, and again for a minute all was quiet. He now determined to rise, but the moment he began to stir, he beheld two figures slowly and noiselessly gliding from the sides of his bed towards the foot—they stopped for an instant, then moved in

the direction of the windows, which were opposite the door, and between which was the table on which the lamp stood. Without again attempting to rise, my father turned to look whether the door was open. No, it was shut, and the key remained in the lock as he had left it. During the few seconds which passed while he was looking at the door, he perceived that the lamp had gone out, or had been extinguished, for instead of the yellow light of the lamp, there was now only the pale blue light of the moon, shining through the windows. The two figures were still there, now standing motionless, then slowly retreating backwards in the direction of the fireplace. My father became nervous and extremely uncomfortable, yet he retained sufficient presence of mind to enable him to examine his nocturnal visitors.

"Except that they were of a different height, in all other respects they presented precisely the same horrible aspect, which my father described as that of a death's head, partially concealed by a sort of cowl or veil, which fell over the shoulders, while the body was loosely wrapped in long white drapery, which, descending to the feet, concealed the whole of the figure except one bony wrist and hand. The idea of being locked in with these two frightful unearthly beings became intolerable, and my father resolved at all hazards to rush out of bed and make his escape. He rose, keeping his eyes fixed on the spectres who were now nodding their ghastly heads, and beckoning him with their skeleton fingers, but making no attempt to approach nearer the bed, or to intercept his retreat towards the door. Though in a state of considerable agitation, my father never for an instant lost his presence of mind, and though, as he told me, his hand shook violently as he unlocked the door, he did not neglect to lock it again on the other side, as soon as he found himself safely in the passage. This done, he passed on quickly to his own bedroom, and hurrying on his dressing-gown, went without a minute's delay to call up his man-servant. Now I must explain, for the benefit of those here who are not so well acquainted with the geography of the house as Mr. Bradley and the major, that in order to reach the butler's room it was necessary first to go down the front stairs, then through the servants' hall, and up the back stairs, which led to the servants' rooms. With all the haste, therefore, that my father could make, several minutes must have elapsed between the time of his

leaving the room in which he slept, and his reaching that of his servants.

"He knocked sharply at the door, but receiving no answer, he went in, and, as he expected, found the butler and his wife both fast asleep. His first idea was to wake them, and ask if they had seen or heard anything unusual; but, after a few moments' reflection, he decided that it would be much more discreet to leave them to their repose, which he felt assured had not been disturbed that night.

"Without betraying his secret to any person in the house, he next morning made a careful examination of the room. The door he found locked as he had left it; the windows were both of them barred. The old-fashioned linen-chest which you saw last night, I should tell you, was not then kept in the room, and if it had been it could never have contained two, or even one being of the size of those whom my father had seen gliding about in the moonlight. It was impossible that they should have been secreted under the bedstead, which was too low to admit of such a supposition. The chimney was much too narrow, and, had it been otherwise, the white garments of the apparitions would have afforded sufficient proof that they did not enter by that means. The sliding panel in the wainscot was immovable, having been made fast at the time that my father had the plate-closet removed to his own chamber. The thing was inexplicable: the more my father pondered on the matter, the more was he perplexed, and at length, finding no clue to the mystery, he resolved, whether wisely or not I cannot say, to keep it to himself, and comply with his friend's entreaty never to allow any person to occupy the room again.

"Such was my father's strange story, which he concluded by begging me, whenever I should take his place as master of the house, to prevent any one's sleeping in that chamber, —and no one ever has done so till last night, when, you all are aware how much against my wish, the major persisted in passing the night in a room which for such extraordinary reasons had been disused for so many years. I have nothing more to add, but Mr. Bradley will now tell you, not only what came to his knowledge several years ago, but of the discoveries he made this morning whilst we were out with our guns; and when you have heard his story, I think you will agree with me in believing that he has thrown such a strong light upon the spectres that they will never

again venture to show themselves in this neighborhood."

Addressing himself to the squire, Mr. Bradley said:

"Although I have been in orders almost forty years, I never till to-day was called upon to lay a ghost! In former times, I believe, it was considered to be one part of the priest's duty, and probably a very profitable part, for who would not pay a pretty round sum of money to get rid of such unwelcome visitors as those that you have just described moping and mowing, nodding their brainless skulls, and shaking their skeleton fingers, to the terror of all good Christians who would fain sleep in peace; entering his room, too, in spite of locked doors and well-barred windows, and vanishing in the like miraculous manner! 'Tis horrible to think of! What incantations those long-headed old priests used to overcome the powers of darkness I am deplorably ignorant of. Perhaps, like me, they sometimes get a peep behind the scenes, which is a vast help in these matters, and without which advantage, I confess, I should have been quite unable to fathom this mysterious affair.

"I must tell you, then, that about sixteen years ago, whilst I was still a resident in this parish, I was sent for one day to see Mrs. Lofty, the old housekeeper here, who was dying. I had buried her husband only a few weeks before. The old couple had for a great many years been considered as most trustworthy and conscientious servants of the old squire, your father (for you were called the young squire then), but it seems in one particular they had not deserved the confidence which was reposed to them. The woman, it seems, was greatly afraid of her husband, for whilst he was alive she had never had sufficient courage to confess the guilty part she had taken in deceiving her master. After his death, and feeling that her own end was approaching, she determined to relieve her conscience by making a full confession of the deception they had so successfully practised. She told me that in his youth, her husband, like a great many men of his class on this coast, had often been actively engaged in smuggling spirits, and that long after he had discontinued going out to sea, and had to all appearance become a steady man, he had kept up a connection with smugglers, and aided them in various ways, but so cunningly that he had never been suspected by his master. You observed," continued Mr. Bradley, ad-

ressing himself to me, "the beautiful view of the sea from the windows of the 'haunted room,' as it has been called for many years? Now there are only two bedrooms in the house which command this particular view, looking down the great avenue—the one just mentioned and the adjoining one, occupied by the man-servant. It was well known that a very favorite place for running a cargo of spirits on shore was just that spot opposite the end of the avenue, where it was easy to conceal the kegs amongst the black rocks at low water, and where the proximity of so many trees afforded concealment to the boat's crew. In order to prevent, if possible, the room from being used at night, they gave it a bad name, and affected to believe that it was haunted, and so long as this scheme answered their purpose, they took no other means; but if, in spite of the dark hints that the housekeeper threw out, any person should persist in sleeping there, they were prepared with some frightful disguises with which to terrify him sufficiently to prevent a second attempt at such an indiscretion. Still," continued Mr. Bradley, again addressing the squire, "this does not account for the most perplexing part of the business. I have no doubt that it was the belief that there was no other means of entering the room except by the door or windows, which were known to be securely fastened, which caused the terror that was felt by both your late father and by his friend. But there was, and there still is, if I have not been misinformed, a perfectly easy means of access from one of these rooms to the other, which, with your permission, sir, we will now go and examine. I expect that we shall find other proofs of roguery which will leave no doubt as to the character of the monstrous apparitions you have just described."

We went up stairs into the man-servant's room. Mr. Bradley opened the door of a closet by the side of the fireplace, at the back of which were five or six brass hooks, on which hung the man's great-coat, a waterproof cape, and some other garments.

"I think if we remove these things," said Mr. Bradley, "we shall discover the entrance into the other room."

The coats were instantly taken down, but still we could see no signs of any communication with the "haunted room."

"This closet, you observe, is not eighteen inches in depth, and as there is no recess by the side of the chimney in the other room,

there must be plenty of space for another closet of similar dimensions at the back of this—the question is, how is it to be got at?”

“My carpenter can show us that,” said the squire; “he fitted up the plate closet, and made this for the servants at the same time.”

“And you were absent from home at the time, so I think Mrs. Lofty told me?”

“Yes, she cunningly suggested that the job had better be done when I was out of the way, on account of the dust and other disturbances it would make. I see her reasons now—the old hypocrite!”

“You need not send for the carpenter: ‘a sliding door, like the one her master had ordered to be fastened up; that is what she said, and though she was much confused, and at times quite incoherent, repeating these words frequently without any obvious sense, I believe I now understand what she meant. Those pegs, you see, are placed above the panel, and are immovable, but the panel itself, which in fact forms the partition between the two rooms, I have no doubt is the one she attempted to describe.”

It was probably a great many years since the door had been moved, so that it did not give way immediately when we endeavored to push it aside. However, after some little impatience, and a good deal of humoring, we at length got it to slide in the groove which had been made for it.

If there were any doubt remaining in our minds as to the nature of the apparitions which had caused so much dismay in the family in goneby times, what we now beheld would have dissipated it, for on the back of the panel which opened into the “haunted room,” hung two pasteboard masks, made closely to represent two death’s heads, and on the floor lay a heap of dusty, yellow-looking linen, which had once been white. On removing these ghostly habiliments, we found two skeleton hands, or the imitations of them, for I cannot say that I examined them sufficiently to know what materials they were made of. Such were the abominable disguises that had been used by the butler and the housekeeper his wife!

There now remained only to remove the partition between the closet and the “haunted room.” This was done without any difficulty, after a small iron hook, or catch, had been raised. The passage between the two rooms was thus easily made, yet quite imperceptible when it was closed.

Some of the company present proposed

that the masks and other trumpery should be shown in the village, but the old clergyman suggested that it would be far better they should be burnt, and as the squire was of the same opinion, we immediately made an *auto da fe* of all the rubbish.

“There is one thing I don’t quite understand,” said the squire, speaking to Mr. Bradley; “how was it that you never till now told me of the rascally trick that had been played by Lofty and his wife?”

“You recollect that I left Sandiland just at the time of the old woman’s death. If I had remained here, most likely the subject would have been mentioned, and the discovery which we have just now made, would have been made sixteen years ago. But the fact is, I had not any notion that the audacious plan of using frightful disguises had ever been carried into execution, or that your father himself had ever been so insulted by his servants. What was meant about the *sliding door* I never suspected till last night, when you told us of the secret closet that had formerly been used for plate. I think, sir, that the ghost is now forever laid, and that this room may very safely be used in future; perhaps it would be the best way of silencing foolish tongues if it were slept in occasionally. Some of these young men—”

Four or five candidates offered themselves immediately.

Before the party at Sandiland broke up, I was obliged to return to my studies. Many years have rolled on since those happy days, bringing their stores of good and of evil, bringing new friends and dearer relations, sweeping away old friends, none more dear to me than my kind-hearted old friend the squire. The major, too, is gone, and the fine old house where we met has passed into very different hands, and is no longer . . . what it was!

AN OLD JOKE IN A SCOTCH DRESS.

An English tourist visited Arran, and being a keen disciple of Izaak Walton, was arranging to have a day’s good sport. Being told that the cleg or horse-fly would suit his purpose admirably for tackle, he addressed himself to Christy, the Highland servant girl—“I say, my girl, can you get me some horse-flies?” Christy looked stupid, and he repeated his question. Finding that she did not yet comprehend him, he exclaimed, “Why, girl, did you never see a horse-fly?” “Naa, sir,” said the simple girl, “but a wus wanse saw a coo jump ower a preshipice.”

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MAY-QUEEN:

OR, O'DONOHUE'S BRIDE.

BY ABBY M. HEMENWAY.

[There is a beautiful Irish legend, that upon the first morning in May, the spirit of O'Donohue glides over the surface of a wild lake embosomed in the Emerald Isle; drawn by white steeds, in a car wreathed with flowers, while a train of attending nymphs, sweetly singing, fling garlands in his pathway. Some affirm that one fair maiden, enamored with him, threw herself from an overhanging cliff, to be his bride.]

The glad May morning dawned rosy and fair,
Its soft breezes played mid the golden hair
Of a fairy creature, strayed from her cot,
So lost in sweet thought that earth seemed forgot.

She murmurs: "Fair morn! 'tis beauteous I ween!
And they tell me to-day I'm to be queen;
My heart must be light, my smile must be gay,
And merry my laugh, as queen of the May."

"Ah, they dream not how my young heart is crushed,
How the voice that I loved in death's now hushed;
O'Donohue's proud form, so gallant and gay,
Haunts my visions by night, my memory by day."

"He stood by my couch last night while I slept,
Wiped teardrops that fell, while dreaming I wept;
Whispered, 'Sweet Mary, at break of the day,
Meet me where the cliff's wet with the lakelet's spray.'"

She paused as she drew near the lake's wild shore;
Her eye with wildness more bright than before;
Music, unearthly, a sweet, thrilling strain,
She heard; 'twas the song of her lover's gay strain.

How proudly his white steeds ploughed the white foam,
As though 'twere joy o'er the waves to roam;
Mary, the smile of O'Donohue did meet
And bent o'er the waters that smile to greet.

His words were like magic—"My Mary O'Keene,
Bright, peerless maiden, of beauty the queen,
Go forth and be crowned, with mirth and with glee,
When eve steals o'er the glen, then hasten to me."

Away from the wild foamy lake she turned;
A strange, bright rapture in her dark eye burned;
And all said the smile of Mary O'Keene
Was never so sweet as when crowned their queen.

She the merry dance led, joyous to sight,
With May-flowers wreathed, and robed in pure white;
But a silver-haired man, mid the flow of mirth,
Sighed, "Our winsome queen's too lowly for earth."

When the pale moon in the heavens rode high,
Fair Mary, singing, to the lake drew nigh;
"O, a happier group I ne'er have seen,
Than wove my bright floral crown on the green."

"Yet, an old man marked my strange, gushing mirth,
And said its sweetness was not born of earth;
Old man! thy prophetic eye saw no more;
Ye knew not my heart found rest by this shore."

"There comes the train of my hero so brave,
The nymphs strew flowers in his path o'er the wave."

She smiled—the scene was enchanting to view;
O'Donohue 'neath the frowning cliff drew.

Her lover spake low, "Hail, queen of the May!
Sweetly the wave-nymphs shall chant their glad lay,
When thou in my flower-wreathed car dost ride
Gaily with me o'er the billowy tide."

"Then come, sweet Mary, and be thou my bride,
And away o'er the foaming surge we'll glide."
"I come!" she cried, and plunged 'neath the cold wave,
That moaned as it closed o'er the May-queen's grave.

[ORIGINAL.]

STEVE ALLARD'S BEAR STORY.

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

STEVE ALLARD, an old settler among the White Hills, was acknowledged to be the toughest story-teller that ever set foot in those parts. No matter how improbable a one might be told in his hearing, he would beat it, by all odds. He always had a stock on hand, that he was ever fond of telling, and so often had he rehearsed them, that I firmly believe he thought he was rehearsing actual occurrences. I have often heard them from his lips, and I propose jotting down a few of them for the amusement of the readers of the Magazine.

"Saw some bear-tracks up 'mong the mountains, did you?" said old Steve to me one day, when I and a couple of friends had returned from a trip in the woods, and stopped for a drink of water at a spring that bubbled up close to his cottage. "Wall, they aint so thick as they was when I first came up here to settle. Why, bless your soul, the two first years that I staid here, the pesky critters eat up all my corn; and then, I 'spects because they thought I hadn't any to give the hog,

one night they eat him up. I heard piggy squeal when they nabbed him, for he had made his nest close by the head of my bed, outside the logs. I up and grabbed my gun, but before I could get out, the pesky varmint had trotted off, carrying piggy in his arms. I chased them into the woods, but the bear could run with the hog faster than I could, and so I had to give it up. But I'll tell you of a circumstance which happened that very fall, not more than a month arter I lost my hog.

"Says my old 'oman to me one day, says she, 'Steve, what are we going to do for grease? The hog's gone, and these taters are mighty dry without something to make them slip down. I declare, my insides feel dry as sheepskin.'

"'Nancy,' says I, 'we do want a little grease, that's a fact, and as the bears have got the hog, I can't think of anything better than shooting one of 'em to pay for it. Exchange is no robbery, as John Bunyan said in his Pilgrim, so the bears can't complain if I nab one of 'em; and jest as quick as I get the rest of the taters dug, ye shall have some grease, so be easy a little while longer.'

"Wall, arter two or three days the taters were all dug, and the next morning, arter I had eaten my grub, I took my gun and set out. Nancy wanted to know when I should come back, and I told her not until I had nabbed a bear, sartin, and she needn't look for me until dark. Then she told me to take care of myself, and off I started.

"The bears must have kinder 'spected that day, that old Steve was arter them, for I tramped and tramped till it was nigh about noon, and not a glimpse of the pesky varmints did I get, and I began to think that Nancy would have to wait for grease a spell longer.

"At last I began to grow kinder hungry, so I sot down on an old rotten log, and took out a hunk of bread that Nancy had put in my pocket when I started, and begun to fill up my insides; but I kept my eyes open all the time, in hopes a bear might come along. All at once I spied, right afore, me a big pine stub, that had been broken off by the wind, up some twenty-five or thirty feet; and the moment I set my eyes on it, I knew that a bear lived inside of it, 'cause all up and down the outside were great long scratches, where the bear had stuck in his claws in getting up and down. Thinks I to myself, old Steve, you're lucky, and Nancy will get her grease.

"When I had gulped down the last of the bread, I went up to the stub, and begun to lay my plans to get at the bear, if he was inside. I pounded and pounded, but no bear showed himself on top, and at last I began to think that the old lady had gone away, and perhaps wouldn't be back till night. But I was determined to find out whether the varmint was at home or not, so I put my gun agin the stub, and began to shin it up. It was putty hard work; but at last, puffing and blowing, I got to the top. Thar was a great round hole down in, but it was so dark that you couldn't see a wink. Arter I had rested a minute, I thought I would stick my head down in a little ways, and perhaps, arter I was used to the dark, I could see to the bottom. So I fixed myself, and stuck my head in as far as I could; but it hadn't been in a second, before the rotten wood gin way, and down I went inside the stub, about as quick as ever I went twenty feet before.

"The first thing I knew when I reached the bottom, was, that something was scratching my eyes out, and that my nose was full of rotten wood. I made a grab at the something, and at the same time tried to turn right end upward, which I did at last, though the varmint kept scratching and biting. But at last I got the critter where I could hold him, and found that it was a young bear, who, I guess, was kinder skeered when he saw me coming down head first on him. I soon put an end to his scratching, and in doing it I found that I had stuck my head into his brother, and knocked the life out of him afore he knewed what ailed him.

"Arter I had taken care of the cub, I began to think about getting out; but I found it was easier to think about than it was to do. The bears had been up and down the inside of the stub so much, that they had worn it jest as smooth as glass, and if I made out to get up two or three feet, it was not long before I slid back again.

"I tried it and tried it, but it want no use. The harder I tried, the quicker I came down, and at last I gin it up, and sot down a-top of the cubs, and thought what a nice scrape I had got into. I thought what Nancy would think if I never came back, and wondered if she would marry old Daddy Elkins, who had jest lost his third wife, and was looking round arter another. But what made me the maddest of all, was, that if I died there, Sam Bean would get the road made round by his cabin, instead of by mine; and when I thought

of this, it made me so mad that I up and tried it again; but it want no use; you might as well have tried to climb a greased iceberg.

"All at once I heard a growl outside of my den, and I knowed in a minute that the old bear had come back, and was smelling of my gun. Thinks I to myself, Steve, you may as well say your prayers, for if she comes down here, you are a goner. For five minutes she kept growling, and then my hair began to stand on end, for I heard her scratching, and I knew that she had begun to climb the stub, and would be down upon me in a twinkling. Thinks I, Steve, you may as well meet her sitting down as standing up; so I kept my seat on the cub, and watched the hole way above me, that looked 'bout as big as a silver dollar.

"At last I saw a great black head, and some big paws way 'bove me; and putty soon the old serpent begun to back down into the den, making it as dark as a pocket. Down she came, kinder slowly; but when she had got 'bout half way, an idea popped into my head, and up I got as quick as a flash, and out with my knife, and stood waiting for her to come within reach. At last she was near enough, and with one hand I made a grab, and a fast one, at her tail, and with the other pricked her with the knife, and the way we went up that stub was a caution to railroads—beat all travelling that ever I heard of.

"When I got to the top of the stub, I let go my engine, and the way she came down the outside and put for the woods, was a caution. I was at the bottom soon arter she was, but I couldn't find it in my heart to shoot the critter, arter she had done me such good service; but I shot one afore I got home."

"Quite an adventure, that, Uncle Steve," said we, and we took another drink at the spring; "but I thought that bears didn't have any tails."

"The most of 'em don't; but this one had a long one for a bear. It was jest long enough to get a fair hold."

We said no more, but went our way.

HOW TO WIN.

A rich saddler, whose daughter was afterwards married to Dunk, the celebrated Earl of Halifax, ordered in his will that she should lose her fortune if she did not marry a saddler. The young Earl of Halifax, in order to win the bride, served an apprenticeship of seven years to a saddler, and afterwards bound himself to the rich saddler's daughter for life.

SEALS.

The ancients endeavored to prohibit the use of images of their deities on their signs or seal; but in process of time this was little regarded; it became customary to have the figures of Egyptian and other deities, as well as of horses, monsters, friends, ancestors, and even brutes on their *dactyli*, or ring-seals. Cæsar had the image of Venus; Pollio, of Alexander; Augustus, of the Sphinx; Pompey, of a frog; Lentulus, of his grandfather. It was the custom in the middle ages for the sovereign to add greater sanction, when sealing his mandates, by embedding three hairs from his beard in the wax, and there is still a charter of 1121 extant, which contains in the execution clause words recording that the king had confirmed it by placing three hairs from his beard in the seal.

TO PROMOTE HEALTH.

Do not expect, sir, some wonderful announcement, some fascinating mystery! No. It is simply the plain little practice of leaving your bedroom window a little open at the top while sleeping, both winter and summer. I do not come before you as a theorist or an inexperienced teacher, in thus calling loudly upon every family to this healthful practice. I am the father of ten children, all in pure health, and have, thank God, never lost one, although their natural constitutions were not robust. But in addition to the sanitary effect of the practice in my own family, whenever I have advised others to try its effects, it has invariably been found pleasant and beneficial.

PRECAUTION AGAINST CONTAGION.

Apartments in which are persons suffering from infectious disorders, or otherwise liable to engender contagion, should be fumigated as follows:—Take two parts of powdered manganese, two of common salt, three of sulphuric acid, and one of water. Put the manganese and salt into an earthen vessel in the apartment to be purified; then pour upon it slowly the sulphuric acid, and next the water. If the manganese cannot be procured, the other ingredients will answer the purpose without it. By putting fire under the vessel the fumes will be increased.

HEARTS-EASE.

There is a flower I wish to wear,

But not until first worn by you:

Hearts-ease—of all earth's flowers most rare;

Bring it, and bring enough for two.—LANDOR.

[ORIGINAL.]

WHEN SUMMER COMES.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD.

When summer comes, the streams shall join their voices,

And shout exultant as they hasten by,
And we, no longer sad, while earth rejoices,
Shall sweetly dream beneath a sapphire sky.

There shall be flowers in our pathway springing,
Soft odors borne on balmy southern breeze;
Sweet notes of joy and gladness shall come ringing
From sylvan songsters, hid among the trees.

The leaves shall whisper softly to each other,
Of mysteries for mortal ken too high;
And breezes soft shall vie with one another,
To steal the secret as they rustle by.

Out of the deep, blue silence above us,
Shall fall a mystic light o'er hill and plain,
Which, like the glow in eyes that truly love us,
Once seen, can never be forgot again.

Each rosy morn shall break in cloudless splendor,
With flash of sun, and rain of odor sweet;
While pensive eve, with skies serene and tender,
Shall shed her dews in blessing at our feet.

There shall be golden hours for quiet dreaming
Beneath the shadow of the elm tree high,
Or in the silent night, when stars are beaming—
Those angel-poems written on the sky.

When summer comes, our hearts no more shall languish,

Sad and dejected, and with pain oppressed;
Within our memory no thought of anguish
Shall rise to mar our dream of perfect rest.

[ORIGINAL.]

UNCLE HARRY'S TRIALS.

BY S. W. LOPER.

"GOOD morning, Father Johnson; what seems to be the matter now," said Mr. Fowler over his garden fence, from whence he had been an amused listener, for sometime, to his neighbor's out-spoken thoughts.

"Matter! matter! here's this ere spring pig, I paid six weeks for, three dols ago, dead as a door nail; it beats all natur, it beats all natur! Nothing wants the matter with him yesterday, as I know'd on, his supper eat him all up, clean as a whistle, and here he is dead; everything goes fust endways this morning, and there's the gal to go for—I declare if the

fence haint knocked the cow down now, and she's eating the corn up," and off the old man started, yelling with his stentorian lungs, loud enough to upset the walls of Jericho, leaving his neighbor convulsed with laughter, though the present scene was only such as he almost daily witnessed.

Uncle Harry Johnson, or, "The Old Harry," as some wicked urchins called him, was an odd genius, noisy and rattle-brained, and, when under excitement, always saying and doing everything wrong end first. He was a constant source of amusement to the neighborhood, though he had a way of stumbling into their private affairs, which was rather annoying, yet they bore this patiently, knowing as they did his native honesty and goodness of intention. Aunt Rachel, or, his "old woman," as he styled her, was one of those happy-hearted women who never seem to have any trouble. "Spry as a cricket," and "gay as a lark," she was a favorite with all, especially the children, who delighted in her jovial ways and cute sayings, though they always kept clear of Uncle Harry; they had no affinity for him, nor he for them, though Aunt Rachel always told them he "did not mean anything bad, it was only his way," but it was a way they did not like, and they generally avoided him. There was one young chap, however, who fairly haunted the old man. Dick Wortley was a precious scamp; as trickish and mischief-loving as Uncle Harry was odd; it was he who had tilted over the rails that morning, and let the cow into the growing corn, then, swinging up into the farmer's famous harvest apple, helped himself to the fruit, while awaiting the maturing of his iniquity.

With the customary amount of talking and shouting, Uncle Harry drove out the cow, and stopped directly beneath the tree to put up the fence. "I never did see sich a brindled thing as that ere hooking cow, the fence is allus a knocking her down, and the widder sold me to her for a ruly critter. How that ere fruit is droppin," as smash came an apple on the rail beside him, but which had been aimed at his nose; "bout time this corn was hoed agin, and there's the rye to cut, too, enough to do, daddy; and there's the gal to go for; sixty years old to-day! wouldn't have thought on't, if almanac hadn't looked into the old woman this morning. Sixty years old to-day! Just think on't, don't seem mor'n yesterday since old Jones's darter axed me to be her wife; there's that dead pig, it beats all

natur, hope wont none rest on us die this year; wonder where that Wortley young un is, he's allus hanging round here in the morning. Sixty years old to-day, daddy, it beats all natur, just think on't, well, you're some yet," and laying up the last rail, and straightening himself up, with an inward consciousness of his vigor, he returned to the barn, harnessed his horse, led him head first into the shafts, did not see the hitch exactly, tried again, got him right at last, and tackled, evidently thinking at the same time of his errands. "Stop at Bramford and get the plough pint, and then there's the caliker Merwin don't keep, and the balsam for old woman, and—whoa, there! can't you stand still?" at the same time jerking at the patient animal as if the act would quicken his memory.

"What is it?" cried Aunt Rachel from the door, as she saw his perplexity.

"The caliker," continued he, unmindful of her question, and looking down, and thrusting his left hand deep in his pocket—"the caliker, the balsam, and—"

"Why, it's the girl you are to go for," said Aunt Rachel.

"The gal! so it is, it beats all natur, why didn't you think before, daddy;" and with an additional thundering "whoa!" and a jerk at the lines, he climbed into the wagon and drove off.

The "gal" he was to go for was Aunt Rachel's niece, her youngest sister's child. Her parents had died within a few months of each other, and at the age of ten, Gracie Allen was left an orphan among strangers, at the "far West." Kind ones, however, had interested themselves in her behalf, and written to Aunt Rachel, of whom she had often heard but never seen. The heart of the old lady yearned at once towards the little waif, thus left adrift upon the ocean of life; and her husband forgot for awhile his antipathy to "young uns," and said that "the little one might come to their nest; God had never given the old woman a chick of her own, and she should have this one to brood."

They sent for her at once, and, in charge of a friend, she had arrived at New Haven, where she awaited the coming of Uncle Harry. This journey, or the object of it, had been a source of extraordinary fretfulness to him for several days, and the incidents of the morning had increased his disturbance, and also occasioned much delay, before he got under way. Scarcely had the wagon turned the first corner, ere Dick Wortley dropped from the ap-

ple tree, his pockets well loaded with fruit, and sauntered down the lane; as he passed the barnyard, a large flock of geese sallied out for their daily forage; Dick's eye twinkled with some new idea; drawing a hook and line from his pocket, he baited the hook carefully with the core of the apple he had been eating, dropped it in the path, and walked quietly past the geese, paying out his line, and at the same time drawing slowly along the tempting bait. The sweet morsel soon caught the eye of the leading gander—another moment, and the hook was firmly fixed in his bill, and he felt himself drawn along by some mysterious, irresistible power, as Dick pulled in the slack, and moved on towards the house. The gander soon began to remonstrate against such compulsory travelling, and the whole flock, joining in the outcry, soon brought Aunt Rachel to the door. She did not perceive the bond of union between the two, and Dick sauntered up to the fence, in a careless manner, his hands folded behind his back, and all the while tightening up on the line.

"Good morning, Aunt Rachel; is Mr. Johnson at home?"

"No, Dick, he has gone to New Haven to-day; do you want to see him?"

Dick appeared not to hear the question, and cocked his eye over at the gander, giving him a slight jerk, which brought out a tremendous flapping of wings.

"Your old gander don't seem to like me very much, Aunt Rachel," at the same time moving fearfully on a few steps.

"Never mind him, Dick, he wont touch you; Mr. Johnson has gone to New Haven to—"

But the crisis had come. Dick waited not to hear any explanations, but, giving a spring, the gander following suit, flapping his wings and screaming, while Dick was yelling:

"Keep him off, Aunt Rachel! keep him off! Darn him, he's going to pitch into me!"

Both disappeared around the corner, and up the street, amid roars of laughter from the customers and loungers in the store opposite, who comprehended at once that it was a Wortley scrape, while Aunt Rachel went back into the house, wondering "what did all the old gander, that he took such a spite to Dick?"

In the course of the afternoon, the gander sneaked back into the barnyard, resplendent in all the colors of the rainbow. He had evidently had enough of Dick Wortley.

Sweet Gracie Allen! How her heart sank within her, as she looked for the first time at the rough form of Uncle Harry, and thought of what she had imagined him to be, and wondered if Aunt Rachel was as old and ugly-looking. She thought of her lost father and mother, and the miserable feelings of the past few weeks seemed to close around her young soul, and to shut out the brightness of life.

Uncle Harry knew not how to talk to children. He was as awkward with Gracie as a bashful lover; yet as he looked in her little, angel face, and saw in her eyes that sad, lone, craving expression, his great heart swelled with kind thoughts. He knew how her heart must be aching, and he strove, in his uncouth way, to enliven and interest her. Gracie soon saw that he was not quite the savage he appeared to be, and, as they rode along through the smiling country, beautiful in its summer luxuriance, she forgot, somewhat, the unpleasantness of her circumstances, and enjoyed, with a child's delight, everything they saw.

It was not long before she was showing some confidence in her companion, and in her artless language was telling him all about her sorrows; her tears flowed freely as she talked of her dear, dead mama, and more than once Uncle Harry murmured, "It beats all natur;" and his great, brown eyes were blinded with an unusual moisture, and he had to give vent to his feelings in a vehement jerking and whipping of their patient steed.

The day was bright and lovely, yet a late rain had unsettled the roads, and their progress was slow; it was full sixteen miles to G—, and it was quite dark before they reached their journey's end, and the weary child, leaning against her uncle, at last fell asleep, and he wrapped her shawl closely around her, to protect her from the chill evening air. When they drove up to the door she was yet asleep, and Uncle Harry took her in his strong arms, and carried her into the house; and as he gave her up to Aunt Rachel, he was experiencing sensations such as he had never felt before. Aunt Rachel was amazed at the quietness of their arrival. She could not believe at first that it was them. Her husband's coming had always before been announced by exclamations and slammings and rattlings loud enough to be heard half a mile, and it was well if he did not run into the fence, or try to enter the house without opening the door. But as she laid off the wrappings of the yet sleeping child, as it lay upon the

high-backed lounge, and gazed upon its beauty, marvellous even in repose, she ceased to wonder; and, as half awakening she called for "mama," the tears rolled down Aunt Rachel's cheeks, and she clasped the little one in her arms with a mother's tenderness. At last, thoroughly aroused, she looked up and said:

"Are you Aunt Rachel?"

"Yes, darling. You have had a long ride, haven't you?"

The child made no reply, but looked around the room half curiously, half sadly, and then at Aunt Rachel.

"You must be dreadful tired and hungry, we'll have supper right off," and the old lady bustled around, striving to hide her emotions and to make everything bright and cheerful.

Uncle Harry drove his horse to the barn, and in perfect silence proceeded to unharness. As he was thus engaged, he was startled by unmistakable grunts from the pound where he had left the dead pig. Almost trembling with excitement, he looked over the side of the pound, and peering down into the darkness, he could discern the form of the pig standing as usual by the trough, waiting for its supper. "This *does* beat all natur," and he ran into the house to tell Aunt Rachel, almost breaking his neck over the wood-pile.

Aunt Rachel would not believe it; she knew the pig lay dead at sundown, when she went out to milk. He must be mistaken. But no, she could hear its grunting and squealing herself, on going to the door. It must have something to eat; anyway, so Uncle Harry carried out a pail of swill. As he approached the pound, the grunts were of the most appealing nature.

"It beats all natur, the critter must a forgot to woke up, and bin asleep all the time, it's all right now, though," as a satisfied sound came up from the pound, as he poured in the swill. Could he have had a little daylight, as he turned away, he might have seen Dick Wortley crawling over the opposite side of the pound into the street. The next morning, the mystery was more complicated than ever, for the pig lay dead in the corner of the pound, and the supper remained in the trough, untouched. It plagued the old man all the forenoon; but, as he went home to dinner, he came across the old gander wandering alone in its war-paints; the rest of the flock disdaining to have anything to do with such a nondescript. Here was another wonder. But he began to have a glimmering of light; a shadowy Dick Wortley floated before his mind's eye. The old man was no fool, and he asso-

ciated one mischief with another, and the end of it all was Dick Wortley! At the dinner-table, Aunt Rachel confirmed his suspicions. No harm had been done, and they had their enjoyment of the joke. Before their meal was finished, in walked Dick, whistling in low notes, and staring saucily at Gracie, who shrank back abashed at his rudeness.

"This is the 'gal,' I suppose, Uncle Harry?" said he.

"It is Gracie Allen; she has come to live with us," said Aunt Rachel.

"I suppose so, it's her I come to see."

"You'd better be a little more civil about it, then, you rascal," quickly returned Uncle Harry.

"Ah! I beg your pardon, Miss Allen! How's your health, madam?" at the same time rising, and putting on all the airs of a gentleman, with such mock solemnity that even Gracie could not help laughing, though thinking all the time what a hateful boy he was.

"Old woman, you had better get a pail of swill for Dick; he grunts as if he was hungry. I don't believe he has had anything since last night; it beats all natur how greedy these young pigs are."

Dick saw at once that he was exposed; for once in his life, he blushed; he looked at Gracie as if he felt himself lowered in her estimation, but he quickly recovered his boldness, and replied:

"Never mind the swill, Aunt Rachel, I can get along with a slice of goose."

"Goose! goose, you rascal! I should think you had been along with a big gander instead," said Uncle Harry. "It beats all natur how full of deviltry you are; you ought to be flogged for painting him up in that style."

"I thought I'd ornament him a little; I don't like to see too much of one color, and you don't blame me, do you, Aunt Rachel? It only served the gander right for pitching into me."

"He was rather hard on you, that's a fact, Dick," said Aunt Rachel. "I don't see what ailed him."

"I don't see it either," said Dick, and going to the door, he turned and made a low obeisance, with his eye fixed on Gracie, and went off whistling loud and merrily.

"That chap beats all natur! he'll get in to trouble one of these days, playing off his tricks; he don't fool me, though, any more, I can tell you."

After dinner, Uncle Harry went across the street to the store, as was his daily habit, to

get the news. Dick Wortley sat on the counter. The papers had just arrived, and Mr. Merwin, the merchant, with his usual politeness, handed him one. He took it, and sat down by the window; after reading awhile, some disturbance in the street attracted his attention, he dropped his paper, and ran to the door. Dick, who had been watching his chance, while all the rest were looking into the street, quickly exchanged the paper for one a month old, and as quickly was at the other end of the counter, absorbed in innocent thoughts. The momentary excitement over, Uncle Harry resumed his reading; suddenly he broke out with:

"What's this? they've had another battle down in Mexico; it beats all natur; ole Taylor's licked out Anta Sanna, and took his cork leg, with his horse and carriage inside out, he's gin the Mexicans fitticular pits, and glad on't, hang 'em."

All hands stared and laughed. Mr. Merwin smiled, and said, very quietly:

"That is old news. You have got the wrong paper, sir."

Uncle Harry glanced through his specs at the date.

"That's a fact." Then starting up, he exclaimed: "Where's that Wortley young un?"

But Dick had seen and heard enough, and had made good his exit out the back door.

The next day, while Aunt Rachel was at one of the neighbors and Uncle Harry was in the rye-field, Dick made his appearance at the kitchen door, with a string of splendid trout in one hand, and a cluster of beautiful flowers in the other.

"Good morning, Miss Gracie Allen," said he. "I have been out fishing this morning, and have brought Aunt Rachel a few trout; and I thought maybe you'd like these," holding out the flowers.

"O, what beauties! Where did you get them?"

"There are plenty up by the brook."

"Can any one pick them?"

"Of course they can. You can get your apron full, if you like, and I will show you sometime, where they grow. But them's the beauties," throwing the trout on the ground. "There's what takes my eye."

"They are pretty," said Gracie, "but it's too bad to kill them. I'd rather have them live than to eat them. Poor things, how they suffer; do put them back in the water, Dick."

"You don't mind killing the flowers?"

"I aint going to kill them, I will put them

in water, and keep them," and she hugged them up to her bosom, and kissed them in childish simplicity.

"Yes," said Dick, "but they will die, finally."

"I know, but so they would if you had not picked them, and they can't feel, Dick, as the fish can. You are real good to bring them to me; I thought you was an ugly boy, but I don't believe you are, after all."

"Who told you I was an ugly boy? Did Aunt Rachel make you think so?"

"O, no, she said you was good-hearted, for all you was such a plague, but I thought you was ugly to bother uncle so."

"You wont think so any more."

"No, not if you don't mean anything bad; you are real good to bring me such pretty flowers."

And they were friends from that day. Dick haunted the place as usual, but with a different spirit.

"It beats all natur," said Uncle Harry one evening, about three weeks after the events we have related occurred, "it beats all natur what has come over Dick Wortley; he aint up to half as many tricks as he used to be."

Aunt Rachel said nothing, but she thought "it beat all natur" what had come over Uncle Harry. He was not near so impatient and fretful as formerly. Then, glancing at Gracie, as she sat on a low stool at her feet, with a book lying in her lap, she knew that she was the ministering angel who was working such changes in them all. At last Gracie closed her book with a deep-drawn sigh, and looking up, said:

"Auntie, I wish I was good."

"Why, Gracie, aint you good?"

"No, auntie, I have bad thoughts, sometimes; I think God was naughty to take away my papa and mama, and I feel cross about it. I knew I ought not to feel so, because mama told me she was going to be an angel, and with papa, and be so happy with him, and I must be good, so as to go to heaven too. Do you think I will be good enough to go to heaven, auntie?"

"I hope so, my darling; I hope we shall all go to heaven."

"I hope you wont go, auntie, before I do, I don't want to be left alone again. Do you you believe my mama knows how much I love her, now? She told me never to forget her, and she would watch over me, and keep close to me, if God would let her. And sometimes, when I lie awake nights, I think I can see her

in my room, and I talk to her; and sometimes I think she is kissing me, and O, it is so sweet!"

And the dear girl clasped her hands over her knee, and gazing into the fire, dreamed on in her happiness, while the tears trickled down Aunt Rachel's cheeks, and Uncle Harry behind his paper, whispered:

"It beats all natur."

That very night Aunt Rachel was taken violently ill, and the doctor had to be called before morning. It was a sickness unto death. And as day after day she grew worse, the whole community were anxious, for Aunt Rachel had been a kind neighbor, and she was loved as a mother by all. Uncle Harry was almost stupefied. He had never known his "old woman" to be so sick before, and his nervousness rendered him useless. He trotted in and out constantly, with a lost, worried look, and inquiring every little while as to Aunt Rachel's feelings. Gracie, with wonderful maturity of action, moved around quietly, assisting the housekeeper and nurse, and striving in every possible way to anticipate Aunt Rachel's wants.

The services of Dick Wortley were invaluable, now. He took it upon himself to see to everything out of doors, and also held himself in readiness to fulfil any commissions from the house. Many were the consultations and expressions of hope and sympathy between him and Gracie. But all their love and care were powerless to save that precious life. At the end of a week Aunt Rachel was conscious that her time had come to give up the world. She felt no fears or regrets on her own account; but she knew what would be the loneliness of Uncle Harry. She knew that none other could administer or be to him as she had been, and with her hand lying in his, as in the springtime of their love, she sought to prepare him for the great sorrow which was to come upon him, and to make him reconciled to the will of God.

"It is hard to think of, husband," she would say, "we have had so many happy days together, but the separation must have come sometime, and it will be but a few short years now before we meet again, and then we shall be so happy; it will be peace—peace and love forever. God has sent Gracie to comfort you, and you must be strong to bear it, for her sake."

The old man heard all with mute, voiceless grief. All the roughness of his character melted away, as he sat there by his dying

wife—thinking a thousand thoughts of the past; thinking of all his own failings, and of all Aunt Rachel's faithfulness and love, and how he must now give her up, and be left alone.

One—two—three—four! And slowly the strokes wailed on from the tolling bell, and as they thrilled and vibrated through the air, one and another paused in their labor and counted—counted on, until the half-expressed fear resulted in a sorrowful certainty that the blessed life of Aunt Rachel was ended.

"Uncle, uncle, please don't. I don't love to see you feel so; indeed, dear, good auntie is a great deal happier now," and the brave girl struggled hard to keep down her own grief, as she thus strove to comfort the sorrowing husband.

His wife had now been dead two months, but the sight of some token of her love and industry had opened the wound afresh. It was wonderful how Gracie had borne this new trouble. She seemed to have forgotten herself, in endeavoring to rouse up and cheer Uncle Harry.

"Auntie wouldn't like to have you feel so, uncle. We ought to be glad she's an angel now." And she came and laid her head caressingly on his shoulder, as he sat in his arm-chair, and put up her little, soft, white hand soothingly to his rough face.

"Yes, yes, child, it is all right, only I wish I could go, too."

"What, uncle! and leave me? No, no, uncle, I must have you left." And she put her arm lovingly around his neck.

"God forgive me, child! I will try and bear it better for your sake." And he drew her up on his knee, and for an hour they talked calmly of the past. She of her dead father and mother, and he of his dead wife, until the weary old man, still holding the angel child, dropped fast asleep. Quietly she sat there nestling down in his lap, dreaming and thinking, until the door opened, and Dick Wortley looked in upon the pretty sight.

Gracie held her finger to her lip in token of silence; then glancing up at the sleeping features of the old man, she slipped softly from her resting place, and came and took a seat beside Dick on the lounge. The two were soon engaged in a conversation evidently of great importance to both, and was the occasion of much surprise to Gracie, as the soberness of her face indicated but little pleasure in Dick's communication.

"I don't want you to go, Dick. We shall be more lonely than ever; and uncle won't want you to go. He said the other day that he would hire you, if you would come."

"I don't want to be a farmer, Gracie, I don't like it; and I don't want to hang around here and be nobody. Father is ready, and glad to have me go. I don't want to leave you and Uncle Harry, but the time will soon pass away, and I shall not forget you."

"O, Dick, I can't bear to have you go; it will be so long."

At this point Uncle Harry woke up. It was a fact that Dick was going to leave. His ambition had been excited. He had been very thoughtful of late, and the result of his cogitations was, a determination to be somebody. He was now sixteen, strong and robust; possessed of a quick, perceptive mind, strengthened by a good common education. He had always had a taste for explorations. There was not a hill or valley or forest within many a mile that he had not penetrated, either from curiosity or mischief; and he had now decided to study surveying. An uncle of his, in government employ, had offered him an excellent opportunity of following his inclinations, and he had accepted it with eagerness. He was to leave on the morrow. Uncle Harry was astounded.

"It beats all natur,"—it was the first time he had used his favorite expression since his wife's death—"it beats all natur, boy; what on sirth shall we do without you?"

"O, you'll do well enough. Gracie will take care of you. I won't forget you, and you shall hear from me often."

The parting words were said. The young couple promised to write to each other, and Dick went forth with a brave heart to battle with the world.

Uncle Harry gradually regained his interest in life. Gracie was indeed a comfort to him, and they were very happy together. The old man determined not to bother himself about the farm, but to rent the land, and free himself from care. Gracie applied herself to study. The village afforded excellent educational advantages, and she improved them. Time passed on rapidly at the old farmhouse; there were but few exciting incidents in their lives, yet all was cheerfulness and contentment. They were both somewhat annoyed, however, by the impertinence of a certain husband-seeking old maid, named Jerusha Simmons, who had set her heart on Uncle Harry almost as soon as Aunt Rachel died.

She attempted to assume a motherly supervision of Gracie, and to work upon Uncle Harry by expressions of sympathy, and a persistent forcing of her services upon them. Her advances were received at first, by both, with patience, but finally, with marked repugnance. But she was not to be easily discouraged. A little of her *comfort*, in the following poetry, sent to Uncle Harry a few weeks after his wife's death, is worthy of record:

"Dear friend: sad is my *lonely* heart to see

Such sorrow in thy life.

A greater loss there cannot be

Than to lose a wife.

Would that some comfort I might be to you.

Wipe off thy tears, and smooth thy brow;

Breathe in thy ears sweet words and true.

Dear friend, O mourn not long, I pray—

Thy wife is happier far in heaven—

O, spurn not all the joy that yet may

Unto thy heart be given.

JERUSHA SIMMONS."

She was continually prying into and disturbing many of their pleasant hours. Uncle Harry was not blind as to her designs, and, after a year's patient endurance, he resolved to bring matters to a focus. One evening, Gracie and he were sitting by the fire, chatting pleasantly over one of Dick's letters, when in popped Jerusha, all smirks and smiles. Uncle Harry was very affectionate and attentive, encouraging her to the fullest extent. She was surprised, and her wizzled heart fluttered as it had never fluttered before; already she saw in perspective the realization of her dream. She winked and ogled to Uncle Harry, and he winked and ogled to her, and she even patted Gracie on the head, and asked her if she "wasn't tired, and wanted to go to bed, dear thing."

Uncle Harry drew his chair close to her, and, unmindful of Gracie, said:

"Jerusha, do you want me for a husband?"

She tried hard to blush, and look like a bashful maiden, and holding down her head, simpered:

"Why, Mr. Johnson, how sudden you are. I never thought of such a thing. Do I want you for a husband? Why—yes—if you think I would make a good mother for this little dear."

"Well, I *don't* think so, and what's more, I don't want you for a wife either, and there's the end o'n't."

If her system had received the full force of a galvanic battery, the insulted spinster could

not have started to her feet more quickly. She looked at the old man a moment with all the concentrated venom of rage and disappointment, and then wheeled out of the room, leaving them forever free from her presence.

As the years rolled on, Gracie Allen, the interesting child, developed into Grace Allen, the thoughtful, noble woman, and the full perfection of her beauty made sad havoc among the hearts of the beaux for miles around. Yet the universal homage she received failed to disturb the serenity of her character. She was the same dear, good creature towards Uncle Harry, and she was as simple and affectionate in her letters to Dick. But, in every woman's life there are hours of weakness and failure which she would gladly blot out and forget. Grace had never, as yet, encouraged by word or act, more than a mere friendliness among her many raving admirers. Whether the bond of sympathy which had been sustained between herself and Richard Wortley had anything to do with this, we cannot tell. Every week brought letters from him, but they contained nothing which the world might not read; and in his terms of attachment she could not have found ought to betoken more than a brother's love. Year after year, as his mind matured, his letters acquired power and manliness of thought, yet, they never seemed to recognize a corresponding growth in her. She was still to him, apparently, the Gracie of his boyhood. Perhaps she had sifted all this, and, finding nothing to sanction what might have been the true feelings of her own heart, in trying to avoid one evil, fell the more easily into another. Perhaps the reason why she had never fallen in love was, because she had never been thrown into close contact with a mind superior to her own. And with such a woman as Grace Allen, respect must come before love.

Charles Thornton seemed to be possessed of every attribute of a gentleman. He had been in the village but a few weeks, before he sought an introduction to Grace. He came to the place with the title of professor, but of what nobody knew. His own expressed desire was for rest and recreation; and social rumors said he was some great character, honored and wealthy. It was enough. His personal appearance was propossessing; his conversation absorbing. No topic could be advanced with which he was not perfectly familiar, and in pursuing his own happiness, he seemed to be striving to make every one else happy also.

Grace could not receive the devotion of such a man with utter indifference. She did not pause to ask what were her true feelings, or his designs. Under the full force of his attractions she was drawn within the eddies of a current, against which she seemed to have no power of resistance. It was a new life to her. Its very novelty enhanced its enjoyment. If any one had said that she was in love, she would have denied it, and yet his society was very fascinating.

The professor was evidently in earnest, and he improved every advantage—he watched every opportunity. He saw the impression he had made on her, and he waited not for any test of time; but at a most propitious moment he wrought upon her sympathies, if not her affections. He told her the story of his life, how he had struggled and suffered, how many disappointments he had endured, and how he had achieved success at last.

She heard, she pitied, she admired more than ever. And when he asked her to crown all with her love, she felt that she could confide in such a man, that she could lean upon and reverence him; and she laid her hand in his, in quiet satisfaction. We do not believe that she gave him such love as she was capable of bestowing; indeed, the first moments of solitary communion were not entirely self-satisfying. She could not tell what was lacking; her lover seemed to be every way worthy; his devotion all she could desire. He was indeed lavish in his tenderness, but when she looked into her own heart, there was not that intense outpouring of affection—that giving up of self, which constitutes love in woman's heart. Her admiration had not that depth which can see no evil in its object. And as her life drifted more and more into his, beneath the brilliancy of his intellect, she discovered shades of character so wanting in purity and truth, as to startle and distress her. Things she held as chaste and sacred, were evidently but little respected in his mind. Unguarded expressions—words dropped in careless moments, created an uneasiness she could not overcome. Could she have looked at once into the dark depths of his heart, it would have saved her many an anxious, weary hour.

It was a merciful providence that his true character was exposed soon enough to save her from a terrible destiny. One morning she listened to him, and said:

"Charles Thornton, I can have nothing more to do with you! No true gentleman, and certainly no Christian, could entertain

such sentiments as you express. I am thankful my eyes have been opened, ere it was too late. It is a bitter end to our intercourse, but it is your own fault. We must part, and forever."

She was herself again; her heart was relieved of a great weight. Their conversation had been long, and finally bitter, ending in open rupture. She had had much to trouble her of late, and she had come out to walk alone that morning, hoping to find some relief for her anxiety. Almost unconsciously, he wandered up through the meadows where Dick Wortley had gathered flowers for her, and crossing the trout brook, entered a shady dell which had been a favorite resort of both in their early companionship. Here Professor Thornton had surprised her, and locking her arm in his, led her footsteps up and down the valley, while he poured his seductive language in her ears. Attributing her silence to interest, he presumed too much on his power over her, and the one step too far had been taken. He had broached his ideas of God and morality to such a disgusting extent and familiarity, that there could no longer be any hesitation on her part. Quickly withdrawing her arm from his, she had boldly denounced his false sophistry, and made him understand that she saw him in his true colors, and despised him accordingly.

Surprised at the result of his presumption, he endeavored in vain to excuse or palliate. She turned from him with a few burning, decisive words, and walked rapidly homeward. An instant he gazed after her; then, springing forward, laid his hand heavily upon her shoulder. The demoniacal expression that met her eyes, as she turned and looked into his face, sent the blood rushing back upon her heart, and caused her to stagger with sudden faintness.

"Grace!" came hoarsely from his livid lips; "Grace Allen! you cannot spurn me thus. I am not a man to be trifled with. You are mine—mine now beyond redemption."

"Charles Thornton, what do you mean?" gasped she. "Let me go in peace—I cannot love you—you have yourself driven all love from my heart. Leave me—let me go!" And she struggled to free herself from his grasp.

"Never!" hissed he in her ear, and tightening his hold upon her.

There could be no mistaking him now. The black passions of his heart were surging forth, fiercely and uncontrollably. But he had tampered long enough with that innocent life.

A strong hand was laid suddenly upon him, and he was hurled backwards, while Grace sank fainting into the arms of her heaven-sent protector.

With terrible oaths Thornton regained his feet, and turned raging upon the new comer. The stranger coolly drew a revolver, and prepared to use it. The villain's courage vanished in an instant, and with low mutterings of future vengeance, he withdrew from the scene of his exposure and disgrace.

The stranger who had appeared thus opportunely, was none other than Richard Wortley. He had arrived home the evening previous, and on learning the state of affairs at the farmhouse, and Grace's expected marriage, seemed to be in no hurry to visit his old friends. There was nothing in his outward bearing to indicate anything unpleasant in the information he had received. The inspiration of his life was a secret of his own. No one else knew what had given shape and impulse to all his actions through the long, toilsome years of his absence, but a sweet dream-voice had ever cheered him on, a dear remembrance had nerved him through many a privation and suffering, until he had gained riches and honor sufficient to warrant him in seeking his reward. He could not reproach any one but himself, if disappointment had come at last. He could not expect a childish interest to develop into mature love under such a culture as he had bestowed; yet, he was disappointed. He felt as if some great necessity had been taken from him. Her letters had always been kindly, affectionate, nothing more; he had tempted her to nothing more. He could not expect her heart to be kept free for him. In the morning he took a long, wild ramble through his boyhood haunts, and, in visiting the old spots, he was thrown in contact with the object of his thoughts.

Grace came to herself in a few moments, and looked around wildly, unable to realize her position.

"Do not be alarmed, Grace—Miss Allen," said he, "you are safe from all evil."

Shivering with the now returning recollection of what had befallen her, she rose to her feet and looked at Richard. Something in his tone and manner thrilled and aroused her.

"Thank Heaven and Dick Wortley, you are free from that villain."

With a cry of joy she sprang towards him, but immediately covering her face with her hands, sank weeping upon the green turf. Dick forgot all his own bitterness, and seating

himself beside her, as of old, soothed and comforted her. He said not a word of what he had seen or heard, but when she at last lifted her face to his, she explained all—told him the whole story of her trial. And as she confided in him, she drew nearer to his side, as if conscious that there was safety—that there was no betrayal there.

Perhaps he did not realize exactly all he did, then; but as he listened and gazed at the beautiful woman, so far exceeding all he had expected, he could not keep in his own intense, impetuous longings; but even while her heart was quivering with the anguish of its past experience, he told all—the early birth, the faithfulness of his love. How it had grown with his growth; how he had conquered wealth and honor for her sake, and had come to lay all at her feet. She had heard such a tale before; that was smooth and sweet—this came with great, swelling words; that was flattering—this was truth. Perhaps it came too soon. Perhaps time would have tempered her better to receive it. But love knows no law—waits on no proprieties. Again she hid her blushing face. She knew her own heart, now. There was nothing lacking in this love—her whole soul went out to meet it, and yet she shrank back—thoughts flew through her mind thick and fast. Finally, with gentle force, Dick took her hands from her face, and looking into her eyes, said:

"Can you love me? Can you trust me?"

"Trust, Dick? How can you trust me? I am unworthy of your love."

"Grace, you are not to blame for what has been; indeed, you have shown your worthiness in thus casting aside a despicable affection; do not darken my life because of temptations which have only purified you, in my estimation."

Like a true woman, then she laid her hand in his, and said:

"Richard Wortley, I feel that I can give to you what I can never give to another."

Richard Wortley had his reward, and Grace Allen's hour of trial had past.

Professor Thornton, on returning to his lodgings, suddenly found himself in the custody of two policemen from a neighboring city, with whom he had had a previous acquaintance.

"Ha! my old cove, we have you at last," said one of the officers. "Coming the high dodge agin, eh? We'll take care of you now."

Billy Bowen—alias Captain Jones—alias Rev. Joseph Smith—alias Professor Thornton, is now serving his second term in the penitentiary for burglary and arson.

The Florist.

Names of Plants.

Animals share the names of plants with emperors, saints and gods. Adder's-tongue and adderwort derive these names from some resemblance between the spike of capsules of the one, and the writhed roots of the other to the tongue and form of the adder, that is, eddred, burner or poisoner. Bear-berry is a favorite food for bears; bear's-ears has a leaf like the ear of the animal; of bear's-foot the resemblance is also to the leaf; while bears'-garlic is so called because the bears delight in it. Bees are supposed to be fond of the flowers of the plant with nettle-like leaves called the bee-nettle; the flower of the bee-orchis resembles a flower-bee; and bee'-nest is so named from its compact inflorescence. Sedum acre, blossoming when the young birds are hatching, is called birds'-bread; from the shape of its leaf, *Polygonum aviculare* is named bird's-tongue; *Ornithopus perpusillus*, having claw-like legumes, is bird's-foot; and *Veronica chamaedrys*, from its bright blue flowers, is called bird's-eyes. *Plantago coronopus* is called buck's-horn, on account of its forked leaves. *Archusa officinalis*, having leaves like the tongue of an ox, is called bugloss. The seed vessel of snapdragon, bearing an extraordinary likeness to a calf's skull, is called calf's-snout. Three different plants are called cock's-comb. Cow-cress and cow-wheat are coarse cress and wheat. The ancient word cow refers to the use of the animal as a beast of draught or burden, and in none of the Ind-European languages does the name point to an animal yielding milk. The very ancient and universal word daughter means a milker, but the animal milked was most probably the goat.

Crowflower and crowfoot are the names given to several species of *Ranunculaceæ*, from the likeness of the leaf to the foot of a crow. Cuckoo-bread, cuckoo-gilliflower and cuckoo-grass, blossom at the time of the cuckoo's song. A plant with slender stems like coarse hair (*Scirpus capiteus*) is called deer's hair; deer being a word which originally meant any wild beast, even mice. Dog, applied to a plant as to a man, implies contempt. *Geranium columbinum* has a leaf described by its popular name, dove's-foot. The fly Orchis has a flower like a fly.

Superstitions, resemblances, qualities, and coincidences having their share in the names of plants, of course the passions must mingle in the work, and especially the greatest of them all, Love. *Artemis*, one of the names of Diana, gives its classical name to *Artemisia abrotanum*, a plant which is called southernwood, because it comes from the south; old man, from its hoary appearance and tonic qualities; and boy or lad's love, from its being worn in posies by young men, and perhaps because its leaves wither rapidly. *Viola tricolor* rivals the ground-ivy in the number of its quaint

names and curious sobriquets. Combining three colors in one flower, is called Herb-Trinity, and "Three faces under one hood." Hanging its head and half hiding its face coquettishly, and from some resemblance in the corolla, it is supposed to say, "Jump up and kiss me;" "Kiss me at the garden-gate;" "Cuddle me to you." It has, besides, other amatory names, such as "Love in idleness;" "Tittle my fancy;" "Pink of my John." *Viola tricolor* is also heart's-ease, from being confounded with plants yielding seeds of cardiac qualities.

Much confusion has arisen from the vague and fluctuating use of French names *Giroflee*, *Oeillet* and *Violette*. They were once all three applied to flowers of the pink tribe, but now *Giroflee* has passed over to the Crucifers and becomes gilliflower; *Oeillet* has been restricted to the Sweet William; and *Violette* has been appropriated to the genus to which the pansy belongs.

Plant Signatures.

Not merely the superstitions and passions, but the pious delusions and migrations of our forefathers, are to be found recorded in the popular names of plants. The shape of the corolla has, according to the doctrine of Signatures, given to *Aristolochia clematitis* the name of birthwort. *Tormentilla officinalis* is called bloodroot, the red color of its root having suggested its styptic character. *Pimpinella saxifraga*, *Alchemilla arvensis*, and the genus *saxifraga*, plants which split rocks by growing in their cracks, have been named break-stones, and as lithontriptic plants administered in cases of calculus. *Brunella*, now spelt *Prunella vulgaris*, is called brownwort, having brownish leaves and purple-blue flowers, and being therefore supposed to cure a kind of quinsy, called in German *die braune*, and *hookheal*, having a corolla somewhat like a bill, and being applied to bill, or hook wounds. *Verbascum thapsus*, having a leaf resembling a dewlap, was used to cure the pneumonia of bullocks, under the appellation of bullock's lungwort. *Burzwort* (*Herniaria glabra*) was supposed to be efficacious in ruptures. *Clary* (*Salvia sclarea*) has been transformed into clear-eye, *Godescie*, *seebright*, *Oculus Christi*, and eye-salves made of it. The heavenly blue of the flower of the German *speedwell* has won for it the Welsh appellation of the Eye of Christ. *Scrophularia* and *Ranunculus ficaria* are both called *figwort*, having been used to cure a disease called *figus*. Garlic, from the Anglo-Saxon words *gar* (a spear), and *laec* (a plant), is, from its acute tapering leaves, marked out as the war-plant of the warriors and poets of the north. *Campanula latifolia* has an open, throat-like appearance, on account of which it was believed to cure diseases of the throat, and called *haskwort*, being good for *hask*, huskiness, "harrishnes, or roughnes of the throte." The leaf of kidneywort (*Umbilicus pendulinus*) is somewhat like a kidney.

The Housewife.

To remove Mildew from Linen.

First of all take some soap (any common sort will do), and rub it well into the linen, then scrape some chalk very fine, and rub that in also; lay the linen on the grass, and as it dries wet it again; twice or thrice doing will remove the mildew stains. Another way is to mix soft soap with powdered starch, with half the quantity of salt, and the juice of a lemon. Lay this mixture on with a brush, and let the linen lay out on the grass for a few frosty nights, and the stains will disappear. All linen will turn yellow if kept long unused, locked up in a linen press, excluded from air and light; so the best way of restoring it to its color is to expose it to the open air in nice dry weather. Exposure to the light and continual airings will be found the best way of preserving its whiteness.

Baked Apple Pudding.

Stew and strain six large apples; while hot, add half a pound of butter, six eggs beaten with half a pound of sugar, and the juice and grated peel of a good-sized lemon; mix this all together; pound six soft crackers. Butter a good-sized pudding-dish; strew in some of the cracker, then a layer of the apple, then some cracker, and so on, until all is in. Bake about one hour.

Preventive against Moths.

A pleasant perfume, and also preventive against moths, may be made of the following ingredients: Take of cloves, caraway-seeds, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon and tonquin-beans, each one ounce; then add as much Florentine orris-root as will equal all the other ingredients put together. Grind the whole well to powder, and then put it in little bags among your clothes, etc.

Baked Macaroni.

After soaking in cold water for an hour, let it boil in milk about half an hour; drain it; have some nice cheese grated very fine. Butter a baking-dish; sprinkle in a little cheese, some small pieces of butter, a little white pepper and salt, a layer of macaroni, another of cheese, pepper and salt, then macaroni, and so on, until the dish is full, putting the cheese on last, with bits of butter. Set it in a pretty hot oven to brown about twenty minutes. This is very nice as a vegetable.

Cheese Cake.

Roll out some nice puff paste, not very thin, brush it over with cold water, spread it half over, with grated cheese; then lap the other half over, and pass the rolling-pin lightly over it; cut into strips about four inches long and two wide; bake in a quick oven. These are very nice with dessert.

To make Milk Toast.

Put half a pound of butter into a tin toast-pan; dredge on a little flour, and rub it in with a spoon; turn on a teacupful of boiling water, stirring it all the time; then add three gills of milk or cream, and stir it until it boils up once. Toast the bread a light brown; dip it while it is hot, one piece at a time; lay them in the dish, and over each piece put a large spoonful of the dip. When the dish is filled, pour the dip over the whole.

Fried Potatoes.

Cut cold potatoes into slices; dredge on a little flour, pepper and salt; put them into a pan where sausages have been fried; if you use potatoes that have not been cooked, cut them into thin slices, and pour boiling water over them; let them stand while you fry a few slices of salt pork; wipe them dry, and fry as many as will cover the bottom of the pan.

Birdsnest Pudding.

Pare and core as many apples as will set in the dish, and fill the holes in the apples with white sugar and grated lemon-peel. Mix as much custard as will fill the dish; allow seven eggs to a quart of milk, and season it with sugar and lemon, or peach-water. Fill the dish quite full, set it into a pan with a little water, and bake it one hour. Serve it with cold or wine sauce.

Boiled Batter Pudding.

Take one quart of milk, eight eggs, and eight spoonfuls of flour; beat these very smooth together; put it into a floured cloth, or buttered mould, and boil it one hour; serve it with wine sauce. If it is not required so rich, put it less eggs and more flour, and boil it longer.

Fried Ham and Eggs.

Fry the ham; dish it; turn the fat out of the pan, and wipe it out; drain the fat into the pan, leaving the sediments; add some good lard to it, and let it get boiling hot. Drop the eggs, and dish them around the ham.

Plain Sandwiches.

Cut the ham or tongue very thin, trim off the fat, and cut the bread thin; spread it with very nice butter: lay the meat on very smoothly. Press the other slice on very hard; trim the edges off neatly.

Hard Scramble.

Beat up six eggs; season with a little pepper and salt; put a piece of butter into the frying-pan. When it is very hot, turn in the egg; stir it until it thickens, and serve it very hot.

Soft Spread Toast.

Toast the bread, and spread it while it is hot. Have ready a pint of hot milk or water; dip the toast in very quickly, that it may not soak too much, but merely to moisten it.

Curious Matters.

Ancient Egyptian Glass.

Fragments of Egyptian glass have survived the rust and ruin of four thousand years. We may still see it stamped with the undisputed name of the Pharaoh who reigned in the eighteenth dynasty, while in the tombs of far earlier date, the process of its manufacture is represented on the walls. Plate glass and ground glass, interwoven with delicate gold threads and bright colors; which struck through the vases without spreading or fading, delicate birds with the natural tints of their plumage, graceful animals, imitations of precious stones and beads, vases and cups with figures of the gods in brilliant garments, lines of blue and red and yellow, wrought in curves or straight figures, on green and white ground, are all preserved for our admiration. It is evident, also, that every part of the glass ware, however delicate, was made separately, and nicely joined together. And besides these, gold figures, with ornamented wings, were set in cups of malleable glass, which Pliny says could be thrown violently on stone without breaking.

The origin of Husband.

This word is Anglo-Saxon, and signifies the "bond of the house," or "family house-bond," as by him the family is formed, united, and bound together, and on his death is disunited and scattered. Hence we account for farmers and petty landholders being called, so early as the twelfth century, "husbandi," as appears in a statute of David II., King of Scotland. This etymology of the word appears plainer in the orthography of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, in which the word is often found written "house-bond."

Ancient Dishes.

Part of the payment of the king's servants used to consist of a certain number of dishes of meat. The lord president of the council was formerly allowed ten dishes of meat per diem. These ten dishes were eventually compounded for at £1000 per annum, while his salary was only £500. The lord steward had sixteen dishes. At the installation of Knights of the Garter, the knights were liberally provided. "On St. George's Day, 1857, each knight," says Evelyn, "had forty dishes to his mess, piled up five or six high."

A Miser's Inventory.

An inquest was held recently on a miser in London, and on searching his room, leases, deeds, policies of insurance, money, watches, and other property, to the value of between £6000 and £7000 were found lying about and concealed. Among other articles, seventeen coats, the same number of waistcoats, and seventeen pairs of boots, all nearly new, were found in the place.

Remarkable Death.

Some days since a lady called at a daguerrean establishment in Oxford, New York, to have a photograph taken of her niece, a little child then with her. The photograph was taken, and while the lady was waiting to have it finished, the little girl strayed into the laboratory and swallowed some kind of poison which she found there. When missed and looked for she was found in the laboratory dead, having expired almost immediately. The aunt has since become insane.

Sure Currency.

In Idaho nothing goes as a circulating medium but gold dust. Every man carries his little buckskin pouch, and, no matter what his purchase is, he pays for it in the precious legal tender of the realm, which is weighed out on scales kept for the purpose, whether the article bought be a cigar, a horn of whiskey, or something of more utility and value.

Up with the Times.

The march of progress is exhibited in the fact that Naples has just been lit with gas. The gasometer was solemnly inaugurated by the crown prince, and the street lamps will be blessed. Jerusalem is to be supplied with water at a cost, according to an estimate of a civil engineer, of about £8000. The population numbers a little over 20,000.

Remarkable!

A tribe of dwarfs has been found in Africa, whose ears reach to the ground, and are so wide, that when they lie down, one ear serves as a mattress, the other as a covering! So says Petheric, in his new work on "Central Africa," giving, as his authority, "an old negro who has been a great traveller."

Curious.

Mrs. Eben Norton, of Mattapoisett, lately took from a sick chicken the entire crop or stomach, with its contents. The operation was performed to cure stoppage, the food having remained so long in the crop that putrefaction had commenced. The chicken is now alive, and as smart as any of the brood.

Discovery.

A cameo portrait of the Saviour, existing in the time of the Emperor Tiberius and given to Pope Innocent the Eighth, has come to light in Rome. It is pronounced authentic, and has been copied by a Parisian sculptor.

Singular.

The Skowhegan Clarion says Mrs. Kate E. Taylor of Sydney, Me., during a severe coughing spell, brought up into her mouth an old-fashioned ounce pin, which she had swallowed when a child, and which had caused her much trouble.

Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

EAST INDIAN RAILWAYS.

The people of this country have but little idea of the rapid progress which the East Indians are making in building railroads. They are indebted to America for the great impetus that has occurred during the past three years, for if the rebellion had not commenced, if the South had not insisted that cotton was king, the Indies would never have entered into competition with this country and disputed the sway of the now deposed sovereign. To supply the world with cotton is now the mighty ambition of the Indies. To accomplish such a result railroads must be constructed far into the interior, from Calcutta to Delhi, from the Punjab to Jubbulpore, with branches extending in all directions like arteries in the human form. These roads will freight the cotton bales to a port of entry, and from thence be distributed to all parts of the world. No longer will the natives be compelled to travel several hundred miles, over bad roads and unbridged streams, with one or two bales of cotton, for the sake of finding a purchaser. The railroads will obviate all such difficulties, and thus stimulate the natives to plant more seed and raise a better article of cotton.

The want of money has not yet been felt by the East Indies in their railroad building, yet some of the enterprises commenced and nearly finished are of great magnitude.

Among these, the most remarkable is the passage through the celebrated Bhore Ghaut, between Bombay and Poonah, on the line to Jubbulpore. In a distance of fifteen miles, the railway climbs an ascent of one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one feet, the difficulties in its course being overcome by such a series of cuttings, tunnels, viaducts and embankments, as are not to be found within the same space, we are assured by the official report, in any other quarter of the world. The earthwork alone necessary to effect these objects, amounts to four and a half millions of cubic miles. Several of the embankments exceed sixty feet in height, and there is a cutting of one hundred and fifty feet through

solid rock. One of the viaducts is one hundred and forty-three feet from the surface. Some idea of the general nature of the works may be formed from the fact that their construction occupied seven years and a quarter, about four years being spent in preliminary operations. The Bhore Ghaut, it appears, was first made practicable for the passage of artillery by the Duke of Wellington, when in command of the forces in the Dekhan, who, with instinctive foresight, saw the importance of improved communication with Bombay; and about thirty-three years ago Sir John Malcolm opened the Ghaut for cart traffic. But it may be doubted if either of these two great men ever dreamed of the toilsome and difficult path through which it was just possible to drag great guns, or transport stores in rude native vehicles drawn by oxen, being superseded by a road in the shape of a railway.

India is advancing with rapid strides towards cotton raising and railroad building. Unless the natives should take it into their heads to interrupt the work with a sudden rising, immense changes will take place within ten years. We shall find a cotton growing competitor not to be despised.

SOUP AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD.

In this country there still exists a prejudice against soup as an article of food. In some of our most aristocratic families, and at the first class hotels, a light species of soup is served at the commencement of dinner; but it is not a dish calculated to appease hunger, or such a soup as would sustain a laboring man after a hard forenoon's work. A Frenchman can make a soup out of materials which some of our housewives would scorn, and commit to the offal barrel, and the fact is sufficient to show us that we have much to learn if we would live well and economically at the same time.

During the Crimean war, the English soldiers were in danger of starving at one time, and yet the French troops, with equally poor rations, were fat and contented, and had enough to eat to keep them in good condition. An

inquiry was instituted, and it was found that the French soldier made soups of that which the English soldier threw away as worthless. Every knot of French privates had its pot-au-feu, or black pot, into which the men clubbed to throw their inferior rations with what few vegetables they could get, and even sorrel and nettles, gathered on the spot: thus getting quarts of good soup and savory stews out of the most unpromising materials. When Soyer, who taught some of these lessons, and well understood, with all his pleasant vanities, the highest social function of a cook, went to instruct the Irish, he found very unwilling pupils. They said, "It's making pigs of us he is, to tell us to stew offal and scrapings." And yet how nourishing and palatable is the food thus scorned, and how few will acknowledge it and cast aside the prejudice that exists against soups.

The Norman peasant is stout and healthy, and yet he is half built out of cabbage soup. You see in his poor cottage the clean brass soup-pan filled with fresh water from the spring, and kept under a close wicker cover that looks like a flat beehive. A string from the cover passes through a pulley on the ceiling, and the other end hangs ready to the hand of the housewife when she shreds her cabbage-leaves and other vegetables. By a pull at the string she lifts the cover as she tosses the cut leaves into her pan, then dropping it immediately, to keep the flies and dust out of the food. The bright soup-pan remains under the basket until it is placed over the fire, and when the soup is made, it is replaced under the same cover until the soup is served on the table. In no duke's kitchen is there a nicer sense of cleanliness. Now, many a strong fellow eats nothing but this soup and bread. After the cabbage has been boiled some time, there are added a few bits of bread and onion fried in butter or fat. Or, the good Norman housewife begins with the grease and onions, adds the cabbage and water, boils for a long time, and throws in the bread just before serving.

All food should be very palatable, and nothing is easier than, by flavoring a tasteless basis, to make soup very grateful to the taste. Nothing, also, can be cheaper. By reducing indefinitely the size of the flavoring particles, they are made to act upon the palate over a wide surface, and if we can only prevent a soup thus flavored, say with a morsel of meal, from being swallowed too soon, as by mixing it with some hard tasteless substance, such as

morsels of bread toasted dry, which compel mastication, the enjoyment of eating may be very much prolonged. Enjoyments of life are few to the poor; eating was meant to be a common pleasure, and is unwholesome when it is unpleasant, therefore to make it pleasant and wholesome at the same time, our people should cultivate soup. There is no great hardship in eating it, when well seasoned.

VOTING BY ELECTRICITY.

A fresh application of electricity has just been made in an apparatus for voting presented to the parliament of Vienna. Each of the deputies has before him, at his seat in the chamber, two knobs, one white and the other black, and the vote is given by pressing one of them. Two frames are placed by the side of the president, on one of which the affirmative votes appear as white points on a black ground, and the negative on the other, in black spots on a white ground. Each pressure of the deputy's hand on the knobs is marked by electricity on one of the tablets, according to the vote he wishes to give.

DEFINING IT.—A lady once asked a gentleman what wit was like. To which he replied—"Like your ladyship's bottle of *sul volatile*—poignant at the first opening, but on being too much handed about, loses all its flavor, and becomes insipid."

THE PRESS OF LONDON.—The number of periodical publications of all sorts now established in London is 729. Of these no fewer than 359 are monthly publications, while 254 are dailies and weeklies, 81 are quarterlies, and 39 are Transactions of Societies.

HAPPY HIT.—Charles II. playing at tennis with a dignified prebend, who had struck the ball well, exclaimed, "That's a good stroke for a dean." "I'll give it the stroke of a bishop, if your majesty pleases," was the rejoinder.

AN UNEXPECTED QUARTER.—A young gentleman from the "rooral districts," who advertised for a wife through the newspapers, received answers from eighteen husbands, informing him that he could have theirs.

COMFORT.—It is a source of great comfort to a man with but a dollar in his pocket to know that if he cannot invest in five-twenties, he can in twenty-fives.

Facts and Fancies.

"CALL BACK YOUR FISH!"

An unsophisticated joker was fishing one pleasant summer day, in the muddy waters of a canal, when, to his surprise, he got a savage bite. He immediately gave his line a jerk that would have brought up a shark, when lo and behold! he pulled up a huge snapping-turtle, and threw it flat on the tow path. He stood in amazement, gazing on the singular beast, when by-and-by an Irishman came along, followed by a large dog.

The countryman tried by gentle words to get the son of the Emerald Isle to put his finger into the turtle's mouth, but he was too smart for that; but says he:

"I'll put my dog's tail in, and see what the baste will do."

He immediately called up his dog, took his tail in his hand, and stuck it into the turtle's mouth. He had hardly got it in when Mr. Turtle shut down on the poor dog's tail, and off he started at railroad speed, pulling the turtle after him, at a more rapid rate than he ever travelled before.

The countryman, thinking that his day's work would be thrown away if the animal should run long at that rate, turned with a savage look upon the laughing Irishman, and exclaimed:

"Call back your dog!"

Paddy put his hands in his pockets, threw his head to one side, winked, then answered with provoking sang froid, "Call back your fish!"

PATRICK'S COLT.

A correspondent writes:

"When my grandfather resided at Goffstown and Derryfield, then settled by the Irish, he hired a wild sort of an Irishman to work on his farm. One day soon after his arrival, he told him to take a bridle and go out in the field, and catch the black colt. "'Don't come without him,' said the old gentleman. Patrick started, and was gone some time, but at last returned without the bridle, with his face and hands badly scratched, as though he had received bad treatment.

"'Why, Patrick, what's the matter? What in the world ails you?'

"'An' faith, isn't it me, your honor, that never will catch the ould black colt again? Bad luck to him! An' didn't he all but scratch the eyes out o' my head? An' faith, as true as my shoulder's my own, I had to climb up the tree after the colt.'

"'Climb a tree after him? Nonsense! Where is the beast?'

"'An' it's tied to the tree he is, your honor.'

"We all followed Patrick to the spot, to get a solution of the difficulty, and on reaching the field, we found, to our no small amusement, that he had been chasing a young black bear, which he had succeeded in catching after a great deal of rough usage on both sides, and actually tied it with the

bridle to an old tree. Bruin was kept for a long time, and was ever after known as 'Patrick's colt.' "

A MAD POET.

When Lord Byron frequented the green-room of Drury Lane he occasionally met Paulo the clown, whom he guessed, from his name, to be an Italian. Paulo was English, not only to the backbone, but to the very roots of his tongue. Paulo was merely his *nom de theatre*, or, as we read the other day in a theatrical journal, his *nom d'etage*. His lordship, thinking to please the interesting foreigner by the dulcet sounds of the language of his native land, addressed him in the purest accents of Tuscany.

Paulo was amazed, and, wishing to reply politely to his noble interrogator, answered:

"Yes, sir—I mean, my lord—very likely: just so."

His lordship, perceiving his mistake, wished him "Good night!" and walked away.

"Old 'un," said Paulo to his Pantaloon, pointing to the retreating figure, with the well-known black cloak gracefully disposed to conceal the unfortunate foot, "see him?"

"Yes."

"Lord Byron—poet!"

"I know."

Paulo placed his mouth close to the Pantaloon's ear, and whispered:

"Mad—as a hatter!"

FOOTE'S WIT.

Footo was talking away one evening at the dinner table of a man of rank, when, at the point of one of his best stories, one of the party interrupted him suddenly, with an air of most considerate apology, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Footo, but your handkerchief is half out of your pocket." "Thank you, sir," said Footo, replacing it, "you know the company better than I do," and finished his joke. Dining when in Paris with Lord Stormont, that thrifty Scotch peer, then ambassador, as usual produced his wine in the smallest of decanters, and dispensed it in the smallest of glasses, enlarging all the time upon its exquisite growth and enormous age. "It is very little of its age," said Footo, holding up his small glass.

"DIVIL A MACARTHY DRAWN!"

Two or three hours before the recent draft in an interior town in Massachusetts, a stalwart son of the Emerald Isle, by the name of Macarthy, was pacing up and down the streets, denouncing the draft as a great swindle, etc. He had three sons enrolled in the town, and felt sure that at least one of them would be captured. This was the secret of his denunciations of the Board of Enrollment.

After the draft was over, Mac could be seen at the corner of the street, in a salubrious state, addressing the crowd that came along, thus:—"Gintlement the dhraft is perfectly fair—divil a Macarthy drawn!"